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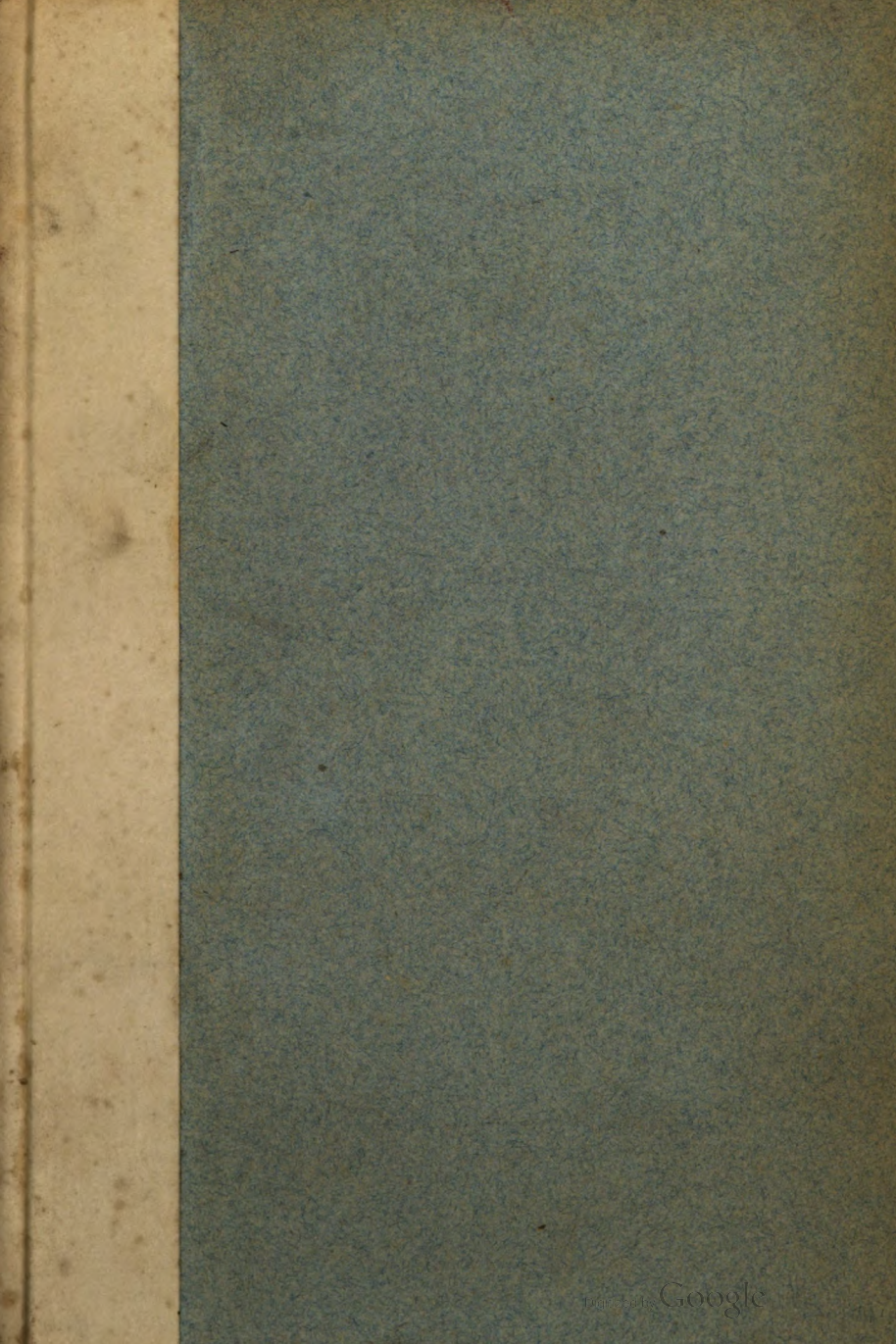
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SKETCHES OF CHURCHES AND CHARACTER.

THE JOURNEY OF JOHN WARDLE;
OR
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

FROM A DEVONSHIRE VALLEY

TO THE TEMPLES OF THE METROPOLIS.

אפתחה במשל פי



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1854.

P R E F A C E.

It does not become an Author, and especially one who has enjoyed the sweets of authorship, to deprecate fair and becoming comment and criticism. He ought rather to regard this, as the most valuable, to himself, fruit of his labours; and, in some instances, it may be exceedingly his crown of rejoicing, as each successive pebble thrown into the stream of learned literature produces the ever-widening circles of spiritual intelligence, progress, and delight; while the dark shadows of evil are as continually hurled back as with the arms of giants into the darkness which may be felt! And it is his failure and inefficiency, or fault, if such are not rendered back in meek contributions to sacred literature, and grateful outpourings to his indulgent readers and friends.

It may be permitted him to shield himself, or others, or the truth itself, from the possible surmise of unfriendliness or disloyalty in the boldness and the candour with which his numerous personages are allowed to speak for themselves. Without unduly unveiling the mysteries of these memoirs, at least before the time, he may say, he did not feel at liberty to withhold statements which from their different stand-points were the genuine expressions of feelings. At one in principle with the great Author of our immortal Poem: 'who ever knew truth to be worsted in fair encounter;' he would firmly yet reverentially hold on his way. Great truths must have their exponents. Great events will call forth great minds. He welcomes all lovers of truth to his counsels; and as the majestic car of truth rides on, one and another fallacy *must* be exploded—the minor points of difference must yield to the majors of essential and agreement; and the grand elements of unity may be nearer to us than we are apt to imagine; yea, be found very nigh us, even in our mouth and in our heart! He rather courts a convocation of all good minds and hearts in the peaceful regions of devout and hallowed literature, than ever even *appear* to give up to *party* what was meant for *mankind*.

How great his joy will be if he gain ultimately the approval of his beloved countrymen, and of the wise and good, he scarcely dares even to anticipate. May it be his to present these his humble efforts before the Divine and Infinite Goodness; and may He further them with His continual help; while readers, in number, numberless, supply the grateful stimulus of kindness and success to his more intense labour and solicitude.

Now, gentle reader, pray put on a determined resolution of patience, and let us have a word together: I would adopt the language of God's universal church, the company of the faithful in all ages, and all lands, and in this our 'Journey' say, with all cordiality, 'Come with us and we will surely do thee good.' Here we will rise above all the artificial demarcations of conventionalism, and breathe the mountain air of truth, and seek to gain her golden summits, and behold the land that is afar off, and, may it be so, the *King in His beauty*!

You will find, fellow-pilgrims, I hope, to your mind: the *strong*, robust companionship; the *weak*, travellers of a more timid bearing; *all*, varieties to none of which they are probably entire strangers. When weary you shall rest, when adventurous you shall press on, and if all be insufficient for your mounting mighty spirits, ring the bell for the waiter, *i.e.*—send a word of complaint, remonstrance, or appeal, to the Interpreter's house.

But not all smoothness: to those whose head and heart are turned away to the false glare of life, blind and dead to its truest charms, he must say, though in sorrow and with lingering entreaty:—

But if thy soul *such bliss* despise,
Avert thy dull incurious eyes:
Go fix them *there*, where gems and gold,
Improved by art their power unfold:
Go try in courtly scenes to trace
A fairer form of Nature's face:
Go scorn SIMPLICITY; but know
That all our heart-felt joys below,
That all which *virtue* loves to name,
Which art consigns to lasting fame,
Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,
Derives its source from HER alone!

THE COMPILER.

SKETCHES OF CHURCHES & CHARACTER.

SECOND PART.

THERE was nothing remarkably new under the sun of the Devonshire Valley: the Spring had its corn-grass, the Summer its green grain, the Autumn its full brown plenty; the hills fed their replenished flocks, the hedges harboured their singing birds, and the river, *shallow*, chimed its summer music, and, when *deep*, rolled and swelled to the door of 'Wardle Cottage.' The sun gave the signal for the tillers of the soil, and they arose in the strength of the morning, walked to the farm-yard or the field, tended the pig, the calf, the ox, and the horse, or spread a worm-breakfast for the blacks of a neighbouring rookery. At high noon the hungry satisfied themselves with good things; and then twilight came, and weary men sat themselves down within the walls of their capacious cottage chimnies, and mother fried her potatoes in bacon-fat, and working children dipped their hands into the common dish.

Little occurred in the Devon Vale beyond the ordinary change of times: unto such an one a child was born, unto another a daughter-in-law was given, and the grandfather was borne in a good old age to the neighbourhood of the dead: a sheep fell sick, or the health of a stout ox had been attacked. But there was ever something new in 'Wardle Cottage:' it was the immortality that marked, learned, and inwardly digested—it was the man who believed and spoke: once the infant of days, the boy that exercised his princeliness wantonly over created things, the man full grown in folly, *now* a specimen of 'that eternal life' which, like a sun, spreads light for them that sit in darkness.

The immortality of John Wardle was a well-spring of thought, and day unto day uttered speech, and showed knowledge. Rebecca understood her husband's superiority, and often turned her dark eyes to the true-loved speaker when announcing his discoveries of the soul-pleasing truths, and the beautiful harmonies, in the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Rebecca's readings were confined to the Bible and the *heart* of her

husband—which translated into sentences readily to be understood, the commentaries it had made touching the King, the world, and the Lamb that was slain. Nor did John neglect the children given him: he would tell them something about Josiah and Samuel, and endeavour by the aid of the budding rod of Aaron, to prop their minds, and, by God's blessing, graft them into the true and living root of righteousness; and though years of maturity were doing their usual work in removing the son and the daughter from the parent's wing, yet John stretched his broad pinions wider still, reaching to the new homes of the now adult Wardles. Such was John's home-religion, attempting to discharge the duties of his bishopric to his own house, and to rule the inmates well.

A postman, whose crooked legs gained little sympathy, though they might say they had served under three English kings, regularly crossed the planken bridge twice daily; and this servant of our Sovereign had done so two thousand times since the departure for London of John's Blackfriars friend, when a letter was brought to the cottage door. Rebecca reserved the contents for him to whom it was directed, after noticing that it was fastened by the head and shoulders of some wild beast stamped in wax; and after the traveller's tongue, the only telegraph between village and village, had discharged itself by telling all the best and bad news it knew of, Rebecca was left to wonder if the snarling animal was in any way descriptive of the contents of the letter. She placed it on the crockery-ware-shelf and observed it several times during the morning—the letter was still there: she did not know whether it was best at one end of the shelf or the other, but eventide came, and the man answering to the superscription. Rebecca showed John the infuriated lion, but he who was no stranger to one who, though spirit, was more real, quickly split the waxen creature, and found it to be a letter from London signed—'Sillit,' enclosing two golden coins of the realm.

Progress of Civil and Religious Liberty.

John soon found an explanation of the shining present in the very legible epistle of the London engraver, which set forth many inducements why John Wardle should accept the writer's invitation to the metropolis. The facts of a former visit appeared to the reader, some dressed in sackcloth, and others in joyful robes, and as his memory trod again in past steps, his heart felt sensitively the stereotypic touch of the impressions it had received during his former stay in the Metropolis of Christianity. But John was already, in spirit, with his friend Mr. Sillit, and waited but for the settlement of cottage and church affairs, and his bodily presence also should be with his Blackfriars friend.

Some hearts grow harder with increasing age, till the natural affections are almost extinct; but some grow softer, and with their grey hairs there springs the charity that makes men better contented with their own species. Mr. Templeman, the farmer of the valley, was of the latter class, and although twenty years ago he felt quite inclined to breathe the 'anathema, maran-atha' on all persons not worshipping within the walls of his father's and grandfather's church, yet these feudal feelings had been subsiding, somewhat unconsciously to himself, while simultaneously with their decline, there had arisen the kindlier sentiments of a Scriptural Catholicism which confines not the good within the cathedral dome, but believes that 'in whatsoever nation, whoso feareth God is accepted of Him.' These seeds of Biblical liberty had been sown in the farmer's heart, happily for John, who now with the members of 'the church in the valley,' felt their greater freedom; hence, it was comparatively easy for the labourer and the master to agree to a temporary separation. The church was consulted too on the subject of John's journey, not because the preacher had forfeited his independence, and lost his right to live in the sphere of ministerial freedom, but because he professed a gracious respect for his hearers, and loved to exercise the sovereign rights of his position in the atmosphere of their common brotherhood. These were the instincts of John's Christianity which induced him to sub-

John's Second Visit to the Metropolis.

mit his wishes to the worldly poor who came together beneath the thatched roof on Sabbath-days, and so thoroughly had they received John as Father, Brother, Friend and Guide, that the speaking-smile from many faces was as good as the fullest harmony in favour of 'The Journey of John Wardle.' The many effects which had followed their voluntary contributions, the May-morning start, what had been learnt about London, and the return of a truthful twin in the person of Mr. Sillit, were facts strictly noticed by 'the church:' they knew John to be the *wiser* for his mission, and they thought him none the *worse*: 'the things of the Spirit' did not find less favour with the preacher than heretofore, while the cottagers received many metropolitan illustrations of the world-wide fact—'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' But an appointed day came when John, arrayed in clean farm-house apparel, found himself in the midst of his affectionate few: the whole council of the valley was gathered together to talk over the things which had come to pass through John's late journey to the Christian Jerusalem, and to tender their kind cautions to their beloved traveller, and to send a few sentences to the men and the women whom their missionary had met with in the metropolis:—

Sarah Sackville, leaning herself over a supporting stick, with faded black bonnet, whose quaker-shape had shielded her cheeks from the winds of many days, and allowed but the opposite person to look her full in the face, lifted up the shrunken curtains of eyes, dark, but light with the increasing glow of a most honourable immortality. The cottagers were extra still for Sarah to speak, for all thought she had little more to say in this world, and whenever she did open her mouth it was reckoned to be the heavings of some truly great thing which she had conceived: thus the eye of maiden and matron turned with one consent towards Sarah, while the stillness, unbroken but by the fire-log, the leaf rustle, and the usual water-warble, told the curiosity to hear what this ancient should say. John's

Sarah Sackville on Chartism.

description of 'the Chartist's house' retained its glowing interest to Sarah, for her heart was specially attuned to sympathize with human misery, with the desire to pull the wretched out of the inevitable fire: she was often with Christ in the temple, with the fallen one of her sex; and as she fancied she saw the retreating Jews, the kneeling criminal, and the acquitting Saviour, she felt she had almost walked out with the woman, whispering in her ear—"Go and sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee;" while others saw she had been imbibing more and more of the spirit of everlasting mercy: thus there was all the genius of a missionary society in the heart of Sarah, and so she saw in 'the Chartist's house' such a field for labour—so many thorns and thistles she should like to set light to with live coals from the altar-fire of God's word—a desert in which, if she could, she would plant 'the Rose:' this made her vividly remember 'the Chartist's house.' She told John to tell Mr. Perkins to leave off fighting against the country, and to pray for the Queen; to read the Bible where Paul said to Timothy that all kings was to be prayed for; and to let her Majesty reign in peace. She hoped he would keep quiet, and speak kind to the child that was all skin and bone: arrow-root was a good thing, or a little mutton-broth; "and do, John," said she, "tell him that except he repents he will be sure to perish; and when death comes, clouds and darkness will be round about him, and the father of lies will take him away, and he will always be gnashing his teeth and crying for water, like Dives; but God will have mercy upon him, and our God will abundantly pardon him, if he leaves off his wicked ways; and tell him that God is a Father, a stretching out his hands all the day long: you can speak most beautiful about 'the prodigal son,' John."

The felt importance of Sarah's charge was admitted, and the slight dress-rustle succeeded the profound silence of her hearers, when John answered thereunto as follows—"Sarah, I'll do all you say, and take the little skeleton the frock that you brought. Mr. Sillit told me all about what the Chartists wanted to do, and now I know what to say to him: it's not much

Heart-Echoes and Cottage-Patriotism.

use saying that our master had us all together the other day, when he gave out the words—"Send her victorious, long to reign over us: God save the Queen," and we all sung it under the oak, because he'd say, 'what's that to me,' but I'll tell him that we believe the angels that kept not their first estate was Chartists. I think the second Psalm is a sort of poem about the fighting of the Chartists against the King—and *that's* Jesus: He's God's King. When our Lord looked at the penny that He asked to see, there was the head of King Cæsar stamped on it, like you see the pennies now, with the head and shoulders of the king that's reigning when the penny is made; and our Lord didn't say—"down with him," but 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' Well, then, Sarah, the people haven't a right to try to turn over the queen and her throne."

The scriptural reply of the preacher to the mother in Israel was received with true English warmth by the cottage congregation, and they all felt themselves armed with justice and courage, and thoroughly equipped for service in the cause of 'order' and 'prosperity.' The face of John and Sarah had long answered to each other in the clear waters of truth, for, in fact, they were born on the margin of the same river, and the sun so shone upon them that they always saw themselves twins by many ties, and though Sarah never crossed the sanctuary threshold with any intention of appearing in the position of Ezra, yet there was set before her the open doors of many neighbouring cottages, and these she tended with the footsteps of faith. No stranger then to the skill of opening her mouth to beseech and to bless, her tongue was like a ready and a righteous writer, while before the doors of her mouth there stood sentinels which saw that the fiery instrument did faithful duty on behalf of a mind un moulded by the *literati* of this world, but changed from image to image, brighter and brighter still, as she sat by the fount of wisdom and caught the reflection of the luminary of light and stored the pearls glittering in the rising heights of the eternal spring. Sarah Sackville, there-

Explanations of the conduct of Juniper.

fore, had not given John all the shocks of corn from the fruitful fields of her reflection, for the charge concerning 'the Chartist's house' was what she had concluded of but *one* of the many pictures arrayed in the gallery of her memory, which John had been the instrument of hanging there; for she had so perseveringly extracted everything concerning 'John in London,' that her mind had received a series of engravings of the successive events that happened in 'The Journey of John Wardle from a Devonshire Valley to the Temples of the Metropolis.' Sarah, therefore, reviewing the journey of John, passed through her imagined Smithfield, and arrived with the little pie-boy before the great mountain with its shining cross, and as she went up its steps of wrought stone she thought on the Psalmist's choice—'I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.' She certainly saw Mr. Jordan Juniper, and said—"When you see the gentleman at the door, John, tell him he 'must be born again' and we think Nicodemus had a fine gown on, but he couldn't be saved by it."

"Yes, and I'll see and find out," added John, "whether he went under a scrutiny by true believers before he was put at the posts of the door." "Why he laughed at you, didn't he John," said another speaker. "When you took your hat off and said—peace be unto you," added Maria. John explained: "of course, I bowed to him, Sarah; but he didn't take much notice of it." "Did he see you do it?" asked Maria Furness. "Oh yes," added John, "because he told me to stop it." "Perhaps he thought you was a hypocrite John," said an old man. "You know, Richard," replied John, "he said it looked like a 'dissenter,' which I thought was a sort of wolf in sheep's clothing." "Well, don't you see John you had a smock frock on, and perhaps he wasn't used to it," explained a grey-haired old man, "and you said as you didn't see anybody else with a smock frock on John; I shouldn't wonder as he was shy: you see he wouldn't wrong you o' that last money as you was going to give him." John knew the blame was not to be laid to his smock frock,

Sympathy for the oppressed Servant Girl.

and that his boots were not the guilty cause of the little brotherhood of feeling at last shewn to exist in the theological sympathies of Mr. Juniper with the creed and conduct of 'the church in the valley.' John would pay attention to Sarah's charge, and remind Mr. Juniper of the necessity of 'the new birth,' and he would also convey her message to the orange-seller of Farringdon-pavement, and to the man that kept the key of the chambers of the dead. John was to tell him from her to be gentle with the skeletons, not to tread on the scattered bones, nor to forget that 'it is appointed unto all men *once* to die, and after that, *the Judgment.*' Sarah ceased speaking.

The faces of many said, they should like the pleasure and the honour of saying something, through John, to the church and the world in the City of London, but while there was the heart to do so, they felt they could not: the spirit was deficient of the speech—waiting for that world, in which expression shall ever answer to impression, and the baptized tongues convey to heaven's remotest bounds 'the thoughts begotten,' in the fluency of a fire enkindled from the brightness of the eternal throne.

But there were two who, for cottagers, could speak well; and now, choosing the silence, begged John to ask after 'the oppressed servant girl,' because they wanted to know if Jane had been brought away from the house of bondage; and if he could he was to send a message to her master and mistress, saying—"Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better that a mill-stone were hung about his neck, and he be cast into the sea." Ann remarked, "it would be a dreadful thing for any one to have a farm-house grindstone chained about his neck, and he made to leap from C— rock to the river below, but Jesus said it would be worse for the man that offended the young believer." This comment upon the text, illustrating the fate of those unhappy beings who count themselves 'valiant for the truth' in visiting the bruised and tender reed with the rude breath of contempt for its humbleness of growth and weakness of stature, found an echo in the well-instructed heart of John Wardle, which induced him to say, that

Peter's Charge to the Prophets of St. Paul's

he had felt a good deal with respect to Jane Walpole, and that he did hope to hear she had got a better place: from all he heard her mother say, and Mr. Sillit too, he was sure she was inside the circle of God's family, but he 'didn't quite understand what the dispute was about: it seemed as if the master and mistress belonged to some other church that was a quarrelling with the church that Jane belonged to; and so, when they came together, Jane was a sort of prisoner of war, when they found out what people she belonged to.'

A tongue that rarely interposed, here said—'John, you might a'misunderstood the tale the mother was a telling of; perhaps they thought she was unconverted, and was lusting against her mistress that was spiritual;' but John was certain that what he *did* understand of the case was so far true, and Ann considered that the household-jar arose only from the master and mistress thinking that 'Jane was opposed to their religion, and had got into their family only for the food and wages; and so they thought she had been a pretending to know more about Jesus than what she did, just to get the place.'

John and Ann believed about the same thing regarding Jane, though neither of them understood the sort of church which seemed at war with Mr. Prippin's party; and so the matter was when an old man made signs of his readiness to speak.

In antiquity of feature and clothing he would have passed for the husband of Sarah: long light brown hair that curled over the coat collar; a pair of spectacles that must have left the maker's hands when their present wearer was a boy, assisting eyes, small, but full of scrutiny, rested upon a nose that must have known the hay-scent of seventy-five summers; a mouth that for forty years was 'full of cursing'—the door of an open sepulchre, but for twenty years past a gateway for 'words of soberness and truth'; a neck, shrivelled to the narrowest span, autumn-coloured, and bending beneath the weight of its native crown; fingers, long and lean, *fast* fashioning for the grave; knees, that met to bear each other's burdens. John and this old man had lived and

Words for the Jews and their Wild Boys.

loved together; and age sighed, as the immortality of Peter said—"If you see the ministers at St. Paul's John, say that we are members of the same body, and give 'em a full account of all of us, and tell 'em that they'll have a good reward for their labour, and we hope to meet 'em after all their trials, and conflicts over. Tell 'em to read the scriptures *well* and they'll get encouragement not to give it up; and to think over the part where St. Paul speaks about the dangers he passed through a preaching the gospel; and we hope they'll be preserved. If you go to see the poor Jews again John, say we're grieved about their unbelief; and it's no use a looking for another: we know as their fathers didn't think as He was the right one, but then nobody else hasn't come, and they're only being disappointed. Shew 'em the signs what Jesus did, John, and say how we love that little girl; and if they'd send her down here we'd be so glad to see her: we'd take wonderful care of her."

John said the Jewess loved her baby so, that he knew she wouldn't let her come. "Then tell her to come too," said Sarah, and the old man continued—"Them boys that was shouting and bawling, and throwing baskets and boots at one another; say to 'em John as we're quite ashamed of it; and they ought to be a reading the scriptures when they're sold their fruit. If Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob was alive we know they'd be quite vexed about it; perhaps their fathers and mothers don't know about it John. We wish the boys every blessing, and that's why we don't like to hear about their wildness."

Much more was said, which the whole world would not approve of if it were written in this book. John was now thoroughly furnished with the choice suggestions of his friends, and felt that he should journey to London, still possessed of their unbroken friendship: to leave the valley without the full assurance of their goodwill, would be to leave all his peace and his pleasure behind him, while the voices of his people, unanimous as heaven—"Go in peace, and the Lord be with thee," was a benediction without which perhaps, he would have doubted the eastward journey of the

John Wardle's Christian Character.

cloud and the pillar. 'Do all things decently and in order,' was an exhortation John found it no task to observe, for he had proved that paths of order are paths of pleasantness; and he had been accustomed to rely on the preparations of providence, whereby he was no stranger to the attendance of a power, keeping him in all his ways, and scattering the bright evidences of its presence around him. John then was not a man who, believing recklessly in certain divine decrees, seated himself, presumptuously, in the chariot of his own purposes, to drive at the hazardous gallop of his own pleasures, with his eye fixed but upon the City of Gratification. No! he looked for a messenger to go before his face, preparing the way before him, because he felt the necessity of such a forerunner, and received the promises which gave him such a guide. The cottage conversation was exhausted when the evening party separated. John blessed them as they crossed the threshold, then stood a minute to note the flying clouds, and the moonlight that waved amongst the branches of a mountain-wood; he heard for some minutes the homeward steps of his people, for John was so well acquainted with the geography of the valley, and its native tones, that he could readily distinguish the voice of each one giving its 'good night,' then, separating into twos and threes, fainter and fainter were their voices, till he heard no more—the wings of the gentle wind letting fall the speech before it reached his cottage.

Sarah and two had just crossed the planken bridge, when he heard the three praising their preacher: they said they believed him to be a man that was born here on purpose to pour light on the holy scriptures; and that though John had such a wonderful knowledge of the gospel, he was always ready to wash anybody's feet, or to unloose the latchet of a child's shoe; and pronounced him to be the greatest blessing that ever was known in their part of the country. This was responded to by several sighs, full of 'amen' to all that had been uttered; followed by the recollection of many confirming things which proved and adorned the character of Wardle as the minister and the man; but what was afterwards

A Preacher's Opinion of Himself.

said, John could not hear, for there was left but the faint murmur of some fifteen talking, who were spreading themselves in different directions from the centre of their congregational gatherings; yet John had heard enough to make him remember his younger existence, when he might be likened to the tree fit for the woodman, and then, fixing his eyes unconsciously on the fast flowing river, leaning against the cottage door-post he whispered—'And He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb;' and then his mind grasped, in a moment, the great facts of Calvary; then he smote his breast, repeating the words—'God, be merciful to me a sinner.' Rebecca heard him make this confession, and a moon-beam lighting on his face as she approached him, she sought, in smiles, to know if there was anything that very much distressed him. John returned her a true husband's reply, and saying that he heard Sarah Sackville, Maria, and Richard speaking so very highly of him as they went along the bank just now, but that passage entered his mind, like lightning on a summer's evening—'By the grace of God I am what I am;' then the sins of his youth he remembered—when he used to come into the cottage 'like a beast'—and that it was all 'before God,' and that made him lift his hand to his heart and say—'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Rebecca wept because of her husband's explanation, and angels saw that they loved each other.

The footsteps of the retreating flock echoed, not even faintly. They were arriving at their cottage doors, and resting, telling the tale of 'meeting.'

No *verbatim* report of what passed at home is extant, but if angels did follow them, guarding, lest they dashed their feet against any hurtful stones and, standing within the cottage circle, were unseen transcribers of all that was said—on a careful perusal of the angels' manuscripts we should find that for one smile given John, when present, there were ten when absent—that their conversation had been as becometh the gospel of Christ—that there was not a word of evil-speaking—but that they spake as those who had 'put on the new man, which after God

Peace on Earth and Good-will among Men.

is created in righteousness and true holiness.' Thus their preacher had never been harassed by the suspicion that his people though smiling in public were scowling in private, and paid him the fictitious respect of an open, happy-looking face, which was but the mask chosen by hearts 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' such practices were unknown in 'the church in the valley;' no, not so much as named there.

John and Rebecca had their sweet talk about the days that were fled, the conversational vein having been blessedly opened by the words that were overheard at the cottage door. Rebecca confessed it was what she always felt the propriety of saying, while she knew the prayer—'God be merciful to me a sinner' would rise up into heaven, and not be refused, because it said—'The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting.' John encouraged his wife in this kind of reasoning, because he saw she was timid; and so he loved to confirm the feeble knee, and tell the trembling, that, by 'the Cross,' 'as far as the east is from the west, even so far hath He set our sins from us.'

The autumn log was fast cooling when the preacher and his wife ended their walks in the private gardens of their own hearts, and soon they lay down to rest in the paradise of the promise—'When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.'

Before midnight the church's eye was closed in sleep, but the Guardian of created things saw them, and kind their slumbers were. The clock, ticking in the house, and the water, rushing from the hill, were the only sounds to be heard that midnight, except it were the sleep-sigh of the weary, and the occasional yawn of burdened humanity—groaning, while resting—confessing 'the curse;' though feathered watchmen that sit among the trees sometimes cried the night as truly as the toll of the bells of day. The echo of the planets, pursuing their courses, reached not the earth even in these still moments—the moon ran her shining way without so much as the dress-rustle of 'proud lady' stepping along the glittering walks of fashion.

The patient waiting of Hope.

The church slept till the Creator of morn awoke her, saying, in sunbeams—'Arise, shine, for thy light is come;' nor was there any bell wanted to send its warning tones from the farm of Mr. Templeman, for the labourers arose with almost unbroken regularity, proving that 'use,' in their cases, claimed a closer alliance than 'second nature.'

(The bridegroom of the habitable earth coming out of his chamber, smiles on his bride, and created things arise and reflect the munificent gift.)

The Elisha of the Devonshire valley was found among his brethren on the morning after the cottage meeting, and had almost finished his autumn ploughing when the day was drawing nigh for the expected journey: these interposing hours, though they brought forth their hopes, did not eat up each intervening day's peculiar joys because the realization of metropolitan hopes was yet far eastward. Children would annihilate the days between the promise of a pleasure and the period of its arrival, but men, tutored by the vanity of created, blighted things, lack those burning desires which prevent them from taking the ordinary happiness of the very present: day after day have their hopes budded with increasing size till the full-blown flower has come at last, and with it its beauty-spoiling worm, and the thorns that have pricked in the plucking. And though the *hopes* of John Wardle's journey, seeking realization in the Jerusalem of the Christian world, were not carnal but spiritual, yet, latter experience, especially, had taught him, that there was but a limited quantity of the oil of joy allowed to matriculating humanity; therefore John received each day's own pleasure; and though his thoughts would travel backwards and forwards between Devonshire and London, yet there were few men who robbed themselves less of the happiness at hand, as he lived neither in the fears nor anxieties of the future, but claimed the present as his property and privilege: so passed the days bringing the set time for the start.

The country had put off its green garments, and had nearly shed its yellow gold; the trees were launching their leaves on the swelling bosom of the river,

Arrival of the Morning of Departure.

and they often seemed like companies of golden canoes, gracefully tossing on the wave, separating, as influenced by the rush of waters round a granite stone, then meeting in a calmer place, and like a fleet pursuing a sea-ward course: these were the spoils of the war of winds, and intimations that nature was allowing herself to be undressed: such was the season when John Wardle heard the old white-faced Dutch clock strike 'four,' got up, used a lucifer match, descended a dozen stairs, and lent his ever-ready hand to forward the preparations for his second journey to the metropolis.

What was said of a former breakfast may also be said of this—it consisted 'of things counted orthodox by the tillers of the field,' and John, well knowing that he had gold in his pocket, also knew that the donor, if he were present, would desire him to eat a most complete breakfast, and therefore he did himself as much justice as if Mr. Sillit were present to urge him on.

Rebecca had good faith in John's London friends; therefore was she wholly without those anxieties which chequered her features on the morning of the former start; and by the time husband and wife had said all they wanted to say, a goodly group were assembling around the cart, in which the stout-grown but self-same Tom was announcing his readiness to drive John to the nearest railway station.

The passenger was soon seated, and twenty hands thrust over the cart to accomplish the English custom of 'pressing and shaking.' The horse was told to 'go on,' and smiles, shouts, and sayings, issued from old and young.

Arriving at the top of the hill, John looked back, as all knew he would, removed his hat in honour of the assembled gathering, likened them to the full brown ears of corn, and thought they looked like one shock knit together by the indissoluble bond of 'love,' and then the cart descending, the cottage scenery was concealed from view.

Railways seem ever stretching their helping hands to travellers, and ringing their welcome bells of invitation in all places where but the collar-tinkle of the carrier's waggon horses was heard before. The rail John had already patronised now

Christian Company in a Railway Train.

extended itself to the lower parts of the earth, paying its respects to villages but little heard of, except they had the traditional character of Nazareth—'no good thing.' Railway enterprise shortened John's ride by cart, and sooner than heretofore he was seated in the flying carriage on its way to London. Beside him sat two ladies—who probably had lost their fleshly beauty in the wintry winds of other days: there was something about their dress that gave them a sober, methodical, if not a religious character—quite enough to tell John that they were accustomed to a house from which the homely and real bodily comforts were not absent. It is already known that it was the necessary part of John's life to open his mouth on behalf of men, mercy, and the next world; which habit—his long practice of making known 'His deeds among the people'—had somewhat qualified him for introducing with propriety the great topic of 'man's salvation through Messiah's sacrifice.' Quite unlike some men then who introduce themselves to others with the same frightening effect as bulls sometimes do their horns, John would rather put the sharp point into his own mouth and make so pleasant a sound as should compel the gentle but sovereign fall of the walls of strangership; and this faculty, thought perhaps by many of small importance, was certainly fruitfully exercised by the cottage preacher; for, excelling in this happy art, he had victoriously lessened the effect of such persecution as shewed itself in a hundred sly ways toward 'the singular few of the valley'—unclenching the fists of those who would have fought with them as though they were Ephesian beasts. Skilful in this power of 'turning away wrath,' by soft but strengthful answers, he was no novice in the art of arresting the attention of his two lady travellers. He certainly had no wrath to turn away from *them*, but he had to use the tools of a gospel workman in a gospel way.

Soon a sharp and unexpected shower of hailstones, gave current from above for a stream of conversation, for John immediately obtained the courteous thanks of his passengers for so quickly closing the carriage window, and then John told the two ladies that it put him

A Text from a Storm.

in mind of what happened in Egypt, when God 'gave them hailstones for rain.' One of the two to whom this might be addressed returned a half-welcome smile, after which the other caught the sentence, though it seemed wafted away for ever, and spiritedly said—"It is a good thing, Sir, to have a covert from the storm, and a hiding-place from the wind." "You're quoting a passage of Scripture, M'm," said John; "if it's written in your heart you're bold to tread the cold valley." "It is in man's nature to be afraid, Sir," said the lady, "and there is enough of the terrible in death to make the most holy shrink from it." "But though I've seen him drawn in pictures without flesh to his bones," said John, "and with a scythe and a hour-glass in his hand, yet you know, M'm, when we look to the Saviour, we see Him ascending up from the tomb with the scythe—no more use to Satan than a piece of straw; and Jesus overruling the sands in the hour-glass, and shouting out for joy to His people upon earth—'all your times are in My hand.' Satan puts me in mind of a wasp: they say that if they sting anybody that attacks their nest, they leave their sting in his flesh, so they can't plunge it in any other man, because they've lost their little daggers; now Jesus attacked the cage of unclean spirits, and then they all flocked out and stung him, even unto death, but He rose up because it was not possible that he should be holden of it; and now, all that our enemy can do is, to whiz and hum about us, because he's lost his sting, and that's what makes him so boiling with rage; and Paul knew Jesus had took away his sharp spear, and so he asked the question, 'O death, where is thy sting?'"

The lady felt the force of the simple statement of the thorough triumph of Christ over the power of death, and wondered in which denominational mountain the speaker dwelt: was such knowledge in the Churchman or the Dissenter? "I know the victorious smiles of Jesus fill His empty tomb," said the passenger, "and a great blaze of glory bursts from the open door; but when I feel my heart so cold and foreign to the beauty and the brightness of the glowing place, a

A Sermon on Assurance.

voice says, *not for you!*" "Ah! there's a good many voices in the world that don't come from heaven," said John. "But how am I to know that it is not the Judge pronouncing sentence of excommunication against me?" asked the lady. "Because the day of judgment is not come yet," replied John; "and God is now speaking to us in kind promises of love, and enticing us near to have our sins pardoned." "I am often tempted to believe," said the lady, "that my researches among the fields of Scriptural truth are no proof of my having any saving interest in the sacrifice of Christ, because the Bible is a book of great beauty, and I fear lest I may be attracted but by the singularity of the volume, instead of constrained by a warm love for the Saviour set forth." "You're sure to be right in searching the Scriptures, M'm," said John; "and it's not likely your heart will get any harder through reading of the compassion of God towards us in justifying us through the sacrifice of His Son; and it's a complaint of many that they haven't such a sweet heart of love as the Apostle John." "Ah! I wish I could take my stand by the cross and the tomb of Immanuel, in the full assurance of faith," said the lady. "I've just thought of a piece of poetry that I had given to me when I was in London," said John, "and I'll say it to you:—

BEHOLD the two Marys appoint
To rise at the dawn of the day;
They rise, their dead Lord to anoint,
But oh! what a stone in their way!
I, too, in approaching my Lord,
Too oft a great stone can discern;
What aid can the creature afford?
Ah! who can this stone overturn?
The stone of my sins seems so vast,
So heavy, so mighty, when view'd
In all the dread guilt of the past,
Alas! and so often renew'd;
That, dreadful indeed were the load,
And mightier still my dismay,
Were it not for my Saviour, my God—
He knows how to roll it away.
The stone of my heart so deprav'd,
The plague I've long known and abhorr'd,
Still renders it hard to be sav'd,
Still bars the access to my Lord.

The Ark and the Rainbow.

Ah ! who shall the adamant move ?
 Who conquer its powerful sway ?
 My Saviour ! my Saviour ! thy love
 Can melt this hard marble away.
 This body of flesh and of sin,
 The world and its lusts and its cares,
 Temptations without and within,
 And weakness, and follies, and fears—
 These, these are the stones that oppose
 The door of access to my Lord ;
 But He who all obstacles knows,
 Can roll them away at a word.
 Henceforward, my soul, hasten on,
 Nor look to the sepulchre more ;
 Thy Saviour is risen, is gone ;
 The stone's roll'd away from the door :
 He lives ! and I dwell in His sight ;
 He is risen to render me blest ;
 He lives ! to conduct me aright,
 And safely and surely to rest.

The lady confessed she made the third Mary, and how sweetly well the poetry was adapted to describe her trembling doubting visits to the Saviour's sepulchre. Her judgment wanted not information, she said, on the character and perfection of the scheme of salvation, but an Almighty Spirit to witness with the human spirit that it really was a Christian birth, when John found himself in a willing mood to receive anything good from the mental stores of his companion.

"Every blow of the shipwright's hammer," said the lady, in sympathy with a sentence John had just uttered, "echoed through the old world with the warning 'Prepare to meet thy God,' yet the ship was a vain sermon to them: doubtless they saw nothing specially wrathful in the first drops of the flood that was to cover the hills, and if umbrellas and parasols had been invented then, they would have spread them open, thinking it but a passing shower." "And when our country people see the bow in the clouds," said John, "they never ask themselves if they're holy and immortal like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, but all they care for is, to have a good sight of the colours, and not thinking that though the world's been baptized with water once, the second time it'll be with fire! Then how clean and beautiful the world will be: it'll be a sweet smelling savour unto God, like the precious

The Finite and the Infinite.

incense that He smelt from Noah's altar: how fresh and delightful the roses and the sweet-briars do smell after a sunny day and then a shower; and that's how I've thought the earth'll be, after the water and the fire have both baptized it."

The lady confessed that God's tokens were generally disregarded; and then said, in answer to a question from John—"the Scriptures give us a humbling rule wherewith to measure the mind of human nature; and this is it—'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.' This is the comparison between the Creator and the creature, and there could hardly be a fuller illustration of the height of the Almighty above man. Astronomers tell us that all the heavens cannot be measured, and that the stars of the high places cannot be reached: they can as yet do little more than count a great many, but cannot tell us how far off is the region where they sparkle; so then if the starry heavens are far above the reach of man's calculation, no wonder that the thoughts of God cannot be comprehended nor imagined. Yet we are not left without a book of beautifully drawn and richly coloured portraits of the Divine character, displaying paternal tenderness to the uttermost, and on these men may gaze. So then, Sir, we have no need to ask the stars to shew us the Father, for He has come down from the skies, and sketched himself in the life of the Redeemer; and those that believe, have hearts to admire the beautiful views He has vouchsafed of the express image of His person."

John was pleased with the astronomical comparison, and was gratified with the bold display of the difference between attributes human and divine, and then another remark from him on the patience of God with this polluted world, was thus replied to—"God is not hasty like we too often are, for He quietly sees the brilliant conclusion of His plans, and feels no restlessness for the interposing events to pass away: He waits without the faintest stir of impatience for the orderly occurrence of all things that shall

Conversation on the Skies.

come to pass; but with us it is not so: hours lie weighty upon us—sometimes without a sweet to send them happily along, but with the great God, weariness is unknown, nor does He ever experience any want of pleasure—rejoicing always in the habitable parts of His dominions—where they sing of Him among the stars, and He well approves the song.”

The cottage preacher was an enraptured listener to the lady's praises of the loftiest powers, and felt a most acceptable pleasure in the easy acceptance of the comparison between the forbearance of the fallen, so finite and deficient, and that of the High and Holy One, so infinite and perfect. John knew but little of astronomy—no more than having heard it said that the sun was a monstrous ball of blazing fire—that the moon got her light from it, and that some of the stars were as large as this world. But an opportunity seemed now at hand to enlarge his ideas of the globular heavens, or to fortify himself in the faith of the sayings already current in the valley; so he asked his lady passenger if the thousands of little diamonds that dotted the sky so thickly on cold clear winter evenings were as large as the world we live in, because it seemed so strange that God should make such a number of large temples only to light up our earth. “My brother has for many years been devoted to the study of the spacious firmament on high,” said the lady, “and he ever longs to make me more acquainted with the mysteries of the bright worlds in the azure blue of the boundless skies. My thoughts about the stars are these: they are the beautiful homes of the innocent of our Father's creation—temples for the lovely works of the Lord, and were not framed for the purpose of enlightening the darkness of this world: the moon is the earth's peculiar servant—the very chief to us for service of all the bright ones that roam the sky: it is her duty to smile during the night-watches, and compensate all she can for the solar absence. The stars certainly do shed a little light upon us, but this is not the grand intention of their God, while it rather shews the sympathy there is with all the spheres of

The Habitations of Holiness.

heaven—that in the moon's employ the stars will share a part, and not be idle spectators of our satellite's service, but mingle themselves in the charitable occupation; and oh! what a lesson to the world is here—the utmost bounds of heaven ministering to our earth!—the moon helped by the farthest stars!—every globe in heaven contributing to the general glory, and even sending individual communications of light to the most distant members of the astronomical family! May we as Christians indeed, be bearers of one another's burdens, and helpers of each other's joys, and so fulfil the law of the Creator and the law of Christ.”

John had never heard so much before of the glory of the celestial, and now he felt the power of the King's assertion—“The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament sheweth his handywork.” “Is it the opinion of your brother, M'm,” said he, “that there are living creatures in the stars, because you said they were not hung up in heaven only to be a light to the earth, and you thought they were homes for the innocent?” “He thinks they are all full of very lively and lovely things,” replied the lady, “for it is so very much unlike the character of the Creator's doings to frame ten thousand bright and beautiful palaces and so fill them with glory that we behold them at this great distance and then leave them untenanted by creatures to behold—fall down—and worship. My brother was saying that if a builder saw a hill beautiful for situation—bought it and erected thereon a circus of houses, but did so with no intention of getting tenants or of allowing any one to reside therein, it would not be easy to account for the expenditure of skill and labour, nor to find out an object worthy of a wise master-builder. No! we may depend upon it there are no empty palaces in heaven, but whether inhabited, some by archangels, angels, cherubs and seraphs, or praising spirits of a thousand other kinds, we know whose glory they shew forth, and for whose pleasure they are and were created.”

Though John had not completely embraced all that the lady had said about the things above, yet he felt them calcu-

New Hearts and right Spirits.

lated to glorify 'the Eternal Power and Godhead,' for there was nothing in him that thought it dangerous to entertain the most exalted conceptions that might be had from the largest and loftiest belief in the grandeur of His creation; wherefore, surprised at the ready utterance of the lady, and delighted with her suggestions on the starry universe, he was not disinclined to believe in the multiplicity of peopled worlds—nor in their very lovely songs—nor jewelled crowns; because it made him think more nobly of the Lord God Almighty, and illustrated the saying, 'There is no end of His greatness.'

The lady referred to the hailstone shower which ushered in their conversation, and remarked on its ascension beyond the atmosphere of clouds—up where the blue sky was, and the blessed saints lived, and John said it was quite a pleasure for him to meet with some one who could open his eyes to the lands of never-withering flowers, adding—'when we are brought together like Philip and the eunuch, it is always to be for some good.'

The conversation having 'gone up on high,' now returned to things that concern the heart's believing unto righteousness, in which department of divinity it is known John Wardle was no novice, and in the history of each other's Christianity there was a sufficiency of striking fact to command a sure resting-place in the memory, and entertain them for the future hours of their railway journey: the lady saw plainly the descent of rich and righteous light, and the distinct rays of heavenly favour concentrating life's circumstances for John's welfare—bringing down upon his honoured head the glowing fulfilment of the promise—'All things work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to his purpose;' and he saw his sister in the faith, within the bounds of a covenant, arched by Almighty mercy—stretching its embrace to the earth—rich in sunshine and shower.

Time went no faster during the delivery of St. Paul's sermon at Troas, but no doubt the upper chamber hour-glass seemed to drop its sands unfaithfully fast, and the audience were much surprised to find the zealous advocate had

Arrival at Paddington.

already continued his speech till midnight! Nor little less astonished was John to find that the time had fully come—bringing him to the terminus of his railway journey; and while the process of proving that each passenger was 'not guilty' of travelling without a ticket, was being fully carried out, the lady handed the countryman a card, saying, she should be very happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Sillit at her house and Mrs. Wardle too if it were possible, and a day when Mr. Weightly would be at home was mentioned, and then the travellers separated.

John was not so much a strange sheep on this occasion as when on his first arrival at Paddington he must needs hoist his red-bundle to catch the eye of that little boy: that act, it is remembered, was but a sign needed for a moment, for there was something in the sight and scent of that little boy so specially the endowment of those old-headed children who, as soon as they begin to crawl about their dark and dreary birth-chambers, commence breathing in the craft and cunning propagated through a long line of sensual forefathers. Such a boy, if he missed the partner of his pranks, could mingle in the street crowd, and utter his characteristic cry with a certainty of catching his fellow's ear, or often, before his voice was heard, he had caught sight of his mate's shattered hat, or of those descriptive curls that were known to be the very ensign of the lost one. The Chartist's little son had then accomplished nothing unusual when amongst the station-crowd, he saw, in a second, the man he was looking for; but our traveller stood not in need now of the privilege or the *pain* of such a conducting boy, for Mr. Sillit was waiting for him, though after inquisitively and patiently inspecting the populace of the platform, he had almost come to the conclusion that John Wardle was not of their number.

The warm-hearted Ephesians wept at parting with Paul, and watched the bark upon the sea carrying away from them the affectionate ambassador—watched and wept upon the sands till ship and saint were lost from view. Mr. Sillit had not stood upon the sands of

John on his way to Blackfriars.

that salt-flood-shore, nor known the grief of that parting; but if as hull and masts sunk beneath the surface of the wave, there arose to the Ephesians the lovely image of the apostle, radiant with the immortality of his labours of love, then Mr. S. was no stranger to feelings of a similar class: *they* regarded St. Paul as one of God's astonishing gifts, and could not count the many, ready to perish in their city, who had now savingly hearkened to the life-giving call of 'the great trumpet;' and *Mr. Sillit* also believed in John's divine appointment to the valley, and was sure his works of love would follow him to the next world. It was when he caught sight of him at the end of the railway platform that he felt the full gusts of that exquisite affection which now rose to give evidence for itself, and he imagined the graces of his life gathering and agreeing to irradiate his countenance, spreading the bright halo and earnest of a glorious immortality.

Thus were these two friends as welcome to each other as minds the very best, and love the very purest, could make them. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and as the hearts of neither of these men were without its goodly abundance, so neither did their mouths want wholesome occupation: those momentous things which, carried on in secret here, are to have their full result in the kingdom to come, found favour with these two, whose hearts were warmed by talking thus on their way; nor did their minds engage in flights, far-off and foreign, in search of circumstances to lead from thought in this world to that which is future and higher, for the healths and happinesses of the friends in the Devonshire Valley, and those also who dwelt by the banks of the Thames, was abundant with circumstance for talk on things on earth and things in heaven, till Mr. S. knocked like an Englishman for admission at his own door.

The flight of a candle-shadow on the opposite wall told the traveller that some one was coming down stairs, light in hand; and soon a bolt was drawn, a lock discharged from its necessary duty, and the door opened by Mr. Sillit, saying,

Wardle in the house of Mr. Sillit.

(not in words *honeyed* for the occasion) "O come up, Mr. Wardle," which John was most willing to do, and only began to hear other kind sayings when the inviting voice triumphed over the noisy blows given to the stairs by his boots, and he was about to accede to a smiling intreaty to 'take a chair,' softly cushioned, by the remark—"I am sure you must be very much fatigued, Mr. Wardle, travelling such a distance; well now—let me see—what shall I get you?" There was a saucepan on a bright fire, and what it contained was made known by adding—"I have some nice mutton broth that will be soon ready," when John confessed his ability to wait, for several country contributors had made up a bag full of eatable things for him, and these had been making occasional stomachic atonements during his journey up; so he assured Mrs. Sillit that she might make herself quite easy about his appetite.

The pleasing circumstance of meeting with the Christian lady in the train was at once related, when Mrs. Sillit thanked the stranger for her kind invitation, and said she knew well that such a passenger must have consecrated the time, and made it pass very sweetly along. "Yes! it was just as if the wheels went round at five-fold speed," exclaimed John. "From what you have been telling me coming along, Mr. Wardle," said Mr. S., "it would be true to paraphrase two or three well known lines of one of the world's poets, and to say of both of you—"Into the heaven of heavens you soar'd—yet earthly guests—and drew imperial air." "Imperial! imperial! what's the meaning of that word?" asked John. "Belonging to an emperor—royal," replied Mr. S. "Ah, that's just it!" said John; "it *was* royal air Mrs. Weightly was breathing, and she talked about the stars that belonged to the Emperor, and the jewels that shine there." "Yes, one Lord over all," added Mr. S., "from worms to worlds His power stretches, and He lights up the little insect's glowing lamp, or spreads a thousand globes with glory—binds the sweet influence of Pleiades or brings the Christian stars together." "It's plain enough that we got into the same car-

The Bible and its Beauties.

riage for spiritual benefit," said John. "Almost as certain as that Philip and the Eunuch were appointed to sit in the same chariot," added Mr. S.; "and the longer I live in the world, and the more keenly I watch the movements of the wheels of Providence, I make increasing discoveries tending most fully to assure me of the comforting fact that God is working in the world more actively and successfully than many men think. The common opinion is that Deity has shrunk from this earth because of sin, and only comes to it, now and then, to do some great and conspicuous thing, when the mass of men are willing to recognize Him and say, 'this is the finger of God;' but though He does walk always in the unpolluted gardens of guiltless spheres, let us not think that His hand is not among the entangled threads of this dislocated world; and though, John, *sin* has damaged and disordered its beautiful machinery, yet His eyes pierce the disastrous disarrangement, and his Omnipotence works amid the mysterious confusion." "That's what I quite believe!" exclaimed John.

"It is just the peculiarity of one extraordinary book, and the title of it I need not mention, John," said Mr. S.; "just its distinctive beauty that therein is shewn unto men the footsteps of Deity, naturally shrouded in clouds, but driven away before the piercings of our faith, and the wind that often bloweth and beareth to our happy view, the sovereign march of a great God and Father. So that the righteous are not performing some comical and fruitless journey, but walking in ways prepared by an all-wise predestination: we learn then from the Scriptures what we find also if we examine our steps, that He who has promised 'He will be,' *is now* 'our guide—even unto death;' and why are the lives of men and women sketched out for us in the Bible, but that we might see their steps illuminated by a supernatural light, and observe how, day after day, from their pilgrimage there was uttered speech loud to the praise of God, and night after night there was shown knowledge safely guiding them through the mazes of life, and perfecting all things that concerned them."

Paragraphs from the Prophets.

John redeemed the Bible from the supposition of the foolish—that it was a book partly out of date—containing only the records of Divine interferences, which had little to do with *this* generation; for he said, it was to be the map for all believers till the *last* step of the *last* saint, when it would not be wanted any more, because there were no stumbling-blocks in the heavenly world, and there would be nothing to hurt nor destroy in the holy mountain of glory. "Precious book! precious book!" exclaimed Mr. S.; "alive *to-day* with all its interest to them who realize its Author ever ready to conduct along the intricate paths of Paradise lost." "Here is a scrap of paper upon which you memorialized some sparks from the altar of truth," said Mrs. Sillit to her husband, who thanked his wife and thus read:—

A paradise for purity, and thorns and thistles for sin. Without shedding of blood there is no remission. When the billows overwhelm, there shall be a bark for the righteous. Happy the house with the dove and the olive leaf. Abraham was the first Christian emigrant. A fair woman may be a great temptation and a grievous plague. Promises of magnificence may be ushered in with a sinking sun, a deep sleep, and a dark horror. Sharp is the knife that obedience demands, but the hand is watched that holds it. A civil answer won Rebecca a husband. Paradise for an apple, and a birthright for broth. The wrestler shall be wreathed at the break of day. The innocent prisoner shall find favour. The footsteps of famine have traced a lost son. The Jewish Deliverer's cradle was safe on the waves. Fish, frogs, and flies, are the foes of bondsmen. Slavery shall have its funeral at the bottom of the sea. There shall be manna sufficient for the day. Rocks are rivers at the touch of Jehovah. There is a tree that sweetens every sour. The golden calf is not far from the mountain of the Lord. The gates of the City of Refuge are ever open. Moses, the man of God, ended his life with a song.

The reader was thanked for these pearls from the kingdom of truth, and then expressed his faith in a coming day when they would all make up jewelled

The Death of a King-fisher.

crowns for those counted worthy to obtain an inheritance in the better land. "I observe your track of thought," said Mr. S., "*deliverances* may be so many *diamonds*, in the light of glory; and if gathered up from the earth where dropped by the pathway of each saint, would it not be beautiful if five thousand, placed by an unerring hand along the eccentric line of a long life, engraved with the particulars of life's strange events, were given for a crown of glory to the man come up out of great tribulation: there would be his biography in diamonds, well set by Deity! the sparkling history of each saint on his forehead, reflecting from the throne of the Lord the glory of the author and finisher of his faith."

Though the sun had gone down, and the Blackfriars believers had temporary need of a candle, its dim light was unnoticed for the rays of the new heavens that lifted up their hopes to crowns; and then John, pleased with still musing upon the Omnipresence with all created things, said he was one day leaning on a rail of the wooden bridge that crossed the river by his house, when he saw a king-fisher by the water's edge in the agonies of death: it was evening, and his feathers seemed bright as the spreading colours of the setting sun; the sight was affecting, and he thought its home was paradise: he shed a tear for the sin of the man put into the garden of the Lord to dress and to keep it; and then the bird struggled again and again, and the water warbled as though it was playing pretty bells, and a linnet stopped and sung on a little bush by the other side of the stream, and it seemed as if it was all a comforting him on his death-bed. "Stone, surely, must be the heart," said Mr. S., "unsoftened by sympathy for the king-fisher's pain; angels were there, for they are 'tenderness,' and mourn and melt for things created; but more than all 'God was there'—(JEHOVAH SHAMMAH), mysterious pillow—and how kind!"

"You were saying, John," added Mr. S., "that the decease of a sparrow—a bird of a less beautiful coat, but not perhaps with a less feeling heart—is an event not unchronicled by the Creator;

The power of Prayer.

how then ought we to be inspired with the fullest confidence in His protecting and paternal wing? for if the dying of a little member of the bird-kingdom escapes not the practical observation of the Almighty, shall man, the master-creature of the world, want Him in vain, in all times of his trouble—in the fiery struggles of the hour of death?"

A few words about angels, from John, was followed by saying, "shall we be doubtful of angel-assistance because we feel not the kind circle of their arms, or in times of health because we realize not their tender hold of us in dangerous hours? How often may they speak to us in spirit-tones, and change our course away from unseen rocks as gently as the helm of ship from water-hidden foes? but the grand perfection of our faith consists in this perpetual truth—Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

But like the woman who, fully taken up with her conversation at Jacob's well, forgot her water-pot, it would seem that the house of Sillit were unmindful of the broth that was still steaming away on the cooking fire, till the mistress loudly announced, 'all things ready.'

The power of prayer, as displayed in the valley, enabled John to say that Heaven still answered him: within the church were great and goodly signs, and *without*, hearts were thawing: his master killed a pig the other day, and sent him a portion—thus was there a table spread for him by the very hands of his late enemies, while upon his overflowing cup there was written, '*Is anything too hard for the Lord?*'

The City of London clocks were tolling the hour when Mrs. Sillit laid the Bible on the table, and John chose the Psalm to be read, beginning, '*Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations,*' when God was praised for remembering them 'before the mountains were brought forth,' and redeeming them from their low estate; and then, though the place of prayer did not tremble as in days of old, yet the suppliants were satisfied.

John's report of the valley that bear record to the power of prayer, brought to Mr. Sillit's recollection an anecdote

Extraordinary Providence.

of thrilling interest, when, putting a little key to the door of his literary treasures, he sought a volume, while John embraced a minute to notice the steeples of the Christian temples surrounded by a thousand lamps, dotting the opposite shore, sparkling on the bridge walls, and shining on the supper table of citizens innumerable; then the two friends resumed their seats, trimmed their lamp, and listened to this:—

‘Thomas Hownham, the subject of the following providence, was a very poor man, who lived in a lone house or hut upon a moor, called Barmour Moor, about a mile from Lowick, and two miles from Doddington, in the county of Northumberland. He had no means to support a wife and two young children, save the scanty earnings obtained by keeping an ass, on which he used to carry coals from Barmour coal-hill to Doddington and Wooler; or by making brooms of the heath, and selling them round the country. Yet, poor, and despised as he was in consequence of his poverty, in my forty years’ acquaintance with the professing world, I have scarce met with his equal, as a man that lived near to God, or one who was favoured with more evident answers to prayer. My parents then living at a village called Hanging Hall, about one mile and a half from his hut, I had frequent interviews with him, in one of which he was very solicitous to know whether my father or mother had sent him any unexpected relief the night before. I answered him in the negative, so far as I knew; at which he seemed to be uneasy. I then pressed to know what relief he had met with, and how? After requesting secrecy, unless I should hear of it from some other quarter (and if so, he begged I would acquaint him), he proceeded to inform me, that being disappointed of receiving money for his coals the day before, he returned home in the evening, and, to his pain and distress, found that there was neither bread nor meal, nor any thing to supply their place, in his house; that his wife wept sore for the poor children, who were both crying for hunger; that they continued crying until they both fell asleep; that he got them to bed, and their mother with them, who likewise soon went to

‘The Lord will Provide.’

sleep, being worn out with the sufferings of the children and her own tender feelings.

Being a fine moonlight night, he went out of the house to a retired spot, at a little distance, to meditate on those remarkable expressions in Hab. iii. 17, 18: ‘Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.’ Here he continued, as he thought, about an hour and a half; and in a sweet, serene, and composed frame of mind he returned into his house; when, by the light of the moon through the window, he perceived something upon a stool or form (for chairs they had none) before the bed; and after viewing it with astonishment, and feeling it, he found it to be a joint of meat roasted, and a loaf of bread, about the size of our half-peck loaves. He then went to the door to look if he could see any body; and after using his voice as well as his eyes, and neither perceiving nor hearing any one, he returned in, awoke his wife, who was still asleep, asked a blessing, and then awoke the children, and gave them a comfortable repast. Such was his story, but he could give me no further account.

I related this extraordinary affair to my father and mother who both heard it with astonishment, but ordered me to keep it a secret as requested; and such it would ever have remained, but for the following reason. A short time after this event, I left that country; but on a visit about twelve years after, at a friend’s, the conversation, one evening, took a turn about one Mr. Strangeways, commonly called Stranguage, a farmer, who lived at Lowick-Highsteed, which the people named Pinch-me-near, on account of this miserable wretch that dwelt there. I asked what had become of his property, as I apprehended he had never done one generous action in his lifetime. An elderly woman in the company said I was mistaken; for she could relate one which was somewhat curious. She said that she had lived with him as a servant or housekeeper; that about twelve or

Hearts moved mightily.

thirteen years ago, one Thursday morning, he ordered her to have a whole joint of meat roasted, having given her directions a day or two before to bake two large loaves of white bread. He then went to Wooler market, and took a bit of bread and cheese in his pocket as usual. He came home in the evening, in a very bad humour, and went soon to bed. In about two hours after, he called up his man-servant, and ordered him to take one of the loaves, and the joint of meat, and carry them down the moor to Thomas Hownham's, and leave them there. The man did so; and finding the family asleep, he set them at their bed-side, and came away.

The next morning her master called her and the man-servant in, and seemed in great agitation of mind. He told them that he intended to have invited a Mr. John Mool, with two or three more neighbouring farmers (who were always teasing him for his nearness), to sup with him the night before; that he would not invite them in the market-place, as he purposed to have taken them by surprise near home, as two or three of them passed his house; but a smart shower of rain coming on, they rode off, and left him before he could get an opportunity; that going soon to bed, he did not rest well, fell a-dreaming, and thought he saw Hownham's wife and children dying of hunger; that he awoke and put off the impression; that he dreamed the second time, and endeavoured again to shake it off; but that he was altogether overcome with the *nonsense* the third time; that he believed the devil was in him; but that since he was so foolish as to send the meat and bread, he could not now help it, and charged her and the man never to speak of it, or he would turn them away directly. She added, that since he was dead long ago, she thought she might relate it, as a proof that he had done one generous action, though he was grieved for it afterwards.

The spirit of this extraordinary providence wanted nothing more to give it a lively incarnation in the countryman's heart: in an eye-twinkle he was at home with the mother of several little broom makers, on G— Down; he remembered hearts moved, mightily, though hard as that of Miser 'Pinch-me-near,'

John's first morning in London.

while answers to prayer came up before him like smiling ghosts. It was evident John had passed in spirit across Barmour Moor—had entered the lone hut—followed Hounham in his moonlight meditations—had returned with him and seen the fine fat joint of meat roasted and ready for the hungry—the waking wife—the laughing children—the merry meal. The farm-house at Lowick-Highsteed was graphic too in the eyes of John. Pinch-me-near's cook roasting her meat for the intended supper—the farmer's return from market—his restlessness through his thrice-repeated dream—then rising, to command the plaguing joint away.

(Would that the Editor could present his readers with a sketch of the room in Blackfriars, with Wardle bending himself forward, getting nearer each minute to the spectacled reader of this striking tale. But with engraving tools he is not skilful: the Christian public must therefore be left to pencil for themselves.)

John, however, when he had fully taken breath, assured Mr. S. that he had never heard such a wonderful story, and begged to take a copy of the tale into the Devonshire Valley, where he knew it would be popular for years to come, and perhaps never be forgotten. His friend said his wishes should be realized, and by the time St. Paul's had uttered its midnight declaration, Wardle was deaf to all the bells of this world.

Mornings in the city, differ as much from mornings in the country, as the society of the forge from the field: in London is heard the early tramp of workmen hurrying at the calls of factory bells, or quickened in their steps by the testimony of street clocks, they push on to the shop or the garret uttering their salutes, jests, or songs, audible in the bedrooms of others just getting conscious to the bustle of another day; then stables are visited, and soon horses in iron shoes beat noisy time to revolving cart wheels; but in the country there is more peace on earth: a ploughman, famous for whistling, is known to be crossing the field to work, for his favourite tune echoes round the cottage wall; the horses tread the soil for 'seed to the sower and bread to the eater,'

Christian Reflections.

but their footsteps are hushed, while the lark and the linnet yield their very lovely songs to the prospects of a new and a sparkling day.

The water-side sounds of Blackfriars were not like those of the central streets: here sung the sailors of the barge as they merrily added their whole weight to the windlass, followed by the plunging of the cumbrous oar, and the merry talk of passengers by wherry. John felt his change of place when he awoke on Tuesday morning to find himself again in a London bedroom.

The hero of Barmour Moor was naturally the subject for conversation at breakfast. John remarked, "it was a good job for him that he didn't get the money for his coals, else the family wouldn't have suffered the hunger and the pain, and then the old miser wouldn't have dreamt, and sent his man-servant by night with the meat." "Yes, John, we do not always trace the fact that our miseries make for themselves rivers of tears but to sparkle further on, like pearls of inestimable price; our garments of sackcloth are often fringed with golden joys, while our cutting sorrows are but the heart's necessary introduction to a city of song; and really," continued Mr. S., "in Hownham's case, the disappointment in not receiving the coal money, and the hunger pangs which followed, made up an urgent pressing case, which, pleaded by the heavenly advocate, obtained Almighty interference with the miser on his bed, and filled the hungry Hownhams with good things; indeed, had not the coal-seller's family suffered these things, the glory could not have descended on the welcome meal, while the longing stomachs and the empty cupboard were circumstances preparing their hearts to the utmost degree of sensitiveness for the reception of the fullest and finest impression of the supernatural features of the deliverance. Had we seen the anxiety of Elijah about the natural decline of the waters of Cherith, he might have been quite ready to believe us had we whispered in his ear, 'O wretched man;' but wait till the music of the brook ceases, and no streams run among its dry and burning stones, and there will

Salutary Conclusions.

come forth the command, 'Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Sidon, and dwell there; behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee:—follow the prophet, and witness the miracles of the unexhausted meal barrel, and the resurrection of the much-loved son.

John added—"Daniel was clothed with scarlet, and had a gold chain about his neck, because he interpreted King Belshazzar's dream, and Joseph was delivered from prison through Pharaoh's vision of the famine, and why should we think God never speaks now in dreams of the night?" "Men are not to expect dreams to direct them in the every-day circumstances of life," said Mr. S.; "they will *dream* indeed if they do, but if after using the ordinary means of success, these fail, it is not ministering to our indiscretion or laziness if the Lord shew again his ability to bring meat from a miser's larder—to inspire a Zaccheus with liberality—to make provision-merchants of ravens."

When truths have taken a long and living root, the heart will answer to the welcome sun of another's countenance, and be ready to yield its fruit to the tenderest touch of sympathy; and if two Christian friends might be compared—the one to a fruitful tree, and the other to a traveller sitting beneath it, plucking the fruit and enjoying the shade, then it is explained why Mrs. Sillit had need to fear and to say, the breakfast coffee was getting quite cold.

At last, empty egg-shells, plates without their toast, and cups without their quantity, satisfied the wife that her table would soon cease to receive such half-hearted honour.

The engraver on steel and copper plates rose to shew John the beautiful art to which he was devoted, telling him that he had no intention of applying himself to his work during his stay in the metropolis, for he thought three or four days' Christian holiday in as many years, was not outrageous, yet he might like to see the occupation which had long threaded him to humanity's fate—'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground.'

John *did* look at the sheets of steel

Thoughts about Popery.

and copper, and saw they had impressions of scenes in country life, and there were two "whom all Englishmen," said the engraver, "are ready to honour," as he shewed them to John, who smiled as he recognized their features, then passed them by with the prayer—"God save the Queen."

The plates of an old family Bible in a cottage at home were fresh in one's memory, when Mr. Sillit said it had not been his good fortune to illustrate any book more sacred than 'Fox's Book of Martyrs.' "Why, I've heard say they used to burn the believers," exclaimed John; "used they to take 'em inside the pope's house then and put 'em on his fire?"

Mr. S. had never yet imagined a great stove within the Vatican, devoted to the general purposes of martyrdom, though he had no better opinion of some of the popes than to believe them capable of standing 'stokers' for the whole human family if the circumstances of their church demanded it. He told John that many counties of England, now great, glorious, and free, had been stained with martyrs' blood. Smithfield was mentioned, and John said—"Did they drive the cattle away before they began to light the fires?" "The place was not then used as a market," replied Mr. S.; "but had oxen been present, no doubt the executioners would have been cowards enough to drive them away, lest they should go mad with surprise: beasts have been ministers of vengeance unto men: a lion slew a disobedient prophet, and two bears crushed two and forty children, mockers of the late ascension."

John was to be told more about the Smithfield Martyrs at a future time. He was to dine that day at the house of a Christian curate, and it was agreed to visit one of the temples of the metropolis on their way.

They soon passed through the shadow of St. Paul's, and were at the iron gate that leadeth into the church visited before. John had a solemn charge for the bone-keeper, and he thought to have found him busy within the sepulchral walls, but shaking the outer gate, its long bolt and great lock refused them admission. "The gates of it shall not be shut

Visit to Mr. Dorsle.

day nor night," observed Mr. S., "nor will its jasper wall ever be splashed with the mud of streets;" and the two friends went on their way to seek the sexton.

Passing through a number of courts, each promising to be narrower and narrower, half a dozen houses were found huddled together, fronted by a dilapidated piece of triangular pavement. The walls were of brick, *red* once certainly, for, disfigured in a hundred places by the chippings of mischievous boys, fringed by comical chalk-marks, were the evidences of the *internal* colour of the building material; now, however, so black was the outside, that a chimney sweeper might lay his soot sack in a corner, to be unnoticed by the passenger of the twilight, and unknown too, except he were careful to prevent it becoming a stumbling-block to the innocent. There were two or three disfigured pails left to drain their contents at their leisure towards a little central iron grating, and a few very brown towels catching an occasional puff of wind that now and then came through the opposite crevice; and had a visitor been induced from this state of things to lift up his eyes, he would have seen broken rows of garden pots containing very bad specimens of Paradise Lost, with mop sticks having a boy's shirt stretched thereon, or some article of ladies' clothing; then, bending his head backwards and looking perpendicularly, he would have been relieved by the sight of a serene blue sky.

Here it was that the keeper of the dry bones dwelt, and a knock at his door from Mr. Sillit, soon brought down his wife, exclaiming "Eh! good morning sir, and how does Mrs. Sillit do? and Master and Miss Sillit?" The sextoness expressed herself satisfied with the reply she received, adding—"That's well. I think I've had the pleasure of seeing this gentleman before, somewhere or another." "Mr. Wardle, a country friend of mine," explained Mr. S. "I dare say you recollect him visiting the church vault with me three or four years ago?" "Oh yes—yes—to be sure—how my memory fails me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dorsle; "my husband's just a putting on his things—he's got a funeral at half-past eleven, but perhaps you'll walk up." "It is about

The Life of an old Parishioner.

half-past ten now," said Mr. S., as they followed the sextoness, replying—"Ah! then he's got three-quarters, good."

Mr. Dorsle was almost fully arrayed for 'duty' when he greeted his visitors in the free and common manner of men of his class; and after the citizen's health was enquired after with very audible emphasis, and the other branches of the family were sensibly included within the vault-keeper's range of good wishes, he added—"I've a funeral at half-past eleven—an old man." "Oh! any particulars of his death, Mr. Dorsle?" enquired Mr. S. "An asthma case of long standing," replied Mr. D., "astonishing how he did last it out to be sure." "An inhabitant of this parish, I suppose?" said Mr. S. "Oh yes," replied the sexton, "and a pretty old one too: the coronation of George III. was fresh in him to the very last, so they say." "Well, let us hope that he has gone to the Kingdom of Crowns," said Mr. S. "That I don't know anything about, I'm sure, that's not *my* business: a precious few of his good deeds was ever heard of in this neighbourhood, as is well known; and what works he's got to follow him would puzzle any parson to find out: a very different kind of a Christian to your old grandmother, Mr. Sillit: astonishing how she was respected to be sure." "I am sorry to hear you speak so unfavourably of the old gentleman," said Mr. S. "Well, we must speak of men as we find 'em, mustn't we, Mr. Sillit?" "We ought not to speak contrary to our convictions," replied Mr. S., "but we must be certain that we are right, and be gentle then in our expressions: we know that God will bring every work into judgment, and He alone is competent to do it: we may soon tell the quality of a man's coat, but not quite so readily the quality of a man's Christianity; it is said, you know, that man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart." "That's right, Mr. Sillit, of course it is," exclaimed the sexton, "but when a man's never been known to do any good in the parish, how can we give him a good character? all we know about him is that he used to give his guinea to the ward schools, and come to church every Sunday morning and the Saints' days,

Comments on the Citizen's Character.

but as for our poor! well, they didn't trouble him much to be sure, for they all got pretty much the same answer—"It aint my place to keep all the poor in the parish, I can tell you, now go off, I haven't got anything to give you." I've known him forty years, Mr. Sillit; I don't know what he's died worth, though I've heard they got at his will yesterday, but £20,000 is nigh the mark I should say; well now, I reckon him up like this—there's five and twenty years to the schools, £25, and then there was the new organ £5, and 5s. every year when the children beat the bounds; now then, that's something under £40 I think, say with the Easter offerings, and a copper on dirty Sunday mornings to the crossing sweeper, £50—of course there was his tythes, he was obligated to pay that; and where's the good works that'll take him to heaven I should like to know? a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush; I'd sooner have a nice new guinea hat, than all his chance for a crown.

The sexton delivered this sketch of the old parishioner's bounty with mental warmth and much physical character, and now opened his long lean fingers to take a full portion of snuff from his great waistcoat pocket box, then apologized for saying so much about the dead gentleman, hoping he hadn't hurt anybody's feelings. John; feeling a solemn sense of astonishment, said, "he seems to me to be a man like Dives; doesn't he seem so to you Mr. Sillit?" "ah!—that's about it," exclaimed the sexton; "I never knew him take much notice of beggars sores." "Mr. Dorsle gives us a very bad report indeed of his public charity," said Mr. S. in reply to John, "and certainly £20,000 was not given him merely to bestow a guinea a year and a hot cross bun on the poor parish children; nor is there salvation in the gift of a few organ pipes: the best sounds are those which come from the thankful hearts of the fatherless and widows visited in their afflictions, for there is an immortality in their thanks which dies not away with the music of time: the eucharistic strains of 'the poor relieved' will live when loud organs are mute, and the symphony thereof be always mounting up to Almighty God. We feel it a solemn thing to have heard

Respect for Human Remains.

this report of your parishioner," added Mr. S.; and the sexton lifted up his eyes to signify his consciousness of not having libelled the dead.

"I've got a message to deliver to you from old Sarah Sackville, that lives in our valley," said John, looking at Mr. Dorsle; "I told her about the pieces of legs and arms laying about in the vault, and she asked me to tell you if you would be so kind as not to tread on 'em, because they're the bones of our brothers and sisters." "I don't want to tread on 'em," replied the sexton; "I can't help the place being full: there's nobody takes more care of coffins than I do, but of course those common-made boxes will tumble all to pieces, and who's to help it? If people was to lay out a little more, and have 'em made stronger, it wouldn't be half the trouble to me, and they'd have the satisfaction of seeing their friends kept decent all the longer."

John had thus delivered Sarah's message, and so far he felt himself relieved from responsibility: he had finished speaking on behalf of 'the bones,' but there remained the old lady's solemn appeal to the sexton's heart.

Mr. Sillit was evidently meditating on something which claimed him altogether: perhaps he was picturing the corpse of the citizen with the mutes at the rich man's door, impatiently earning their fee, or he saw the hands of the mourners being industriously measured for gloves; or was he fearful of the possibility of a demand like this now being made—"I pray that thou would'st send (some poor Lazarus) to my father's house, for I have five brethren—that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment;" if a beggar, believing in the Saviour of the miserable, ever sat upon the cold step of the citizen's door, was the rich but lost man conscious of the mendicant's better estate, and begging the services of such a preacher on behalf of his brethren on the earth? "Who knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of a man that is in him?" so we cannot say what was supremely occupying the mind of Sillit—resting his eyes unlookingly on the floor, and leaning his chin on his walking stick till John and the sexton were thus conversing:—

The Church-Vault and the Resurrection.

"I know all my people wish you well, and one of 'em said that seeing such a many skeletons, you must be like Ezekiel when he was walking round the valley that was filled with human bones." "Well! it's the first time in my life that I've been compared to Ezekiel," said the sexton, "and I should really think I don't look *very* much like him; was he a sexton then, that your people think I'm the perfect likeness of him? dear me, some people do get hold of strange notions—and wherever they do get 'em from I can't tell." "I'll show you what they mean, Mr. Dorsle," said John; "they think perhaps you're tempted about the rising again of the parishioners when you see 'em scattered about like Ezekiel saw 'em in the valley." "I don't know that I'm tempted particular," replied the sexton, "and I don't see *no* reason why I should be more than anybody else; of course if people *will* give way to it, why they deserve it." "Well, but you're tempted sometimes to believe the resurrection can't be true," observed John. "No, it wouldn't do for me to give way to thinking about such things," replied Mr. Dorsle; "perhaps I should doubt it altogether, and then I shouldn't be fit to hold my office, and wouldn't be a bit better than a right down infidel; if I was to get a studying of it, I should be tempted *directly*, I *know* I should; and I don't believe any of us can understand it—not rightly, so it's better for us to leave it alone—that I'm *confident* of." "We're not called upon to *understand* the resurrection," said John; "Jesus said, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;' and that's our warrant." "Oh! I don't disbelieve the Scriptures," replied the sexton, "not for a moment; I shouldn't be fit to manage Christian funerals if I did; all I say is, I'm not *tempted* about it, because I don't give way to it." "Don't you like to think of it then, Mr. Dorsle?" said John; "it's full of the brightest prospects: suppose we had no sure and certain hope of living again, wouldn't it be very gloomy? Martha didn't like her brother to die, but it was quite a comfort to her to know that he'd rise again at the last day; of course we don't like to lose our friends,

The Ability of the Almighty.

but it would be much worse if we had no hope of ever seeing of 'em again." "Well, I don't *pretend* to understand these things," added the sexton; "it's more the duty of the clergyman: don't you see they've got their particular calling, and we've got *ours*."

Mr. Sillit awoke presently from his *reverie*, and looked at Mr. Dorsle as though some former fears were now fully confirmed—that the unfortunate sexton knew nothing savingly of 'Jesus and the resurrection,' and then said—"Perished bodies and scattered bones only require God's command, and bone to bone, and limb to limb, and man to man, come together till the exceeding great army stands up complete! For the power is **ALMIGHTY**! When it was said, 'Let there be light,' the sun sent the present ninety-five millions of miles. When the moon was appointed to its night-watch, the sun in his glory made way for the lesser light. It is the *lunacy* of sin to doubt such power! There is nothing too scattered for God to collect. If there be in the human frame more than two hundred bones—bury each one of them, if you please, in as many of the most distant fixed stars, then separate the thousands of veins in the flesh of a human body and deposit them one by one on the surface of as many yonder shining globes; let the bones and the veins have been there since the death of Abel. Let now God speak! and globes give up the parts of the dead! The man stands up perfect as before, and in the planet and the place which God shall please."

Whenever Mr. Sillit took a lofty flight for illustration, it was for the purpose of bringing down something which should contrast efficaciously with puny faithless sentiments, while he shewed both his hatred to 'the despicably diminutive,' and his good-will to the unfortunate heart that gave them entertainment, by pointing to the high throne of truth, while miserably below might appear the false and the wretched. A mean and selfish understanding would be quite capable of losing sight of the virtue of Mr. Sillit's efforts, and be very ready to suppose him guilty of the vain practice of wanting to shew himself to intellectual and scriptural advantage for other than

The Theology of the Forest.

pure motives—merely perhaps to mount the shoulders of inferiors, for his own display. But the thoughts of the mean *will be* mean. Mr. Sillit sought to lift others up life's intricate and dangerous hill, and without money and without price was he glad to extend them a helping hand. Therefore an ear-witness of the addition to the conversation of John and the sexton, should not think Mr. Sillit without true compassion for the ignorant, and sympathy for the limit of their comprehensions; for rather was it judiciously preferred to ring some lofty chimes, that the ear might be awakened and the heart feel how very terrestrial were its sounds. He would rescue the sexton from his scepticism—he would laugh at the idea of difficulties for Divinity, and show that His law is swift as lightning, and with it *power* inexpressible.

The sexton's leisure was just expiring, and allowed Mr. S. but to add, that scattered bones were no impediment to his faith in their being gathered, and assuming again all the symmetry of the living and the lovely. "Suppose," said he, "I see a number of acorns scattered about a forest; I ask, how can these things become ships, and do business in great waters? Visiting the neighbourhood of the parent oaks, a century afterwards, it is found that the acorns died and were buried in the forest dust, and that a numerous progeny have sprung up from those 'as good as dead.' In the fulness of time the woodman comes, the trees fall in the wilderness, are carried to ship-builders' yards, and launched amid the 'huzzahs' of many unbelievers in the doctrine of the resurrection. Acorns do then, through their death and burial, *rise again*; then, wing the round world. 'Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even *they* shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.'"

It was evident that the sexton's heart was impervious to the appeal of the lecturer on 'the dying acorn,' and 'the winged ship': it was *his* whole business just then to watch the motion of the minute-hand of his old eight-day clock, till its loud strike became the signal for the duties of the sepulchre. Then he rose from his chair, welcoming the visi-

The Organist of the Outer Court.

tors to see the funeral, when soon the church gates answered to Mr. Dorsle's keys, and Mr. Sillit passed the font to which his mother took him to have him brought truly and properly within the ecclesiastical *agapemoné*, and came to the vault door, when the keeper descended to make his arrangements for the coming coffin, saying, he should be happy for his friends to follow. They declined, bowing a 'good morning' to the sexton as he disappeared in the darkness of the lower stairs.

Passing through the church, a little short rough-haired man nodded good-humouredly to Mr. Sillit, and presently answered a remark by saying, "No, no, I won't have anything to do with 'em—I shouldn't see him only in the pulpit, perhaps, if I was here *twenty years!* that's my feeling you know. I suppose I haven't been in the vestry these *fifteen* years, except the other day, and *then* I shouldn't have gone in only he sent for me." "For what purpose? may I ask, Mr. Jones," said Mr. S. "Well, you'll laugh when I tell you, I dare say, but he sent for me one morning up in the gallery—I couldn't think what was the matter—and when I got into the vestry he looked very solemn at me, and said—'I have thought it my duty, Mr. Jones, to send for *you* to remind *you* that I've *never* seen you present yourself at the Sacrament of the Holy Communion, and I should not be fulfilling *my duty* if I did not advise you, as one of the officers of the church, to come to the sacred table; and oh! *may it be* a comfort to your soul!' "Why! bless your soul and body, says I—why! I wouldn't do it, no, not if you was to give me the world. There's more organists sell themselves to the devil that way, than any class of men." "*Hush! hush!* Mr. Jones," says he. "*No sir,*" says I, "*I will stick to it—why—bless me—how can they be religious? here they're playing at church of a Sunday, and concerts and all sorts of things all the week; there, if I can't fill my situation,*" says I, "*without coming to the Sacrament, I'd rather give it up.*" "Oh! very well, Mr. Jones—very well, says he; and then I came out."

The little organist told his tale of the rare vestry meeting with his clergyman,

The Christianity of Custom.

evidently with very much amusement to himself, tossing his hairy head about as if, though small in stature, there was independence enough in him to fill one or more much larger men; and after Mr. Sillit had apparently shrunk from the task of taxing the musician's conscience, he left the temple with his friend, and mingled again in the metropolitan bustle.

"How possible it is," said Mr. S., as soon as a cessation of the street noise allowed him—"how possible it is to be employed in dealing with the dead—to have death always at one's fingers' ends, and yet be quite insensible to the solemn lessons of the sepulchre. If any place could quicken a man, and make him see the frightful consequences of disobedience, it must be the dark and dreary vault in which Mr. Dorsle does duty; but alas! the scattered bones of his brethren make no impression upon him: he handles death, forgetting that so also must he be handled: he could tell us, with emphasis, the fees, small and great, which he has received for the deposit of the various dead; for the mourning *rich* are better customers than the weeping *poor*: the *latter* class can afford no more than the ordinary trifling fee, while the *former* class will purchase the good services of Dorsle for a safe and quiet resting corner for their mouldering friends: thus the wealthy are seen among the sound coffin ranks longer than the needy, and accomplish a steadier race—ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

"What a wonder it is," exclaimed John, "that he doesn't ask the question—'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'" "It is because no power *less* than Almighty," said Mr. S., "can wake man out of his strange sleep: bones cannot do it: the preaching of the grave is not sufficient. Mr. Dorsle is surrounded by everything that is naturally heart-stirring, if aught there can be in corruption to alarm: his work-shop is the repository of the dead, and the decay of humanity finds him employment; in the gloomy chambers of 'the king of terrors' he is not terrified, but follows his profession beside the fall of a thousand fatal strokes. 'The resurrection' has not claimed his notice! death rewards him with the pay of this life,

The Census of the Grave.

and the return he makes him is an unwillingness to examine the extent of his dominions, or the length of his reign. He rewards the demi-god of the grave with the stupefaction of his own soul, and questions neither his virtue nor his victory.

"I've told him what Sarah said," added John. "The text was, I think," said Mr. S., "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." "Momentous fact!—a verse from the epistle to the Hebrews."

The tall gates of a church-yard invited two passers by to step up from the street and pace the consecrated ground to read the monotonous tales on many stones, and to observe a digger, whose shovel sounded hollow while it deepened still a pit for man; then, sauntering away, Mr. Sillit said, in answer to one of John's questions, that it had been calculated that only since the birth of our Saviour, leaving out the four thousand years that preceded it, about thirty-two thousands of millions of men and women have lived upon the earth; that is to say, more than thirty times the number now living. "Would there be room for so many to stand up," asked John. "I have calculated," replied Mr. S., "that the world's present population would not occupy more than three hundred and fifty square miles, and give each one room to stand without touching his neighbour; so that if generations are born and come to dust, till the earth is one thousand times its present age, there will be enough dry land to supply footing for all the subjects of the resurrection, and for the performance of that unspeakable tragedy—the separation of the wicked from the righteous."

John said there was a man that came down into the valley sometimes to mend the pots and kettles, that laughed at 'the Resurrection,' because he said the earth wasn't big enough to hold the people. "Tell him John," said Mr. S., "that he has never yet sat on one of the child's forms in the schools of learning, but you and I have no wish to laugh at him in return; still, lest he should remain wise in his own conceit, if you have an opportunity, answer him."

"To classify the great foes of human life," continued Mr. S., "it might be

The Wilderness of War.

observed, that of the thirty-two thousands of millions of men and women that are believed to have lived since the birth of 'the Prince of Peace,' war has slain about nine thousand millions, *famine* and *pestilence* eight thousand millions, *martyrdom* five hundred millions, *intoxicating drinks* six thousand millions; thus you see war, the early crime of Cain, has done more to destroy the species than any other calamity." "But why don't the Kings leave off sending 'em a fighting," asked John. "Kings are not always the guilty cause," replied Mr. S., "the war-spirit is in the people; if it were not so, they would not volunteer their services in the cruel art; there is a love for red-jackets and bayonets in the will of the national flesh, and while there is, the people put it in the power of princes to make war; they ought not therefore to blame monarchs when the military crisis comes, since they have willingly offered themselves to be educated for it; besides, barbarous nations sometimes covet that which does not belong to them—just after the goods and the territories of others; hence, till the whole world becomes civilized and reasonable, necessity seems laid upon us to draw a lesson from 'the good man of the house' in our Lord's parable, who, had he known 'what hour the thief would come, would surely have watched and not have suffered his house to be broken through.' Were this world like that which is to come, our richest treasures would need neither lock nor door, but while kings are covetous and countries quarrelsome, and soldiers ready for swords, what is to terminate war, but the coming of that heavenly spirit which is to baptize the earth with quietness and assurance for ever."

"I remember seeing a picture," said John, "of a soldier-like-looking man that had just come to a cottage door and was reading something to a man and a woman with some children flocking round 'em; then there was another picture of the man going off with the officer that had come to fetch him, and the same woman and the children crying after him till he was out of sight."

"The departure of a husband from his cottage-home for the seat of war has been no rare sight," said Mr. S., and the

The Woes of the Soldier's House.

sighs have not been all over when the father has fallen down slain on the battle field. Who but one—the *wife* has truly realized such momentous hours of suspense?—more intensely she watches for the parent's return than did the sleepless Jew for the dawning day. Hours advance, and her hopes grow weaker, till she is ready to put faith in the likeness of winds to human footsteps, and think him treading in the packs of dry leaves that now and then, by night, rustle along the ground. Day unto day utters more painful speech, and night after night its dreary dreams: she fancieth the music of 'the dead march,' and her husband's blood crying unto her affectionately from the ground, or clings to 'the Angel of Hope,' though not a feather of his kind wing is visible; yet in despair will she detain him—conjuring his full and glowing form, and clothing him in happiest array. But at last the woman hears that the war-horses of the enemy have galloped triumphantly across the Acedama, and that the flag of the conquering hero floats on the red sea of bleeding humanity! Then children stare at mother in her new strange cap, and 'wonder where father is,' but they learn 'where he is,' by inheriting the sting—living on, still bleeding, and still bleeding, with 'the wounds of war.' "

There is very much in the limbless, but not yet lifeless soldier, making a pillow for a few moments of the body of an already dead companion, to tell men how much unreal cruel glory there is in the battle of blood and groans and death; or if not, there is enough to melt a marble heart in the dropping of a family's filial tears, and in the thoughts that burn and *yet* leave barren, when children cross in spirit their imagined fields of sore desolation in search for *father's grave*.

John said that two or three merry and smart young men left his neighbourhood, many years ago, with long coloured ribands flying from their caps, but they fell down in the battle of Waterloo; when Mr. Sillit advocated the circulation of the Bible, pronounced it the most efficient instrument for bringing forth, in nations, the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and mentioned the good time

Famine and its Lessons.

coming, when the people will prefer to plough the land for *corn* rather than the sea for *conquest*, and *sowing* instead of the *sword*: then military men will no more give their power and honour to the devouring beast; *neither shall they learn war any more.*

The chief speaker had sought the quiet square, round which they had been walking some time, because the countryman's ear was not capable of triumph over the tumultuous noise of the chief streets, when Wardle, pursuing his enquiries, asked, how many were supposed to have died by *famine and pestilence*. To the number mentioned he exclaimed, "that's a shocking thing!—eight thousand millions!—but then they were not sinners like the soldiers." "At first sight," replied Mr. S., "men seem little to blame for famine and pestilence, because they can only sow and plant, and wait for God to give the increase; but, on closer examination, we trace *sin* to be the *source* of every calamity: when kingdoms say in their pride, 'I shall never be moved'—sow the fields and plant vineyards, but give not God the glory of the grain and the grape, then the Almighty speaks in the fire or the flood, in the burning or the deluged fields. When families forget the Lord that bought them, and the sanctuaries are changed into schools of science for the echo of the philosophers' praises, then heaven is offended, and many are eaten up of worms, or when in the temple of God, the pure offering of 'the Cross' is banished for the sacrifices of Tammuz, the foul power of the air flies abroad, till men put on sackcloth and say—'Behold, I am vile;' or when the elders of the land break, shamefully, God's commandments, and teach men so, then it is that Kings fear, and flee away from their marble halls, and the rich run to hide themselves in the shady thickets; then princes shrink from their people, and enquire for the threshing floor of the plague-staying angel; then, beholding the black dead, in the land of proud David, the living exclaim—'How are the mighty fallen!' and the prayer ascends at a thousand funerals—'so teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.'

"There had been no famines, John, if

The Sovereignty of Infant Salvation.

our first parents had been satisfied with the unforbidden fulness of paradise."

"And how many did you say died martyrs?" asked John. "I have heard say, about five hundred millions," replied Mr. S. "Did Popery put 'em all to death?" said John. "No, no, no—not so blood thirsty," exclaimed Mr. S.—"I expect the children cast by foreigners into the flood and the fire are included in the number." "Oh! I do hope that all these millions will join the song of Moses and the Lamb," said John; "Christianity—Christian feeling, hopes that children, whether of the black or white parent, will be found beholding with joy the face of their Father which is in heaven. I know no reason why. The price of redemption was paid down when a multitude which no man can number were yet unborn. The ray of righteousness enters the adult's heart without previous works of virtue performed by him, though by reason of the meritorious deeds of a sponser, a Saviour. The super-natural spark fell from the altar of 'the holiest of all' into the apostle's heart, even while a voice from heaven was saying, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?' If then no works of righteousness need be preparatory to receiving the good seed of the kingdom, I see no difficulty in the way of the infant's flight to the land of love. Why may not God decree the bud of an immortal life in the hearts of those who by reason of their tender age are not able to show the steps of faith in leaving the deadly night shades of the wilderness for the tree of life in the Christian Paradise? 'When Thou shalt enlarge my heart,' might the infant say, 'I will run in the way of Thy commands:' 'If thou sparest me a little while upon earth I will sing, 'Hosanna to the Son of David:' blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.' The thief came not down from 'the Cross' to tread the path-way of obedience, yet the fully purified was *that day* in paradise; why not then *the babe* be carried by the angels into that country where the rosebud of its heart, meeting the rays of the everlasting hills, may be full-blown in a moment, and all heaven recognize with shouts, another blossom of *the Rose of Sharon*!

John's heart was very willing to receive

The Drunkard and his doom.

the happiness of believing in the Redemption of Infants, for mothers in the Devonshire valley had often expressed their hopes of seeing their tender offspring again, and John had no heart to say, 'it's no use hoping then;' more willing was he to 'comfort them that mourn,' and much he felt the bitterness of them that cry for their first-born, which had made him say to them, 'I've no doubt the child has rode upon a cherub into the land of blessedness.'

The mind is the man: Sillit and Wardle proved it to be so as they paced the silent square, almost unconscious of the physical world.

"I think it was six thousand millions you said died through intoxicating drinks," said John. "It is terrible to think of such a number," replied Mr. S., for that number must have no oil in their lamps, and hear the door of the kingdom finally close with a slam that shall echo awfully for ever! through the friendless courts of Hades. Jehovah has said '*No*!' to the application of every drunkard at the gate of the next world's happiness. He may speak of his thirstiness, and palliate his infirmity, and plead his strong desire for the much-loved liquor, but how shall the petitioner's excuses prevail to alter the words already gone out of the mouth of the Judge? It would be more easy for a mortal to thread the stars into a ball-room necklace, or cage the spheres in a queen's jewel box."

The loud strike of a neighbouring clock warned the two friends away, for the curate's dining hour was at hand; and soon they crossed London Bridge, and were warmly received at the lodgings of the Reverend Andrew Will.

The earliest few minutes were spent in friendly enquiries after the faith, hope, and charity, of 'the church in the valley,' for it was asserted that Mr. Sillit had often mentioned the good people, and caused the enquirer to take much Christian interest in the holy family of that place.

John had indeed his 'sweet home,' and whenever he heard the dear place spoken of, he was surrounded with faces familiar and pleasant to him, the contrast of the well-remembered disconsolate Saul. No—

Visit to a Christian Curate.

thing so illegitimate as witchery was wanted to bring up before him the pleasant ghosts of many who, years ago, had put off the tabernacles in which they trembled till a good old age; with these he wanted neither counsel, question, nor answer, for, satisfactory were the sympathies surviving the sepulchre, and Jesus was his Urim and Thummim, and the Scriptures of the prophets his sweet assurance that every assaulting Philistine should be subdued, and that after the destruction of 'the last enemy,' all the faithful, whose bodies were dust, would awake, and the whole 'church in the valley' mingle with the general assembly and concourse of the first-born. Yes! whenever 'sweet home' was mentioned, his affections for those still tottering, alive upon the earth, vibrated musically on many immortal threads of sympathy, for the lips of his people were a perfect orchestra, which sent very many lovely songs through the audience-chamber of his heart; or the church was his rose-garden, and flower-vases of sweet-smelling savour were round about his cottage, dropping with the dews of summer night; or had the God-like plough discovered among the valley-ruins the fragments of a crown, which was to be his joy and diadem of beauty at the last day?

The countryman was therefore fluent beyond the curate's expectations as he walked, in thought, around the Christian nursery, and spent his praises on its pleasant fruits, its evergreens, its hopeful seeds, and scented flowers; while his friends welcomed the simplicity of the speaker, and saw that his tongue was but answering to the baptism of the omnipotent passion.

Mr. Will was evidently interested in his new acquaintance, for the conversation on the cottage-church ceased not till the curate had received very perfect impressions of the valley and its Christian children, when he remarked—"Every day furnishes us with striking testimony to the futility of attempting, like some ecclesiastics, to circumscribe the Holy Spirit's operations within the walls of their own church, while I am very happy to find that there are feelings rising up in Christian communities, ready to entwine with all those that love our Lord Jesus

The Catholicity of Charity.

Christ in sincerity and truth."

"I know the happy catholicity of your sentiments, Mr. Will," said Mr. S., "and it will be well when men learn more of the spirit of that table which is to accommodate Christian guests arriving from the north, the south, the east, and the west. I imagine among the festoons, and the garlands of that feast, the virgin-companions will have wreathed this fact—'*There is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all in all.*'"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Sillit," said Mr. W., "if we understand now, experimentally, the seventeenth chapter of Jolin, whenever we meet with a divinely polished stone, though it has come from the ends of the earth, or been washed by foreign waves, we reverence it as intended by Almighty God for a part of a bright and eternal temple. Men do not reject gold because it comes from the mines of various countries, so neither let us refuse the Ethiopian more than the European, though they differ in their customs and costume, if their Christianity will but pass current according to the Scriptures."

"Such also are my feelings, which I freely indulge," said Mr. S., "and did I regard church-steeple as my bitterest enemies, instead of those sins and frailties to which I am so easily subject, then I must abridge myself of many choice Christian associations; if I regarded the stones of the established temples as very great foes of mine, I might find myself engaged not so innocently as Don Quixote at war with a windmill, but in the more criminal employ of breathing anathemas against a system which, if extinct to-day, would not enrich my Dissentership, nor I think tend to the swifter spread of Christian knowledge. If the Establishment allows me to leave her courts freely, and follows me not with burning rage, nor threats of slaughter, I may console myself by reflecting that though I cannot fashion the whole ecclesiastical world just to my own liking, yet my mind's my kingdom, that its throne is undisputed still, and its walls are safe: enjoying so much monarchy then, I am contented; and though I have to pay ten or twenty shillings per annum in the shape of tythes, I would invest the tax with the happiest features, and re-

The Enmities of Systems.

member that the Church of England reads four chapters of the Holy Scriptures every Sabbath to the three millions of immortals that frequent her courts. I cannot afford to think so cheaply of the reading of the Word of God, as not to believe this a *national benefit*, worth to me *quite* three-pence or four-pence per week, not to mention *blessings*, impossible to be ascertained, which follow the sermons and the steps of her orthodox ministers." "It would be well, Mr. Sillit," said Mr. Will, "if the Dissenting mind would thus calmly and scripturally reason; then would the bond of peace sweeten society, and the blessing of the Highest be realized; but while men think it their strength to weaken the Establishment, I regret to think how fatal to themselves will be their mistake. If they are in want of free course for the energies of true christian zeal, are not their own temples built in the moral wilderness, and are there not numerous and noxious weeds growing in their own gardens, if not ill-seeds fast germinating in their own walls. Has heaven written 'Ichabod' visibly on our gates, or have Dissenters plainly seen a mystic finger consigning us to utter desolation with the verdict, '*Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin.*' We know of no decree promising the grapes of the Establishment to any zealous enough to pull down her vines to get them. If she is to be wasted, let boars, born and bred in the earth's wild places, do it, but let not those who profess and call themselves Christians climb the walls themselves, lest perhaps when they have mounted the fruitful place they be tempted to taste the grapes, when like Eve, pleased with the quality, they might hand forth to others, and the present generation might not live to tell the end of the singular consequences.

"I am satisfied that while there is such sectarian contention among the builders," said Mr. S. "they cannot give a worthy portion of their time and attention to the building, and surely the bringing Zion's sons and daughters from afar, the confirmation of the feeble knees, and the strengthening and refreshing of the weary in the land, is not such trifling occupation as to afford plenty of time for theological pugilism. Those that are so fond of wrestling may certainly find their match,

The Pugilism of Dissent.

and much more glory, in the legitimate struggle with principalities and powers *hostile* to the growth of Christian excellencies, and to the progressive splendour of Messiah's cross and crown. But if they think to wreath themselves at the expense of their Christian neighbours, the laurels will surely turn yellow on the brows they were never meant to glorify. You know, Mr. Will, that I am just as much opposed to the hostility to the Establishment of a certain section of Dissenters as you are, and am grieved for the loss of their efforts in a worthier cause.

"They would be engaged in a more meritorious warfare, Mr. Sillit," said Mr. W., "if they knew *thoroughly* the merits of the hierarchy they attack, while the fury of their assaults is but the consequence of their exceedingly limited supply of information. They have ever at their tongue's end, the annual value of the Bishops' revenues, and the truly naughty sound of the Ecclesiastical Auctioneer's hammer is always echoing in their ears; and then, remembering the sum the parishioners fetched at the spiritual sale, they are naturally shocked at the price of blood, and cast wholesale quantities of reproach on every church-minister they meet with. Passing the fine old temples of our land, they wag their heads at their tall steeples, saying, 'Raze it, Raze it—even down to the ground.' The Bishops' incomes are very inconsistent, I know, with the simple character of heavenly Christianity, and one would think their palaces must speak to them in contrast with the poverty of 'the Founder of the Faith.' The needy will indeed shrink at the embrace of a system professedly sympathising with poverty, when its ministers are clothed in soft raiment, and live like those in Kings' houses."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Sillit, "that the fury of some is enkindled by regarding only the disfigurements of the Establishment, when they smite the cheek of her ministers accordingly; and that there is much of her that still retains the pattern of 'the Holy Mount' undiscerned by the novice. It is one thing to *dissent*; another thing to *destroy*. There may be sufficient impurity in the laws and customs of a community to

Apologies for Conformity.

justify men in dissolving their connection with it, and in expressing the reasons of their dissentership; but such persons have no right to spend the rest of their days in taking up stones to destroy or annoy the existence of those with whom they formerly were, and from whom they have now separated themselves." "Just so, just so, Mr. Sillit," said Mr. Will; "nor do we pretend to say that the walls of our temples are free from the shadows of Pharaoh's lean kine; truly, the lamp of truth burns dimly, where it ought to shine brightly, though we pray that the consecrated oil will yet richly supply it, that it may scatter its rays on the path of the just, and light them on the way to perfect day. I would not be so loud in exclaiming, 'The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are *we*,' as to give no ear to the voices of those ready with *their* reasons to justify their dissentership; still, I may or may not think these sufficient; for as I do not separate myself from every man whose lip and life does not present a perfect development and display of Christianity, in doctrine, experience, and practice, so while there may be much or very much in the Establishment obnoxious to the mind and spirit of a true Christian, yet there may not be enough to warrant his fleeing away from it to take refuge in some other denomination. I would not be dull to discover, nor prone to palliate the real evils still alive and busy within our walls, but it may be asked if in such a great house, there may not be expected to find entrance—those creeping things which will disfigure the garden of the Lord till blight and curse are swept away for ever. But surely there is a sufficiency of truth in the letter, and the *spirit*, to shew our consecration from above, and enough to preach the presence of a great multitude of the seed which the Lord hath blessed; and if a very few righteous were valuable enough to have preserved entire, a great city, doth not truth, sound judgment, and true charity say, that thousands, and tens of thousands must hurry out of the Establishment, ashamed and afraid of it, before her walls can crumble, or her streets be left without people—without prayer and song." "Your sentiments Mr. Will," said Mr. S.

The Mortality of Systems.

"remind me of a remark of a Rector of a parish near the Bank, made to a friend of mine, just before he died—'So long as there is taught in the Established Church that one doctrine, the very spirit of which was the life of the Reformation—justification *through* faith (as an *instrument* of salvation) without the deeds of the law, she is imperishable; yes, till the day when temples made with hands will be wanted no more.' "Thousands of the faithful, since the days of the Reformers, have expressed the convictions of the late Rector" said Mr. Will, "for they have felt that the Protestant Church was only safe and sound as she maintained the great essentials of difference between herself and the Popish Church—a difference not merely of rites and ceremonies but of the vital service of her ministers, and of the life and spirit-service of all her members; for whereas one Church, the Popish, teaches the justifying excellencies of many ecclesiastical performances, unmentioned in the scriptures, and obnoxious and destructive to the mind and purpose of the Almighty with respect to man's salvation, as therein revealed; the other, the Protestant, teaches the total absence of all justifying properties in any of the doings and duties of man; saying unto the people—'Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through *this man* (JESUS) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him, all that believe *are justified* from all things from which ye could not be justified by the Law of Moses,' while she promises no certain blessings to all those who receive her two plain ordinances, except as they participate, through faith, in the great facts therein represented. I do maintain then, Mr. Sillit, that the great and good distinction between Protestantism and Popery is, not merely between the plainness of the public worship of the Protestant, and the gaudiness of the public worship of the Popish, but really in the place apportioned to *works* in the scheme of Salvation. 'Christ is all in all,' and *his works are alone* meritorious; and they are *his deeds* of obedience and suffering which are reckoned to the Christian for righteousness. His sacrifice for sins is so perfect, that it is an insult of the highest order to attempt to add any-

The Distractions of Dissent.

thing to it. This the Protestant Church teaches: the fingers of her ministers point to One, 'holy, harmless, and undefiled,' and beseech the people to hang all their hopes of heaven upon Him: 'Behold the Lamb of God' say they, 'which taketh away the sin of the world,' and see the Rainbow of Promise spanning the Cross, reflecting the fullest favour of heaven, and welcoming the confidence of all, wearied in the greatness of their guilty ways, and wanting the everlasting joy of pardon realized. But, may our church always maintain the absolute and communicable merits of the crucifixion. If she would live a life of splendour, greater and greater still, she must fervently maintain the inefficiency of everything but Jesus for justification, and present, throughout the habitable earth, His all sufficient sacrifice as able to save to the uttermost all that come thereunto." "I wish I could say, Mr. Will," said Mr. S. "that the great congregation of them that dissent from the Establishment possessed all the qualities of a Scriptural Protestantism, but while you have the Puseyites putting the infants into heaven, through their fonts, we have the Mormons praising their baptismal pools, and promising the heaven of heavens to all the earthly guests that will dip therein; and truly Arminians of the most unscriptural sort are more plentiful among Dissenters than I once thought—I refer to that kind of theology which describes salvation as the joint accomplishment of the Creator and the creature—giving to humanity the chance of striving for such a supply of good works, as shall procure them the favour of the court of heaven, and bring down showers of blessings upon their meritorious heads, which if gratefully and industriously received, will, at the last, place the aspirant on the highest step of Jacob's ladder: to all such we would say—if it be of works, then it is no more of grace; for 'the righteousness which is of faith, speaking on this wise—say not in thine heart, who shall ascend up into heaven, that is, to bring Christ down, nor who shall descend into the deep, that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead; but what saith it—'The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that

Wardle getting Wisdom.

is, the word of faith which we preach.'"
Mr. Will withdrew for a granted minute, when John, in a few decided words, professed himself uncommonly comfortable, adding—"What, is he a church minister! He's quite one of our people, isn't he? Does he preach about here?"
"Not far off," replied Mr. S.; "perhaps you may see where before you go home."
"But what a many books he's got," said John; "I suppose he's a very learned man—most like Paul." "Well, you have had a sample of his schooling," replied Mr. S., "and I dare say we shall have a succession of good specimens." "Why, I could sit here and hear him all the afternoon," added John; "I've very often thought of that Scripture you quoted just before he went out of the room, and some of our people don't quite understand it."
"Really, Wardle," said Mr. S., "you put me in mind of those bees that go out of their hives early in the morn and spend all the day in gathering honey from every opening flower, nor do you seem to care over whose garden wall you go, so long as you fill your bag with eatable sweets; or, like the famous daughters of the horse-leech, represented as crying, 'give, give, give,' you settle on anybody's person, be he Churchman or Dissenter, from whom you can extract the fatness that maketh wealthy and wise." "Why do I?" said John. "Because," said Mr. S., "you are always looking out for fresh flowers, and seeking for sustenance from wisdom's treasures; now, John, I'll puzzle you: it is written—'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst;' now you are always seeking to sip from all the clear brooks you meet with, which seems contrary to the promise made to the godly—that they shall *never* thirst. I call upon you, John, to explain the apparent contradiction of your experience." "That I'll see and do," answered John, "and I know you'll be patient with me: well now, of course the water that was in Jacob's well couldn't wash off the sins that the woman of Samaria was stained with, only she thought that Jesus was going to sink a well, nigh her house, so as she shouldn't have the trouble of coming such a way with her buckets; then Jesus spoke to her about the wonderful water that he'd got to give,

Christian Thirst.

and told her that those that drink'd of it wouldn't thirst any more." "Well, so far so good, John," said Mr. S., in answer to a full stop and a look, satisfactory, and inquisitive, from the catechized; "but the water drinkers of the word seem to be *unthirsty* men—that they have drunk something uncommonly satisfying—'shall never thirst.' Now you are a thirsty traveller, John; are you a true one?" "Am I a true one?—ah!—'enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified;' I'd be all truth if I could, and just like a piece of glass that takes in all the light that comes from heaven. I've felt just like the Psalmist," continued John—"my feet had almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipped." "Then how was it you still stood upright, and did not fall down in the valley, a dead and disgraced man?" asked Mr. S. "Why, I think it will be a great wonder in heaven, all the while I hope to live there, that I didn't, but I believe it was because the sun was shining in his strength upon me, and drawing of me up when I was bending down like a bulrush; and so I went travelling on," continued John, "through the power of the sun, and the refreshingness of that water that Elijah sipp'd out of a cruise that a dear kind angel called his attention to when he was tired and asleep under the juniper tree." "You have alluded," said Mr. S., "to the Psalmist's envy at the prosperity of the foolish, and the carnal weakness that was the consequence, and you attribute *your* continuance on the Christian journey to the Son and the Spirit; but why do you doubt at all of your being a true man, John?" "Because I find a good deal in me that's vain, and weak, and bad." "By your confession," said Mr. S., "you are a sharer in Asaph's frailties, but let not these weave for themselves a veil to hide from you the mercy and the truth that is only promised us in Christ." "What then do you think about Asaph, going to church in such a fretful spirit," said John, "and coming out instructed and comforted?" "Why, I believe he left his home unsatisfied with its comforts," replied Mr. S., "and with a heart coveting the forbidden treasures and illegitimate ecstasies of the families of the

Experimental Explanations.

foolish, but when he arrived at the temple, doubtless he heard read portions of the Scripture, which came not in word only, but in power, when the Holy Ghost demonstrated in the lives and latter ends of the righteous and the wicked, how far better it was to suffer affliction with the people of God, having the prospect of a city without sighs, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a short season, to enter upon the pains of a joyless existence." "Then he must have come down the hill of Zion happy," said John, "and walked home just as if he was alongside a cool stream, and where refreshing water flows." "I find you are quoting from the poetry in your old prayer book," observed Mr. S.; "memory's young efforts *will* bring forth fruit in old age; but, John, we have wandered from our text, and do please reconcile the *thirst* spoken of therein, with the *thirstiness* of your experience." "Well, I'll go on," said John, "I'll state it like this: if ever I was to be offered the Queen's crown, I don't think I should have confidence enough to take it; I should believe it was a bad angel offering it to me—one of those, perhaps, that fell down from heaven, and wanted to put a crown upon Eve which she'd no business to try to wear, because she wasn't born for it; and so I don't lust and thirst after things that I've not a right to, now that I've put on Christ, and tasted the streams that come out of the paradise of God." "Very good," said Mr. S.; and John added, "When Jesus was showed all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them, He wouldn't have the crowns, because they belonged to the kings they were prepared for, and He was a spiritual king, and was the pattern for us not to thirst after the things of the world. What a blessing it is to belong to that city where the tree bears twelve manner of fruits, and the monthly roses blossom and smell so, and where the throne of God and the Lamb is, and the pure river flowing from the throne! We shall nev thirst again when we get there."

Mr. Sillit noticed not the finishing idea of John's sketch of glory, for his thoughts had gone up on high, in admiration of the sovereignty of that throne whose influence was so plainly discovered in

The Flight of Thought.

Wardle's heart; then, quick and bright as a lightning flash, appeared to him the inspiration of the sentence—"God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise;" and John added—"I dare say the Lord walked alongside of the river in heaven before He came down into the world, and angels used to walk with Him playing their harps to His praises." "Wardle, Wardle," said Mr. S., "how short is the flight from earth to heaven; how few are the steps between grace and glory: 'tis truly written—'The men of grace have found glory begun below,' for now and then they do see the sun shine on the temple towers of the world to come, hear the words of God, see the vision of the Almighty, fall into a trance, and prophecy of the splendour of the final inheritance: who therefore should be afraid to say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;' not those who have been subject to the cleansing waters of regeneration, for *this* pure stream, full of mercy, tasted here, is to be followed by the fruitful flow of a river always enriching the people destined to drink for ever in the world without end."

At this moment Mr. Will entered the room with an apology for his length of absence, when Mr. Sillit said, there had been conversation sweetly atoning for passing time; then a humble knock at the door was followed by the entry of a servant; a cloth, white as the lily of the valley, soon covered the table, and the visitors were invited to dine from fish, flesh, and fowl, when the Nonconformists were ready to yield obedience.

Table-talk is too often trifling-talk—each guest supposing that he or she *must* contribute some information of interest concerning persons absent, for the pleasure of persons present, while there is frequently so close an analogy between the matter going in at the mouth, and the matter coming out of the mouth, that one might be puzzled to say which of the two is, in kind, the most animal; but when the heart is the subject of the new birth unto righteousness, it cannot be in want of a topic of immortal interest. The table of Mr. Will was seldom deficient of 'conversation in heaven,' because created things were to them *mirrors*, in which they saw the reflection of divine attributes,

Lifeless Protestantism.

while the globe itself was a great exhibition of marvellous works, leading up their minds to the mountain of God.

Dinner concluded, Mr. Will remarked, in answer to an observation from Mr. Sillit—"there are two classes of men who wear the cloak of Protestantism, but give their power and honour to Popery. There is a parliamentary party in the house, echoing the voices of their constituencies, who confess themselves members of the Establishment, but in works they deny it; forgetting that, by the very nature of its existence, the Protestant Church must needs dispute every encroaching step of the Papacy, they declare it inimical to christian charity if she assumes the firm attitude of opposition: they would paralyze the spirit of Protestantism, and cause it to cease to protest? All of us know *nunneries* to be necessary to the designs and welfare of the Romish Church, and protestant members of parliament have lately asked for a committee of the House of Commons to enquire into the character and customs of these institutions. Romanists say, this is *unreasonable*; you have no right to look at what we *are* doing, but we assure you we are *not* ashamed of what we are doing, only don't look, that's all. Now if it were impossible for the public to get admission into one of our British Schools, because the master either kept the key himself, or entrusted it to some haughty foreigner in the neighbourhood of Rome, the open, manly spirit of the British people would not put up with it, but they would assemble before the school-house doors, suspicious of what was going on inside. Would the reasonable anxiety of the public be satisfied should the very pale-faced schoolmaster appear at a little lofty window, and, thrusting his head out, pathetically say, 'My dear friends, you know not what you do; in the spirit of my divine Master, I will pray that your inquisitiveness and presumption may be forgiven; only disperse quietly now, I beseech you, and by the good pleasure, and tender mercy of our holy mother, may you shortly be numbered among her faithful children. I must shut down the window now. Oh! dear—dear—how my cough does trouble me to be sure; now do disperse quietly

The Anti-Christianity of Convents.

now, like good people—the young ladies are sweetly happy—there's my cough again—the fresh air!—ah, it's enough to kill me. (The schoolmaster then closes the window.) But would the public be satisfied with this pale-faced schoolmaster's assurance that all was well within?

Now, Mr. Sillit, though there are differences between a British school and a Popish convent, yet both profess to educate—the school for *this* world, the convent for the church *here and hereafter*; but it is said, though the public have a right to see the *school*, they have no right to see the *convent*, because one is the theatre of education for the *world*, while the other is the theatre of education for the *church*. The Christian public, then, may see the *world* educating, but not the *church*. The world may be *looked at*, the church *must not*! Now, if the church is *better* than the world, why should the *good* be shrouded, and the *worse* openly shewn? If the world is evil, yet fears not observation of its efforts to better itself, why should the church, if good, wish to blind the eyes of the public to her progress in true holiness? Christianity asks not, desires not, the darkness to conceal any of its men and manners, for its visibility is its glory; the church is not to be a city sunk in a *hole*, but a city set on a *hill*, for thus, and thus only, is the divine intention in the dispensation realized. I repeat it—Christianity is revelation, is manifestation, is visibility, is heaven and happiness discovered.

Let us see whether in the life and conduct of Christ there can be found any warrant for a convent: when the fulness of time came, a star said so, and when the wise men arrived at their journey's end, did they knock loud and long at a convent wall, or find a ready entrance to a manger? When He was twelve years of age, did He sigh for the secret schooling of some dark and pad-locked cell, or was He found among the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions, which the public might freely listen to? When He was baptized, 'This is my beloved Son' was not whispered in a cave of the earth, but echoed to the world from the temple of the skies. When He preached, it was not at the door of the hermit's hut, nor within religious prisons,

The propriety of Protestant vigour.

but He made a pulpit of the ship, for the crowded audience of the shore, or an amphitheatre of the mountain's side for His matchless sermons. Even Jesus' agony was not endured in a dark dungeon, but in a public garden, a spectacle to angels, and a manifest witness for men. On a hill He was crucified, where all Jerusalem might see, and ascended on high in the sight of his saints. Christianity therefore is prepared to shew CHRIST in his person, precepts, and practices, nor has she aught to conceal, or anything to be ashamed of; it is her *weakness* to hide herself, it is her *strength* to shew herself, and if she licensed the erection and endowments of bolted buildings, well might suspicions be entertained that the practices of these places were too bad to meet the common eye of the public. The Protestant Establishment has no institutions to cover from scrutiny; and if she should ever have, it would sooner or later be a cage of many unclean things.

But a few words, Mr. Sillit, on the arguments of the party that oppose enquiry into the management of nunneries: they say that it does not belong to Protestantism to persecute, and that to obtain parliamentary permission to unpadlock Establishments which Popery much prefers to padlock, is to resuscitate the spirit of intolerance and persecution. This objection of the Papist, seems at first sight admissible, but a little examination shews it without either charity or justice. Parliament after Parliament meet to legislate, in the hope that purity of law will increasingly prevail; and session after session fresh statutes and judgments are published for the people to observe; but though one quarter of the people should say 'this law hurts my conscience,' Parliament provides no balm for the disaffected consciences of the minority. Now, ever since the entry of evil, 'good' has been striving to release itself from surrounding impurity, possessed of the hope of a future and brilliant triumph; and preparatory to the Reformation, the two principles were preparing for a fierce and general struggle. The day came, and Popery and Protestantism, the religious *evil* and the religious *good*, came forth to conflict. Popery fell down slain, and Protestantism rose up 'virtuous

The genius of the Reformation.

victor.' The Scriptures triumphed over tradition, freedom over bondage, good over evil; now, however painful it was for consciences satisfied with tradition, bondage, and evil, to see their system sink—painful because they believed not in the inferiority of their religious profession—yet the Scriptures, freedom, and good, were considered by the nation, benefits too great to forfeit, just because a minority were not prepared to receive the boon. Englishmen, however, shook from them the chains of priestcraft, and walked in the welcome liberty of Protestantism: then the voice of the many was thought the voice of good, and the consciences of the few the seats of vice. The world thought and believed it had received light to speed it on its path. To have had the same sort of respect for consciences as some Protestants *now* profess, would be to lust after the flesh pots of Egypt, and go back again in sympathy for the darkness left behind. In due time the majority received the light, when darkness bowed to its sovereignty: it was an unfortunate thing for the feelings of those who still clung to the Papacy, yet it had been a fatal thing if our enlightened forefathers had been favourable to the Popish conscience, for it was a *bad* one. The Scriptures tell us there is a good and an evil conscience—that the good is to be nourished and obeyed, and should obtain the mastery, and that the evil is to be discountenanced, and disobeyed, and should be thoroughly overcome. The Reformers were those who mighty through God, stripped the evil conscience of the Papacy of its ascendant power, and were instruments to give unto men the good conscience of Protestant purity and power. If then former generations did not weaken the good they had to bestow by granting compassionate smiles to evil, let us see whether the charitable pretensions of a class in the present generation have a better regard to our esteem for their wisdom than the conduct of the truth-loving Protestants of old.

Mr. Sillit thanked his friend, adding, "a scriptural examination into the character of the days we live in is interesting and profitable, and though my friend Mr. Wardle is not learned in the particulars

The Latitudinarianism of the latter days

of the reformation, yet—"Oh! you know, Mr. Sillit," said John; "Mr. Juniper was a telling me something about it; I know the Protestant Church run away from the Romish one, because it was so prostituted." "Yes, and I would that they ran away as fast now," added Mr. Will, "but alas! the tide seems turning, in some places, and many are contriving how cleverly they can *run in*;" and then the curate, by Mr. Sillit's wish continued:—

"By countenancing convents, and by making payments to Popery, men say that their fathers were animated by a Protestant firmness, and animosity unworthy of the Christian cause, and find an excuse for their present lethargy by professing their sensitivity for the sanctity of the divine laws, and for the honour of the Lord Almighty of true religion; they confess themselves extremely careful not to act in a spiritual sphere, and desire only to legislate, from secular motives, and for secular ends. The political religion of these men is, 'let Cæsar meddle with Cæsar's things, but let God manage the things that are God's:' therefore it is right for Parliament to withhold its influence for Protestant good, just because there really is a God! Why it is because there is a God, and that He will certainly require of every man that, attending first to his own heart, he looks after the welfare of others, and wrestles and destroys if possible, spiritual wickedness in *high places*, (or 'seats of power,') that all are in duty bound to oppose that which they deem obnoxious to the public welfare. What is the office of the light but to send the darkness away? Such is the service of the morning sun, when without compliments he sovereignly dismisses the night—refusing to amalgamate with the gloom. Is it then because Christianity is God's, that therefore quiet leave is to be given to evil, whereby impurity may spread itself, unobserved and uncondemned? Is it because Christianity is God's that therefore the opposition of our Protestant forefathers is to be discontinued, and we are to allow the filthy waters of the Papacy to flood the land, and this because Religion is under the charge of the Almighty! There is such a thing as human responsibility, and let

Parliamentary Responsibility.

not a doctrine be propagated so enervating and injurious, as that which suffers men to think they are relieved from patronizing that which is good, and discountenancing that which is evil. God demands of men that they study to spread the light, and that they seek to shame the darkness. The woman of Samaria might then have said, according to the political theology of many—"What have I to do to announce the Saviour—to spread the tidings of the light; why should I strike a blow at the vassalage and superstition of my neighbourhood? why should I appear in the streets, a publisher and a patron of Protestantism?" Did not her words say, 'I protest this is the Christ; I protest ye have never seen him before; come see him.' Were this woman in the House of Commons, some night when men profess such tenderness for papal bondage, she might shame such semi-protestants, and tell them to open wide the nunnery doors that she might run in, as once through the streets of Samaria, a stout enemy to superstitious gloom—a swift footed harbinger of the true light.

Men do not lose their responsibility in their individuality, nor does Parliament lose its responsibility to legislate on behalf of God and truth. Let them not think this, lest there be a second gunpowder plot, and their houses be left unto them desolate. Once the finger of God pointed to Guy Fawkes, and the Almighty suffered not the lighting of the fatal match: in this, God said to Parliaments for ever—the representatives of the people have a duty to perform; and that is, not merely the safety, honour, and welfare, of our Sovereign and her dominions, but the practical patronage of pure religion. We know that Christianity owes not its life to human legislation, but this is no reason that legislation shall be without Christianity. 'Righteousness exalteth a nation,' and Religion a Parliament, but where can the righteousness of the Protestant or Parliament be that says, 'I may touch the conscience of the transgressor of the civil law; I may give a search-warrant to a constable, whereby he may enter the house of the suspected; I may do all in my power to promote domestic order, and the national welfare; I may see that God was in the conflict of the Refor-

Religious Liberalism Examined.

mation; I may see in the mirror of history that Popery is penury, and vassalism, and Protestantism is wealth and freedom; I may have my own Protestantism, and know it to be a blessing, yet I must not become a legislative patron of the same, lest I should be taking the work out of the hands of heaven.'

Now let us examine the religious character of those who profess this sensitivity for the honour of Christianity. Is there an extra amount of carefulness displayed in their walk and conduct, as Christians, shewing how exquisitely they respect the very finest precepts of practical truth; and are their lives a radiant development of the loftiest spirituality? For if they feel so acutely their incompetency to discountenance Popery and countenance Protestantism, and this because they recognize God so completely as the patron and preserver of the truth, would there not result from the same exalted qualities of spiritual perception, a sublime keeping of his commandments, beyond that of others who feel it no sin to accept of the virtuous influence of Protestant Parliaments? Those who profess so to recognize the omnipotency and supernatural government of the church, should surely prove their faith by their works, and walk worthy of their discoveries of the utter independence of the church of all human means for the propagation of the truth. But in works they deny the ethereality of the religion of their political creed: in private life they are not arrayed in garments remarkably unearthly, but beneath the thin flimsy veil of avowed sensitivity for the honour of God, they aim to sell away the *rest* left to childrens' children by those who laboured, counting not their lives dear unto them, that they might leave the church the legacy of a scriptural and prosperous freedom, whereby *Christianity* might shine, unconcealed as the glowing firmament; public as the daylight."

"After twenty years' experience of Nonconformity," said Mr. S., "I am increasingly disposed to give the right hand of fellowship to all who are Protestants indeed—to all those who are ministers, not of the letter only, but of the spirit, yet I am a Nonconformist in the sense of *not* esteeming it desirable to sub-

'The Glory of Voluntarism.'

mit to the patronage of Parliament, because unwarranted by the character of the Gospel; and I think them a body of men incompetent to speed or guide the affairs of the church. I hold Christianity to be *self-supporting*, that is to say, having enough active life within its system to provide itself wings for its world-wide way; hence, it appears to me that she parts with the sublime characteristics of her high and lofty nature, if she accepts foreign help—*illegitimate*, because it is not the natural flow of her own resources. The church, by receiving money grants of Parliament, seems to confess her own internal imbecility, or in other words, that she is too feeble to defray the sanctuary expenses, or to give suitable effect to her missionary designs. Hence I think we ought not to ask a secular assembly to purge the floors of religious temples, for it is not promotive of the glory of the native strength of truth, nor of the unearthly brightness of her true and real character. My Dissentership, therefore, is clear of the desire of parliamentary patronage—receiving neither its gold nor its guardianship.

Mr. Sillit seemed contented in having expressed his opinion of the principles which should obtain in the church militant. He was willing to reflect, and rejoice in, those spiritual and lasting features of Conformity which so sweetly existed in both their characters, and happily preferred for future conversation, the doctrines of the cross, rather than the discipline of the church. Mr. Will did, however, obtain leave to add,—“It does not necessarily follow, I think, Mr. Sillit, that because there was no Christian Parliament in the days of the Apostles, that if ever there should be, its aid in the propagation of the purest sentiments of Christianity ought to be declined, because inconsistent with the absolute divinity of the system. It appears to me, that just as certain as men are that Christianity is from above, so surely are they called upon, by the sincerity of their belief, and the vitality of their love for truth, to do all they can to speed the precious and to separate the vile. Nor do I see that it takes anything away from its dignity to accept the practical good-will of persons or parliaments. Does it seem less divine

Arguments for 'Church and State.'

and glorious because a body of men, true lovers of its purity, are prepared to discountenance errors that veil the bright shining of its perfection, and to countenance the system that best sends its rays abroad, unmixed, superlative, *celestial*? Did our Lord seem less the Messiah because He accepted the temporal services of the women who ministered unto Him of their substance? How much dignity of character did He lose by accepting the falling tears and the hair-wiping of the woman in the Pharisee's house? Was the bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds weight, by a member of the Jewish Parliament, hurtful to the lustre of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ? Did the demand for the services of the colt detract from the glory of its rider or of the cry ‘Hosanna to the Son of David, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord? No! But you will say to me, ‘you have brought no instances of *law-making*.’ Why should law-making be sinful? Infamous indeed it if pretended to add to or take from the Scriptures, but *not* infamous to lend its power to propagate the Scriptures. Improper indeed if it attempted to settle what things a man should or should not believe, but not improper to open the doors of the dens of darkness, and scatter the sunshine.

But to shew that it is really sympathy with Popery that is the source of the professed respect for consciences and Christianity,” continued Mr. Will, “suppose that some one purchased a plot of land not far from St. George's Road, Southwark, and there set up a captivating creature which sent forth intoxicating incense, destroying the manly qualities of the public, and learning them to lose their *honourable personality* in becoming the mere *slaves* of the *passions* symbolized by the statue. Meeting with a set of books entitled, ‘CHURCH HISTORY,’ we read the sorry story of the last thousand years to be, that the worshippers of this corruptible creature have ever become inoculated with the belief that it is doing God service to paralyze the power of kings, to promote the supremacy of a subterranean spirit, to shed the blood of senators, and to swallow up the secular in the spiritual power.

Popery Illustrated.

Alarmed at the treason of a thousand years, we seek an interview with the Secretary of State, under the impression that he cannot be aware of the time-honoured custom of the spirit before whose image our fellow creatures are bowing down. We inform him that the doctrines of the worshippers are, that stones may be thrown at kings, and gun-powder used for Parliaments, and remind him that the spirit is the same, incarnate now, as it ever was—that the mental and moral improvement of the world is forbidden to interfere with its slaughterous designs. Would this minister be a faithful servant to his Queen and Country if he winked at such worship, and suffered the manufacture of missiles which have been long and injuriously thrown at the nation's peace and good order? Would he not be guilty of a great breach of the trust reposed in him, if he permitted the advance of principles intending not merely the destruction of Protestantism, but social freedom, national industry and prosperity? Yes! surely the poverty and wretchedness of every mother would pronounce him the guilty seller of her country's chastity, and her home comforts. Fathers would cry unto heaven from their sepulchres on behalf of their martyred children. That Popery is pregnant with every political evil, and destructive to the growth of national greatness, is a fact before the eyes of school boys—well known by every unprejudiced reader of history. One minute more Mr. Sillit, and my sermon shall cease: I say, if the professed tenderness of some for the sacredness of religious truth does really prevent them advocating the right to shed the light of day in the secret places of the Papacy, and they think their feelings are the effect of a righteous fear lest they should tarnish the *divinity* of Christianity by appearing *co-workers* with God, then they may act on lower grounds—the social and secular benefit of all, as they may surely see that Popery brings poverty, bondage, and blood, in its train, and is the antagonist of all the blessings a free and wise Parliament seeks to confer on a nation.

Mr. Sillit had given fixed attention to the curate's defence of 'Parliamentary Preference for Protestantism,' and thought the reverend gentleman not

The Antagonists of the Establishment.

without the zeal and the faith of his Reforming Fathers. Sillit was a man, in spirit, the most unlike a Don Quixote: he therefore had no intention of taking up his hat and leaving the room because he had listened to much which never could harmonize with his Nonconformity, but contented himself by saying, "when the Lord shall send greater daylight into the courts of Zion, then, my dear Sir, shall Ephraim and Judah be Conformists in all that concerns the glory of the church; but until the arrival of that happy time, the conflict must exist; until when, Christians should let their light so shine before men, and spread about the rays of their religion, that they may show the reflection of that true light which lighteth every christian man that cometh into the kingdom of God. But I must ever object to 'Parliamentary interference with the progress of Popery;' though that shall not disarrange one thread of our friendship." "Then I am emboldened to describe," said Mr. Will, "the dissent that is, I think, so unjustly antagonistic to the Establishment: it is composed of a class who push two or three of their favourite church-truths to such an extent as to leave no place for the admiration of their christian consistency—Dissenters whose warmest theology is excited when the Establishment is to be attacked: they would rather reduce our temples to rubbish than suffer them to stand, subject to the present system, cherishing the hope of treading triumphantly upon our fallen walls, one day to be as flat as those of Jericho; and these are not ashamed of giving countenance to anything and every thing likely to forward the desired destruction. The Pope's late assault upon our church and country, was welcome to them; and they adopted him as a useful ally. They were content fully to forget 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' the bondage and cruelty of the dark ages, the voices of the dead, warning them of Rome; they were determined neither to see with their eyes nor hear with their ears, for their heart was gross with the desire to join with the children of Edom in their cry, '*Raze it, raze it,—down to the ground.*'"

"You have all my sympathies," replied Mr. S., "in your dislike of the vain glorious spirit of *this* class of antagonists. I will

Ministerial Dissent.

not say they are men who have experienced that great and beautiful change of heart which creates it a garden of graces; I will not say they have more knowledge of Christianity, or bring forth more of the peaceable fruits of righteousness than Saul of Tarsus during the latter months of his profession of Judaism: no scheme would the fierce unconverted religionist leave untried to hunt the Christians from their hiding places: might there be no cause to fear that he has his followers *now*—men with but little of the mind of Christ—men who race into the christian fields, to pluck up both wheat and tares, caring not so much for the desolation of the precious, as abundantly satisfied with the destruction of the vile.

Mr. Sillit, once a Conformist by custom believed himself a better Nonconformist by Christianity; and Mr. Will, once a dissenting preacher, was satisfied with his change to an assenting preacher; thus the two friends had exchanged denominational banners in earlier life: Dissent had lost a minister in the person of Mr. Will, and Conformity had lost a man in the person of Mr. Sillit. This circumstance enabled the curate, from experience, to say,—“the thraldom of dissent is hard, I know, to be endured by the minister who, born in the land of liberty, must be breathing its atmosphere, and mounting upward to finer and fuller draughts of the christian element. For often the ministerial character is without any real authority—is but a shadow, while the pulpit is supported by smiles, and when these changeable things decay, down falls the preacher, very often to be surrounded by the many and various barks of different sorts of dogs, and sometimes as is well known, to receive some spiteful bites, which take time, with much of the balm of Gilead, to effect a cure.

Mr. Sillit asked Mr. Will, if he were acquainted with a Mr. Page, who was now suffering from the exceeding fickleness of his flock, when the curate said he did not know a shepherd of that name, but if he was a man able to lead others into green pastures and to still waters, he could sympathize with him if his trials were increased through the defective administration of church affairs; for perhaps I have suffered in many things like

The Early Life of Mr. Will.

him.” “But the sphere of his sorrows Mr. Will,” said Mr. S. “must be so unlike yours, that you will, I think, confess your utter strangership to everything of the sort.” “I would not say,” replied the curate, “that my visage has been marred more than that of any other preacher, but you are not aware that some years of my earliest public life were spent in the storms of Nonconformity.” “No! I was not at all aware of that,” said Mr. S. very much surprised. “Yes? indeed, I was crucified so many times a fresh” said Mr. Will, “and my ministerial liberty so rudely trampled upon, while a dissenting minister, that I can most sensitively feel for others empaneled within the same walls, and subject to the same un-English bondage.”

Mr. S. was so ignorant of the early ecclesiastical life of his friend, for their intercourse had hitherto been confined to the things their hearts understood of the mysteries of the kingdom of God *within* them; thus they had walked only in the silent cloisters, treading not in the public highways of Christianity. Mr. Will did then indeed surprise Mr. Sillit while he continued to say, “my father was an opulent Dissenter, at whose house the ministers, who came weekly to officiate at a neighbouring chapel, were boarded and lodged. My mother was an enthusiastic waitress on the tribe of Levi, counting it all joy when her cooking-craft was appreciated by the angels of the sanctuary; and till their grey hairs were few, would the old English pair bless the *newly* ordained, or, smiling, move the wide easy chair to the cheerful fire for him who had *longer* borne the heat and burden of the ministerial day. Regularly as the sabbath dawned, was I taken to the largest pew in our chapel, and performed my wearying duty of sitting before the pulpit-prophet as others sat, and imitating their up-risings and down-sittings. My heart secreted few of the sayings of the sanctuary, but the peculiarity of its congregational sounds, the oddity of some of its faces, even the water stains of its walls, and the cracks of its ceiling, my memory has completely pencilled. I witnessed much ministerial unsettledness; there was sure to be something the matter with either preacher or people; some

Chapel Changes.

minister was either on *probation*, about to be *chosen*, or about to be *rejected*; sometimes the notice for quitting came from the *pulpit*, and sometimes from the *pews*; and many were the first and farewell sermons that elicited congregational curiosity. Growing older, my reason was accustomed, like the mariner, to take soundings, and make my observations on the face of the sky, and my situation on that unsettled sea through which my journey lay. Yet there was always abundance of superficial excuse for these changes. But, at last, the realities of Christianity asserted their power *within* me, and I was chosen to occupy a neighbouring pulpit. In my new position I had opportunities for observation of other churches, when I feared that what I had seen and heard in the circle at home, was but a sample of what prevailed abroad. I suffered *much*, and felt the want of a wise, congregational, and *christian* discipline."

"What did they do to you, Mr. Will?" asked John.

"I will give you some idea, Mr. Wardle, justifying, I think, my flight from the courts of dissent, since I denied no doctrine or ordinance by entering the Establishment. I found a great cause of congregational disturbance, in the *impertinent* encroachment of the people within the circle of the preacher's rights and liberties, arising, in some, from injurious vulgarity, and ignorance of the kind of respect due to the ministerial character, and in others from envy of the preacher's privileges, with a refusal to allow him the exercise of the prerogatives with which he is endowed, according to the scriptures. The line of demarcation between him that teacheth and those who are taught, was unknown, or unrespected, by the former class, and, *more* sinful, the latter class, unwarned by the fate of Korah and his company, rebelled against the power and position of their minister. In the second church of the two of which I was pastor, there was an excessive amount of irreligious tattling: I was soon pained by the discovery of this wide spread leprosy, but hoped that my manner of life would be powerful with silent but successful rebukes—purging the people from the sins of the busy-

Congregational Customs.

body, and that my pulpit teachings would steal into their hearts, by the blessing of the God that commandeth the light to shine away the darkness; but I was mistaken, for it clung to them like the ivy to the oak, detracting from their nobility of character, while the root of bitterness, evidently the growth of many years, spread around them its baneful influence, and baffled all my endeavours to kill the plant of ill-fame. During the week, their conversation differed but little from the respectable portion of their unconverted neighbours: the changes, commercial and domestic, of their townsmen occupied a tongue which ought to have answered to a heart inhabiting a sublime and holy elevation above the world, but with the exception of a flippant utterance of a few well-worn religious expressions, the news of the town wholly engrossed them."

"Alas! 'tis a common sin," observed Mr. S.; "the unfruitful intelligence of secular things is grasped with an avidity that bespeaks the lean condition of the Christian." "I found it so," continued Mr. Will, "and coeval with its existence, was the lack of *decorum* in the house of God. They had a custom of coming in late, and going out early: about a quarter of an hour after service time, the seats would be pretty well filled up, and as soon as the sermon was over they made haste to get clear of the concluding hymn by setting off up the aisle with their hats on. I was compelled at last to denounce this irreverent practice, but being unwilling to make any one a public example, I spoke to them privately—called at their homes and showed them a more excellent way of conducting themselves. But I saw, from the semi-smiles or sneers of some, and the constrained silence of others, that I was dropping my seed by the way-side, and perhaps to assemble a flock of unclean birds around me, to devour my seed and leave me no fruit for my labours. Next Sabbath came, with but few pews occupied by half-past ten, while some to whom I had spoken, showed me what effect my hints on chapel hat-wearing had on them by not uncovering their heads until they had seated themselves; then one or two old persons turned up their eyes to their fellows, to meet their approval of the way in which they had

The Good Order in the Cottage-Church.

shown contempt for the parson's wish, which was received by others with smiles, expressive of their satisfaction at the style in which the Dissenter had carried out his premeditated intentions."

"Most provoking to be sure," remarked Mr. Sillit; "enough to spoil the affectionate relationship of pastor and people; but you had too much courage to begin to shake the dust off your feet just yet, I dare say, Mr. Will."

"They always take off their hats when they come into our little preaching room," said John; "directly they put one foot over the threshold, they take it off—the bald head ones too, and say—'Peace be with you Master Wardle,' or, 'the Lord be with you John,' and the women sometimes speak to Rebecca, and call her *blessed*."

The artless and graphic description of the cottage-conduct told in the curate's heart with all the power of the most touching contrast: the stone-hearted reception of his 'statutes of decency,' by his last chapel congregation, and the realization, by John, of the luxuriant fruits growing from a well-spring of obedience in 'the Church in the Valley,' caused Mr. Will to say, "it would seem Mr. Wardle that your cottage in Devonshire would be as worthy of the visit of a Christian Queen as Solomon's temple was of the long journey of Sheba's Sovereign, and could she call now at your cottage door, and be shewn all the ornaments of the meek and quiet spirits that assemble therein, she might exclaim again, 'Happy are these thy men, happy are these thy servants which stand continually before thee, and hear thy wisdom.'"

John did not think the Queen would ever call upon him, though he loved to hear his church so highly spoken of, and imagined worthy of a visit from such an illustrious personage.

The curate continued the tale of 'the rebellious hat wearers,' saying, "their conduct on the Sabbath following my week-day admonitions gave me the suspicion that the unruly had met together to confess the insult they had received, and consider whether they were justified in taking the admonition quietly, when the result of their deliberations was soon

A Church-Meeting.

manifested in the announcement, by one of the deacons, that a 'church meeting' must take place. One or two who always stood at their pew doors, chatting to the retreating congregation, with their hats resting carelessly on their heads, were related by marriage to the deacons' wives, and these made use of their interest to convoke a general council of the church, to confess the insult they had received, and obtain from their fellows some justification of their conduct, or retributive redress. You shall see Mr. Sillit," continued Mr. Will, "how great a fire a little matter, in this case, kindled.

"The evening of public complaint came, and as my custom was, I filled the chair—occupied it somewhat in the character of a prisoner undergoing his trial before a jury of his countrymen:—

"An old man whom I had warned, in the kindest manner, arose without the slightest hesitation to speak first. He was one who seldom or ever entered the sanctuary for the purpose of being edified, his mission to chapel being to contrast his own views with those of the minister, or to see whether the text was handled just as he would handle it, when he would be pleased, and smile, if the little theological points he prized were patronized by the preacher, or be annoyed, and frown, if they were not. In doctrinal divinity, he was what many would call, *staunch*, and others, *ensorious*: all that were not within an hundredth part of an inch of his standard, were *dwarfs*, and not likely to have either lot or part in the matter; his theology was extracted *not* from the scriptures, through rays of supernatural light cast equally over the inspired pages, but from a few odd and vulgarly written books penned in a dogmatical spirit—the authors professing to give *extraordinary* comments on some paragraphs of the Bible, taking it for granted that few, *very* few, were privileged with equal powers of perception. This old gentleman arose to open his case for the commiseration of his brethren thus:—
'We are here to-night, brethren and sisters, to speak about our minister taking too much upon himself: I'm no Papist, and I'll take good care that nobody shall rule over my conscience. A minister has no right to lord it over God's heritage;

The Rebellious Hat Wearers.

it is his work to attend to what belongs to him in the pulpit, and not to come about to people's houses interfering with what doesn't belong to his ministry: suppose I was to go into your houses, talking to you about wearing of your hat, how would you like it, I should like to know; why you'd think yourself quite capable of knowing when to put your hat on and when to take it off, without my teaching you. Yes, and I must tell our minister that he's gone out of his office in coming to some of our houses, telling us not to put our hats on when we're coming out of chapel; if we was children having our straw hats put on by our mothers, it might be likely we should want attention; but, we've all been in the habit of going backwards and forwards to this place for these twenty years, and it's hard if we're to be warned by one that hasn't been among us not above a twelvemonth.' This is just about what the first speaker on the 'hat question' said."

"And what did you say to all this," asked Mr. S. "Well, as the last word came out of the mouth of this one," replied Mr. W., "the first one came out of the mouth of another, the second speaker sympathizing with the sentiments contained in the opening speech, adding, 'what's this place more than any other place, I should very much like to know; why bless me, ever since the Temple was destroyed, the true worshippers worship the Father in spirit and in truth, and wearing the hats before we catch the draft that rushes in so at the door, does not, I say, crush our spiritual worship. If the life of my religion was to be put out by my clapping my hat over it, why it would be all in my head, I suppose, wouldn't it?—that's the meaning of it; I only wish I was a minister,' and then this advocate sat down as if all men might see that he had settled the question. The wife followed, adding, 'may I say a few words, and that is, that my husband is liable to a cold in the ear, which, when he gets cold in it, prevents his hearing our pastor altogether. I am sure the wind rushes in so, when Mrs. Pinnle opens the front door, that the blast is enough to give a stiff neck to every body in the congregation; and it's no wonder how

Ministerial Answer to the Charge.

our Susan got such a terrible bad swelled face.' My memory will only serve me to quote the words of another speaker," added Mr. Will, "and they were of this sort—'I put my hat on as a matter of principle, as our first brother said he was against all Popery. It's supposing there's some particular reverence in the place to hold your hat in your hand till you get up to the door, and then put it on; I've been a professor too many years to be under a superstitious sort of respect for the inside of this chapel, and I should like Mr. Will to tell us if he has got any Scripture that'll bear him out in speaking to us about it.'

"During this time the deacons were still, and other witnesses having expressed their disapprobation of my admonition, the silence invited me to some sort of reply. I had little hope that I should make them converts to the propriety of an uncovered head in the house of God, nevertheless I answered, to the effect that, in the eleventh chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians it was thus written—'Every man praying or prophesying having his head covered, dishonoureth his head;' again, 'A man indeed ought not to cover his head.' I hoped, I said, that the frequenters of this place were found praying *during service*, and trusted they *went out* praying, and if so, all I had advised them to do was, to hearken to Paul's charge on congregational decency, delivered to the church at Corinth; and thus learn how each ought to behave himself in the house of God; and that though the forms and ceremonies of Jewish worship were now dispensed with, yet it was no superstition to observe as much outward acknowledgment of their faith in the special presence of the Lord, as men were wont to do when they believed themselves standing in the house and presence of a fellow man.

"The dissentients declared there was altogether a difference between God and man: that He did not stand in need of all that ceremony and politeness that proud man did. And much in this way the matter ended for the time being. Perhaps the majority of the members were much of the same class of mind as

Diminutive Deacons.

the complainers, and justified them in publicly expressing their contempt of my efforts at church reformation."

"But what kind of deacons had you?" said Mr. Sillit; "they must have been mere tools of the whims of the congregation to have suffered a meeting for such a frivolous and impertinent purpose."

"They were men almost without resolution enough to qualify them for an ordinary crisis," replied Mr. W.—"men who sought to prevent the spread of discontent by soft effeminate treatment; being selfish lovers of office, their deaconship consisted in discharging debts of gratitude which they really thought they owed to the constituency who had conferred official dignity upon them. Yes! they seemed to have inherited, from the day of their election, the conviction that they must reward the electors by rendering themselves up to their wishes in congregational affairs. Of course, such bondage as this could only co-exist with extreme smallness and insignificance of mental development, which became a continual source of discomfort to me, while it seemed almost as difficult to expand a street paving stone, as to enlarge their understandings, or deposit anything extra."

"*Fresh air* is necessary to my health, and indispensable during my pulpit ministrations, but this mattered little to those who shunned ventilation as if the air was well known to be charged with pestilence. On winter mornings, gas lights were burning for two hours before the service, which left little oxygen in the chapel by the time the worshippers had arrived to breathe it; and a stove was lit, which sent forth its cloud, to float on high till the corruption was breathed down by the ill-used lungs of the congregation. All my entreaties for *fresh air* were unavailing, though I set forth the injury done to the constitution by inhaling an atmosphere which God had never created to be received with thanksgiving. The deacons smiled, and apologized by saying, that they could not make up the salary if the wishes of the people were not attended to, and the seat-holders *must be* accommodated, and Mrs. Pinnle was always being told to make the place nice and warm against chapel-time. I offered to discharge the expenses of providing ven-

Disastrous Democracy.

tilation, but they were not inclined to part with the atmospheric impurities, for the deacons said that they knew the congregation would complain of the cold air coming down on the top of their heads; and so the chapel was suffered to smell like an old gasometer, while the ignorance of the pews triumphed over the remonstrances of the pulpit.

"See here then, Mr. Sillit," continued Mr. Will, "the operation of a system where the power of chapel-government is wholly in the hands of the people. A church member is a church governor! Are the children of this world any wiser. Is a fruiterer, after serving his time in covent-garden market, and proving himself a peaceable and prosperous trader, therefore fit to dictate the stream of national prosperity. Is he fit to choose, and well able to controul, the current of healthful life which must needs come down from a mountain where the civil powers dwell, whose wisdom and judgment he is *ill able* to estimate or imagine. No! With the excellencies and prices of the fruits of the earth, he may be fully acquainted, yet his political soul may be scarce able to vibrate harmonically on a thread connecting him, most distantly, with the chief ruling power of his country. The experience of every-day life proves this: that none think themselves more competent to rule national affairs, than those unacquainted with the commonest elements of the English constitution; while it is fortunate for Britain's welfare, that the ministry of our senators is far above the whims and wishes of every disorderly member of the community. But in dissenting bodies, so close is the connection between the minister and the member, that the whims and wishes of any disorderly person, tell powerfully on the ear and heart of the pastor. But I would not place christian congregations as far off from their ministers as the inhabitants of a city are from their parliamentary governors, though I would not suffer the amicable relationship of pastor and people to be destroyed or disturbed by the power possessed by those having the mind and the ability to employ it, in answer to the meanest, and the most injurious passions. Nor would you be likely to get a man to be a mem-

Christian Electoral-Qualifications.

ber of parliament, if his constituency had the hundredth part of the control over him which some congregations exercise towards their minister. Observe, that I do not deny to the commoner a voice in the election of his parliamentary representative, but *I should*, if it echoed in the ears of the chief governors of the land, with a thousandth part of the clamour, too often the minister's sorry portion in a turbulent congregation."

"Do I understand you to allow the right of the people to choose their preacher," said Mr. Sillit.

"Those whose minds are sufficiently enlightened to enable them to exercise a sound judgment, should certainly have a loud voice when the welfare of vital Christianity is seriously threatened, or much concerned, and such persons, having the qualifications for spiritual electors, have, by reason of these, a natural and very evident right to choose their minister."

"I am glad to hear from you such a frank admission of the birth-right privileges of true Christians," said Mr. Sillit, "while I know that *ignorance* ought not to find an incarnation, in members of Christian churches, with the power of disturbing the preacher at pleasure; nor would I say," continued Mr. S. "that there is a sufficiency of pure Christianity in the *public* to ensure the franchise being faithfully exercised if the liberty to choose the ministers were wholly in their hands; and the bishops of the Established Church know too little of the character of the kingdom of God, to be capable of such a great task. Where then are we to look for a council, endowed with discrimination enough, and all the other qualities necessary for the appointment of only enlightened instructors in the Christian Church? Bishops have given us proof, lamentably abundant, of their incapacity for the office, in selecting some thousands of unconverted clergymen for parish pulpits; and where public companies have the appointment, the same results have too often followed." "Yes, there are evils *everywhere* in this world," said Mr. Will, "and vain indeed is the effort to find any section of the church-militant where every Christian relation is perfectly sustained. *Dissent* drove me from its

Denominational Preferences.

courts, really from its *want* of discipline; then I chose a sphere wherein I have found, after ten years' experience of the Establishment, the ministerial character better sustained and respected, and have been without those hurtful shackles which hinder usefulness and destroy the magnanimity of one's public existence."

John completed a sigh, and stirred his elbow from his arm-chair for the first time during the last hour; and now that the curate had ended sketching his sorrows in the courts of Nonconformity, Mr. S. made a further addition to his remarks, completing a noble defence of his preference for the government of dissenting churches, and ended by regretting the lack of the spirit really wanted to give effect to principles which, if efficiently carried out, would he knew, promote the welfare and glory of the Church, by best displaying the unsecularity of its character. Nor was Mr. Sillit shaken at all by the curate's testimony of the deficiencies of dissent: it was scarcely new to him, for he had long studied the causes of his friend Page's wounds; but he was not greatly moved in his ecclesiastical attachments, because he believed in the existence of a spirit which would one day give healthful life to his principles, and that the confusion described was but the mistakes of twilight, while for their justice and their truth's sake they were destined to shine more and more unto the perfect day.

Mr. Will had not therefore wrought any partiality in Mr. S. towards the government of the Established Church, while the three friends showed themselves just as happy as if they had been made, by the conversation, fully *one* in all that has to do with the church militant.

Conversation followed, furnishing notes of past experience, rich with interest and profit, and the shades of evening were fast mantling the metropolis, when the curate had parted with his guests, and John and Mr. S. were passing down a lane that led to the Mint.

A lamplighter was running his rounds, and had arrived in one of the earth's dark places, to make artificial atonement for the going down of the sun, and was swiftly illuminating a narrow street, down which were running, walking, creeping,

Visit to the lower parts of the Earth.

and shuffling, ill-dressed, crooked and straight-legged men, rag-clothed rough-looking women, puny and pale-faced children. The nimble-footed man with his ladder had just passed John and his friend Mr. Sillit, when these two visitors to this valley of vice tarried at a corner stone to notice the procession of its criminal people.

Mr. S. informed John that it was here the sons of Achan dwelt, and hither they ran with their stolen gold : that men lived here, rich in the possession of bunches of keys, and when they coveted, they captured, other men's goods : that lanterns, dark and mystic, instruments of iron and weapons of cruelty, were concealed in burglars' chests : that here the cunning cobbler made soft slippers for thieves, and mask-makers fitted the highwayman's face : that here lived the hump-backed, bald-headed sovereign of street thieves, with his infant family. "Morning by morning does this father," said Mr. S. "with patriarchal smile, bless the boys, and wish them the protection of the gods ; then, fearless and joyful, they hurry to the crowded thoroughfares, and with wrists of serpent-like pliability, bend them to the many shapes of the public pockets." "Does the old man get very much by it," asked John. "He fares and feasts well in this life," said Mr. S. "but how terrible to be *fuel*, without *fearing*, for the *fire* of the future. If a man should gain the whole world and lose his own soul, how much will he gain, or how much will he lose ?" "It's more than I can say, but it 'll be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for him, as there's a church close by," said John, "pointing to a steeple that towered high above the houses of ill-fame, and was just made visible by the faint radiance of a peeping moon ; "and do the boys come home to him every night," asked John. "When they draw prizes from the pockets of the passengers," replied Mr. S. "they may run for concealment to the old man's chambers : hearing the hasty gleeful footsteps of one of his brave sons coming up stairs, the dark eyes of the criminal father send down their rays of horrid gratitude on the little thief ; then, stooping to kiss the boy, his old brown face wrinkles again with awful pleasure as he takes

Reformatory Suggestions.

another prize from the hand of the skillful youth, saying, 'Ah! as the gods have smiled upon yer this morning, Raphael, my jewel, yer'll be another Jack Sheppard—if yer mind what yer about. Will yer *always* mind me now Raphael? Aye, yer'll be a fine fellow then : yer got hold o'the skirts of bold *Jackey's* coat, I say—and yer'll have it on if yer mind what I say t' yer."

Mr. Sillit intimated that the parent thief would be likely to salute the successful child in such-like words, for he had read of the haunts and patrons of thievery. "Why doesn't somebody catch little Raphael and put him into a Sunday school," asked John ; "if we had him down with us we'd see what we could do for him : he ought to be pulled out of the fire."

"Unfortunately John," replied Mr. S. "the Raphaels of this neighbourhood like their ways and works too well : born in sin, cradled in crime, they early learn to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, and run the broad road. It may surpass the power of the clergyman of this parish to keep little Raphael if they could catch him, and as for persuading him to enter a school of virtue, you might almost as easily convince a Thames-eel that a fish-monger's basket, or burning coals under a frying pan, is really a good place for him."

"I should like to be a preacher in a neighbourhood like this," said John, "because they do seem so lost and helpless ; perhaps I shouldn't make much impression on 'em though, but I'd picture up to 'em 'the cities of the plain,' and 'the judgment day,' and 'Christ on the Cross.' "You would do rightly then," said Mr. S. "and might the Almighty bless your labours, if he made you a missionary to the miserable of the Mint."

The visitors to the haunts of thieves, moved slowly away from their standing-place, for a tall, masculine, red-faced woman was staring at them, and, feeling her rude and suspicious gaze, they passed from before the door of an opposite hut, and stood by an old wooden house, observing the passengers of poverty and guilt.

There went by the partially clothed boy—with cap, lolling over his ears, for it had worn its best days on a larger head—with jacket, open at elbows and sleeves,

Mendicity and its Misery.

but wrist-low, or a hand too long—with boots, double-large, the heels beating time on the pavement, to a much approved tune which the boy whistled on his way to his dark home; then went along, the young man with flowing hair, and mouth-pipe, raimented in the left-off clothes of some fallen fashion; dressed in the suit of a noble lord or haughty spend-thrift—the gay one flitted past with a song; then, women muttered—settling begging affairs with their children; and infants in shawls, slung to their shoulders—attending the artful tribe that lives well on the sympathy of English fathers and mothers; then followed men with one leg or one arm, in clothes of soldier and sailor, with a few creeping old men—learned in the art of knowing *how* to dress so as to stir the bowels of charity—stockingless, as shewn by holes in their boots—coat, long to the heels, and patched for frugality's sake—a rag neckerchief—rim-torn hat, napless from the grease of many years; such persons were coming in fast, from the four quarters of the suburbs, to hive for the night. Then, ‘*tap, tap, tap,*’ nearer and nearer, came the signal-stick of the blind man, being escorted to his bedroom by his dog, pulling away for the prospect of getting his strap off, and his supper, when master got up stairs. “What cheer now blind Billy,” bawled a littlestout old man. “What! is that you, Snipy?” said the blind man. “Oh! glad enough to turn in: how is the night though—rainy or starry?” “Oh! the stars is shining like sharper’s eyes when a rumpsteak’s on the fire—how your dog pulls though Billy; he’s been short to day I guess,” “Go on now,” said the blind man, and leader and led were off to the couch and the kennel.

“We heard all he said,” remarked John. “Yes! ’tis the fate of blind men,” replied Mr. S. “not to know who is within the sound of their voice: this should make them cautious of opening their mouths; if men knew there was always present the ever hearing God, how alarmed would they be if they reflected that for every idle word they speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.” “He seemed to rely on his dog leading of him right though,” said John. “Yes! the beggar doubts not his

Commercial Criminals.

blindness, and commits himself to a sensible member of the brute creation; were men conscious of their blindness of the way to the heavenly Jerusalem, they would cry unto their Creator, when he would guide them with *His* counsel, and afterwards receive them to glory.”

The terrestrial mist was clearing away before the peeping stars, and a few of the largest, or nearest to this world, were shewing themselves brilliantly, while the two friends sauntered in the streets of ill-fame, learning living lessons from the wilderness of sin, and marvelling at Almighty interference on behalf of lost men. “Those having small boxes slung behind their backs, John, are travelling jewellers or cutlers; they pick up a living in the kitchens of the wealthy classes; they go to war every day with the paragraph of the prayer, ‘Lead us not into temptation’—striving to captivate cooks and house-maids with their glittering stock of rings, brooches, and hair-locks: a few soft words convey the poison of asps into servants’ hearts, when the hawk-eyed pedlar easily plucks the feathers he most approves from his captured birds; then there is the knife, razor, and scizzars seller—coachmen, footmen, lads, and fine ladies’ maids are customers to him, for they believe that the razors they already have, were never meant to shave with, and the scizzars they have were never meant but for shew, *after* the cutler has looked at them, shook his head, put them carefully down, and studiously uncovered some excellent pairs, which were made for ‘My Lord,’ or ‘My Lady,’ but the handles, or the pattern, or the points, did not please: a guinea and a half his lordship *was* to pay, and how much for the scizzars, he does not quite know, but he will take *any* old cutlery in exchange—dinner knives and forks, or *any* old dessert spoons, or *any* thing in his way. At this moment, a group of fruit-sellers passed by them, with head-baskets, and wheel-barrows, followed by boys with trays of unsold pastry: the loud talk of this company filled a court with noise, down which they presently turned, evidently attempting to effect either the triumph of truth, or the victory of falsehood, by the storm of words. The street-sounds of this place differed, so singularly, from those of the

Night in the Mint and its Mind.

wider and wealthier thoroughfares: the most unearthly throats hallooed, bawled, shouted, whistled and sung, and surely a blind man might tell he was in the neighbourhood of the needy and the naughty, by their characteristic voices, and the entire absence of the polished accent of the passengers of our principal streets; yet the pronunciation of the Mint people was often euphonic, while sentences chimingly uttered, might have supplied a thought for a Beethoven, or the singing whine of a half-naked boy, hasting to his mother's garret, might have entered the heart of a Mozart, and come forth to charm the courts of refinement and of fashion. The dust of months, it may be years, became blinds for the inhabitants, and through these naturally formed screens, faint candle-beams were telling in contrast with the now thoroughly starry heavens; and truly, *night*, in its fullest and most depressing circumstances reigned in the atmosphere and heart of the Mint and its men. A neighbouring church clock had twice chimed its quarter when the visitors left, Mr. S. remarking that, "time gives its certain sound to the guilty: each toll of yonder bell is a voice to mortality, telling that its stay is so much shortened; but, it must be a voice more divine than the ordinary march of time, to quicken the heart of the parent thief, or to call the young Raphaels from the feet of their abominable teachers: these people are led captive by the devil at his will, and who shall deliver but the Almighty?" "Perhaps there may be some among 'em that 'll be called at the last hour," said John, "like the dying thief was." "No man or angel can tell the destiny of all; there are roses unseen, among thorns," said Mr. S. "and surely there are those here within the power of God to graft them into the stem of Jesse, when they would expand their leaves, and send forth their new-born scent, to the praise of their transplantation; for wisdom, love, and power, is able to give even *them* change of raiment, when in their beautiful garments they should be not a whit behind the chief of the apostles. The visitors were now in the broad streets, and they felt they were inhaling a better social atmosphere: they had been among thieves, had chanced the fate of that un-

Return to Blackfriars.

fortunate who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and had come out of the territories of transgressors in safety. They had inherited the legacy bequeathed unto the faithful by their Lord, to the effect that—encircled by divine protection, the saints should 'tread on serpents, and take up scorpions,' and drinking, unknowingly, a deadly thing, be unharmed; at any rate, though they were sensitive to the strange neighbourhood, yet they went to see what sin had done, and left, thanking and praising God, who alone had made them to differ.

Mrs. Sillit was happy to answer her husband's knock, and *he too* was no stranger to 'sweet home.' Good wives generally want to know not merely *where* their husbands have been, but *how* they have been, and this man well knew the wants of the woman were the natural requests of the truest love; therefore, as his manner was, he fed her with sentence after sentence, until picture after picture was filled up with the scenes of the day. The blazing fuel, and the smoking food, were the practical part of the wife's smiles, and Mr. S. said that, Mrs. Sillit's smiles were sweet promises of good things to come, therefore they were 'beds of spices' to him. All he had to do was, to sympathize with the gentle spirit in the weaker vessel, when, in return, it poured him out such streams of blessings, while he saw his house supported by seven pillars, entwined by vines, fruitful with every delicious thing. John was ready to speak of 'home,' and said, "Rebecca is praised by all that know her; and they say, she's the crown of my cottage; and I do wish everybody was as happy as we are, Mr. Sillit" said John, looking in the face of his friend as if it were about the best blessing which could by any means fall to the lot of the people. "Ah! John," replied Mr. S. "the devil has got too much power in the globe to permit so much marriage-happiness." "I think he deceives a great many people when they're courting," said John. "If he deceived a well-married couple," added Mr. S. "with hearts as thornless as the roses of paradise, changing their innocent strolls along the flower-banks of Pison, for the unsettled roaming in a thorny and thistle-full world, 'tis easy to

The Perils of Courtship.

work now in hearts open for all kinds of deception, and to redden the mind with hopes of a purple-coloured east, but to find that, very early in the morning of marriage, clouds and darkness are round about, with the lightning-dagger of cross words, the bursting flame, and the thunder-clap of frowning passion. The lot of marriage falls to *many*, but the blissful arrangement thereof to *few*. How happy the man whose steps to matrimony are ordered of the Lord; he has found grace in the eyes of the King, and His sovereign arm shall rule for him. He shall be like a tree, fed by enriching streams, bringing forth its fruit in its seasons. His home is the garden of the Lord, and his heart the gate of plenty. But, John, with the wicked man it is never so: acknowledging not God in any of his ways, the smoke of matrimonial torment ascends up for ever: he lays down in sorrow, and dreams of darkness haunt his soul; he goes forth to his labour in the morning, and the drudgery of day is unsoftened by a hope—uncheered by a smile of true love. How terrible then to be tied to one with whom the heart refuses to be comforted—consummation of all mortal wretchedness, I say—to have pledged one's earthly being to a woman whose frame is without the life and the fragrance of those priceless sympathies which are ever sowing grateful gourds, to spring up and shade from scorching hours and to wither but to perfume. Let me prefer to pledge myself to Apollyon, from whose iron hand I expect nothing—from whose flaming eyes I seek no blessing."

"That the devil goes out to deceive the nations, and goes out successfully, gaols and scaffolds say; and that he mixes himself up with the most secret affairs of men is equally certain: he is called 'the prince of the power of the air,' and it may be said," continued Mr. S. "that *wherever* the atmosphere is, *there* is the evil ready to be breathed in by oppressed humanity. If Christ be 'the Prince of Peace,' Satan is the Prince of *Discord*; hence his success in deceiving so many during the season of courtship, as you remark, John."

"It's when people look after money, and have no sincere and generous feelings" said John, "that they find themselves to be deceived after their marriage." "Very

The Philosophy of Matrimony.

true," replied Mr. S. "when *gold* is in the eye, *God* is not in the heart: they cannot serve God and mammon; and when the choice is mean and selfish—when motives actuate which are inconsistent with the *greatness* of human nature, (for our nature has much *dignity* yet, though it be fallen too low *ever* to attain to a divine righteousness by efforts of its own) then, *time* lifts up the curtain of concealment, and as the understanding strengthens, the *married* see the littleness or the falsity of those passions which completed the indissoluble contract. Then the tenderest cords of sympathy are lacking, but found not, and the unfortunate ones sojourn in Mesech, and dwell in the uncomfortable tents of Kedar." John went on at some length, detailing the particulars of a courtship that had ended fatal to peace and happiness, when Mr. S. added:—"There should be, John, a dove-tailing of dispositions or there can be nothing dove-like in the union; if there is no correspondence in the mental capacities and pleasures, then, because the mind *is* the stature of the man, there must be such a *difference* of stature as to render it very difficult, if not impossible, for the two to walk together. *Some* harmony in the human character there *should* be, or if not there *must* be much *discord*. I would not contend for the mind and mouth of *one* being precisely the mind and mouth of the other, as then the man might find as much entertainment if, looking at his form on ashining river, he uttered his sentiments, but to be heard in the echo of an opposite hill. Certainly, the stream of pleasure must flow on from a unity of source; and though there may be a plurality of currents, yet like the Pison, and the Gihon, and the Hiddekel, their spring would be *paradise*, and their fertility as the garden of the Lord. *It* is then necessary, John, that there be *some* harmony of disposition, but there may be *harmony* while there is *diversity*: the many characters of sound afforded by musical instruments, may contribute to the completion of the most perfect performance; and though the psaltery, the timbrel, and cymbal, may differ, yet these three agree in one when inspired by the command—'Praise ye the Lord.' And though one have an instrument of *ten*

Christian Conjugality.

strings, and another, an instrument of seven strings, yet these two players may be more truly one in *spirit* than they are one in *flesh*, if their fingers are animated by the fruitful breath of love—if their harps are from heaven, and strung by the kingly key of the house of David.

John really understood all this, and would have staid in the moonlit-room at Blackfriars till the world had again put on its day-dress, if Mr. S. had not appealed to the face of the clock for proof of how late it was getting; yet the pastor of the poor lingered, subject to the pleasing reflection of how rich he was in a wife who ever loved to wait for *him* to set the tune, that she might follow after in close imitation of his spirit: how well Rebecca did weep when he wept! and how wisely she rejoiced when he rejoiced! and though all he knew about major and minor keys was from the recollection of hearing such words uttered in the gallery of the old church, yet, if he had understood Italian, and the theory of music, he might have said that, never did musical composer give more perfect charge to a performer, how to echo his own compositions, than did Rebecca excel in understanding the symphony of his soul, synchronize with his spirit, and most sweetly echo the voices of his heart.

But deep sleep *must* fall upon men, till 'the trumpet shall sound,' and every eye cease to twinkle with heaviness. The Thames tide had flowed but an inch or two higher, when the heirs of the hope of immortality had bowed their willing spirits to the weakness of the flesh. And the British Isle had begun to face the sun, before the angel of morn gently laid his wand of office on the peaceful breasts of the sleeping men.

The same signal seemed to wake each one in the house, for presently John heard the acceptable steps of the thrifty housewife, followed by the snapping fire-wood, and the rattle of table-ware; but there was not the sweet sound of the rolling river, nor the bird-warble, the music of the woods, nor the melody of home's voices; yet he arose like one who knew that there was a brook not dried up, that birds of the same feather were near, who nestled with him in the tree of life, shared the same joys and sung the same song.

Arrival of Mrs. Bird.

Thus, happier than Elijah, when touched by an angel under a juniper tree, he was in expectation of meat, helping him on his journey to the mount of God.

The greetings of Christians are without that thread-worn form usual with the world, though not destitute of an electric interchange of spirit which almost unconsciously dispenses with very much ceremony of manner.

Mr. Sillit's son had perfected the strings of his violin by the time his father had announced his pleasure to sing the first six verses of the one hundred and eighth psalm, when music and mind—strings and spirit, combined to complete the sacrifice of song.

They were just coming down from the first heavens of thought, when a smart rap at the street door called each one to listen for the person likely to come up stairs. Who should it be but Mrs. Bird, who took her seat, hoping she should be no interruption to the breakfast.

It will be remembered that this lady had introduced John Wardle to a public tea-meeting when he first visited the temples of the metropolis; *then*, to give his country friend confidence in her Christianity, Mr. Sillit had described her as winged with love, on behalf of the poor and needy of the Thames bank. On the present occasion Mrs. B. was very early from home, but this was no strange thing; it was her habit: her mother had made a point of taking her, at sunrise, one summer's morn, to a neighbouring rookery, to look at the black-feathered birds, and when they got there she bid her child mark and learn from the industrious rooks; and though she had been long dead, her lessons still spoke fruitfully in the manners of the present Mrs. Bird, who recollects her mother's lecture was very much like this:—'if ever you hope to build yourself a nest on high, out of the reach of the landlord and the tax-gatherer to destroy, then, dear Ann, you must get up early to do it; and if you want to find your hands sufficient for you, then Ann, you must copy these crows. You see dear, that as soon as it is light, they fly down into the fields, and make good use of their talons, and that makes the proverb true—'*An early crow never wants for a breakfast.*' Now, Ann, I am

A Domestic Sermon.

getting old, and when I am buried in the old churchyard, be sure you do not forget what I have said to you now; you must rise early and go into those fields of industry into which it may please God to call you, and then when you get old you will have a nest built up in a strong tree; but it will not fall down when the winds come, because it is in one of the branches of the brave old oak. Thus ended the maternal lecture, and after the admonition.—“Now you will not forget what I have told you about the rooks, Ann,” and the answer half whispered—“No dear mother,” Ann left the rookery, and in half an hour, tutor and pupil had reached the home where the mother’s theory was abundantly developed.

The mother who took her child to see the social and domestic economy of birds, had long since been carried to the churchyard she mentioned to little Ann, but the good seed had sprung up and brought forth fruit many-fold, in the life of her daughter; not that the good woman had raised herself on golden stilts, by treading on the vitals of the oppressed poor: her motto was, ‘Live and let live.’ ‘be sure to give a living price for your purchases’: ‘never offer less money for an article, than is asked.’ ‘if the price suits you, buy, if not—leave.’ These were the commercial sentiments of Mrs. Bird, and she professed her conscience very well contented with them. Said she, ‘the system of cheapening things, keeps up the tradesmen’s practice of marking their goods at higher prices than they are willing to take, and so to destroy all good faith between the buyer and the seller; then it makes shop-keepers tell thousands of falsehoods every day, because the children of the tradesman, wanting clothing, and perhaps food, may tempt him to tell all kinds of untruths in reply to the discontented buyer.’ Mrs. Bird had then built her nest in a lofty place, but *not* by little means: she well remembered her mother’s lecture on ‘the wisdom of the rookery,’ and without interfering with the rights and privileges of *other* birds, she had gone abroad in the morning of her days to live to prove the comfortable truth of the maternal prophecy. This enabled her, in the evening of life, to glow with good works: she had paid attention to

A Sister of Mercy.

the early glories of the east, and now, though not feeble enough to fear an immediate end to her earthly race, her industrious and brilliant day spread its sparkling signs that the sun of her Christianity would set, in the fulness of time, surrounded by all the splendours of a well spent journey.

Mrs. Bird had finished settling a matter with Mrs. Sillit, which might have had for its text, the injunction—‘The poor ye have always with you, and whosoever ye will ye may do them good,’ when John said—“I’m not quite sure, Mrs. Bird, whether you belong to a society that sends ladies round to visit.” “No! Mr. Wardle,” replied Mrs. Bird; “I am secretary, banker, collector, auditor, distributor, and visitor.” “Then you are a wonderful many things, M’m! but you can’t be at so many places at once, M’m,” added John. “I allude to *offices*, Mr. Wardle, excuse me,” said Mrs. B.; “I try to keep my left hand in much ignorance of what my right hand does, for I have found that if I keep a book of all the little sums I give away, it is apt to be a very bitter volume to me, so I cast my gifts into a treasury of forgetfulness, and keep no account of either tea, sugar, flannel, soap, calico, or medicine.” “Then you are never troubled like our bankers’ clerks when they cannot effect a perfect balance of the day’s accounts; no—by two pence, they cannot account for the copper, and so they must check a thousand sums to find the flaw in the pecuniary total.” “As I have received of the Lord,” said Mrs. B., “and that is abundantly, so I would return to others.” “And do you never think of going to heaven by *works of charity* which you can do?” said Mr. S. “I have my heaven, Mr. Sillit,” replied Mrs. B., “in turning my face *towards* the poor; some are obliged to turn their faces *away* from the poor, not because they want hearts of charity, but because they have no means to prove it.” “Ah! you see what a blessing it is to have had a domestic economist for a mother,” observed Mr. S.; “you do not forget the walk to the rookery, Mrs. B.” “Nor very many other walks,” replied the lady: “birds, beast and fishes, were texts from natures which served my dear mother to preach

Wisdom from the Stream.

from ; and I do believe in the blessing that has followed her sweet little sermons." "Can you tell Mr. Wardle anything that will just please him now," asked Mr. S. "Let me see," replied Mrs. B.—"there is the tale of 'the fish and the stream ;' I'll tell the gentleman that:—

"Near the old farm house where I was born, there was a river, and one sunny morning mother took me to the bridge that crossed it, and shewed me *three fish*—one coming down, *dead* as the stones at the bottom, and two going up, one a very fast swimmer, and another, apparently a lazy creature, that seemed to move along to the reproach of the life and vigour of the stream. 'Now Ann,' said mother, 'look how these fish travel, and copy the *best* example: one darts along as if he wanted to imitate a stroke of lightning, and the other swims up the stream as if he could see a plough horse on yonder hill, and was trying to wave his fins to the animal's steps. Now then, Ann, we will walk along the bank, and see what is the *end* of the whole matter ;' and so, keeping her eyes on the fish, she said—'Now, Ann, tell me which of the fish is *now* farthest on his journey—the *darting* or the *creeping* one ;' and I answered, 'the creeping one, mother ;' 'and which goes on his course, caring nothing for the swift currents which drive against him ?' I added—'the creeping one, mother.' 'Well now, Ann, what I have to say to you is this:—when my body is carried under the old yew tree, and my spirit has gone up to the skies to God that gave it, if I should know that dear Ann is going *down* with the stream, I shall fear that she is dead to virtue, and peace, and has not got any pure religion ! When that dead fish gets to the sea it will be *lost* ; so, Ann, will you likewise perish if you go along with the stream of sinners, and be found at last in a place of sin, as large as the sea, where I cannot find you, and where the smiles of our Heavenly Father never come.'

"I well remember the impression the thoughts of the *sea of sin* made upon me," remarked Mrs. Bird, well responded to by the interesting countenance of Wardle, wishing also to hear what the lady's mother said about the two *living* fish, when after a smiling testimony to

A Fruitful Hearer.

the graphic and good style of teaching by the texts of 'the rookery,' and 'the river,' Mrs. Bird continued her tale thus :—'Now the slow looking fish makes the most speed,' remarked my mother ; 'therefore you must not struggle up the stream of life by fits and starts—not *active* one day and *idle* the next—running like *lightning*, one hour, and creeping like a *snail*, the next ; otherwise, you will be behind, after all ; but you must go steadily on—no faster, and no slower than you ought, and then you will outstrip others that work like *mad* men four days of the week, and behave like *lazy* men the other two ; and now here is my Bible, Ann, and find the fourth chapter of the Proverbs, and the twenty-fifth verse ; then I read—'Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee ;' and my mother said it was like the fish that went steadily on, in rough water and smooth, swimming neither to the right hand nor to the left, while the other fish went—dash—dash—from side to side, as though it had lost its senses ; 'and so,' said she, 'if you want to make good speed up to the spring of prosperity and happiness, then, Ann, you must copy the fish that swims straight and steady.'"

The life of Mrs. Bird said that, her mother's lecture on 'fish' and 'fowl' had not been lost upon her, nor did anything please her much better than to have an audience willing to prove that, she 'being dead, yet speaketh.' John pronounced himself well-pleased with 'the sermon on the three fishes,' and said that, if Mrs. Bird did not mind it, he would publish her mother's parables among the people of the valley, when permission was given to John, or any one else, to publish them if they pleased, to all nations, kindreds and tongues.

John had a scheme of importance to submit to his friends, and after announcing the fulness of his heart, they expressed themselves willing to receive its contents ; when he delivered himself thus:—"I've been thinking about speaking to you, Mrs. Bird, if ever I should see you again, about it being a good plan to have four or five hundred women that have tasted that the Lord is gracious, to go into the narrow streets and low places in London,

A Female Missionary Society.

to tell 'em the way that God saves sinners; the old people that come to hear me, do so in the cottages near where they live, and why should'nt the mothers in Israel, that live in this great city, go out and do likewise?"

The idea of a 'Metropolitan Missionary Society' employing four or five hundred women to enter into the dark rooms of London, struck Mrs. Bird as not a bad suggestion, for she replied—"Really Mr. Wardle, it might be a good thing? but what an odd thing that *you* should conceive such a plan; well, we have to go abroad for our oranges and grapes, and our choicest fruit is from a far country, and now you have brought the idea from Devonshire, how we London women might squeeze out some of the grapes of Eschol for the benefit of the parched tongues of the poor. Well! I have been a Missionary for many years, though not paid by any Society, but I could find a dozen females that £30 a year would be very useful to, and I know they would do their work well;" "I can answer for it," added Mr. Sillit, "that five hundred women would gain admission to the huts of the poor better than five hundred men; and I know not why the good work of visiting the fatherless and the faithless should be wholly confined to the male portion of the community, nor see any reason why the female Missionary should not be paid: one-half the pay received by the agents of the 'City Mission' or the 'Country Towns' Mission' would indeed be very acceptable, and as far as I know, the duties to be discharged are so simple to the spiritually enlightened, that whether by male or female, the news of Salvation might be as well declared." "Yes! and you know Mr. Sillit," said Mrs. B. "the Scriptures are not against it: there is the woman of Samaria—she called at her neighbours' houses, and told them the Messiah was at Jacob's well, and there was Phebe that Paul calls 'our sister, who is a servant of the Church which is at Cenchrea,' and says of her—'she hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also;' and then there was Mary, who bestowed much labour on the godly? and the holy women that ministered unto the charities of Jesus, from their own purses, and more of them, I know, to be found in the Bible, only I

Ministerial Qualifications.

cannot think of them now, that would warrant Mr. Wardle in wanting women to go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." "Well, my dear John," said Mr. S., "whether your Ministerial scheme will ever be carried out, I have not fore-knowledge enough to say, but at any rate—'Thus saith the Lord' might surely be found for the seal and banner of 'THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.' Should years to come find the courts of our city searched for souls, by such a powerful host as five hundred women, we or our children may remember that the Society had its creation in the heart of John Wardle.

The scheme thoroughly suited Mrs. Bird, for she saw herself a type of the institution to come; and from her own ministry she might humbly hope, a few shocks of corn might be found to fill up the measure of the world's harvest; and why not believe in the successful tillage of other women. She was not about to frame the rules of the Society John had suggested, though a Committee formed for the purpose could scarcely have consulted a person better able to give them evidence of value; but she did say, "the principal thing, Mr. Sillit, would be to find women with the right sort of tongues—not too long and not too short; long about the love of God, but short about such things as washing, ironing and mangling; we should want women of business, that would have their christian errand to the houses, and come away when they had fulfilled it; people will keep you talking so about other things, if you do not keep your eye on the mark." "And what do you call the mark," asked Mr. S. "I call 'the Cross' the mark: that is where God marked the sinfulness of sin, and crossed out the handwriting that was against us." "And there He made a sort of a wear to turn the streams of sin another way," added John. "And there he marked the way to the world of love," added Mr. S.; "and that is the great mark of mercy on which you keep your own eye—and invite others to the same vision; then, Mrs Bird, I say again, may the benediction of the Almighty be with you, and may you prove an angel, passing through the city, prophesying of

Wardle pursuing his Journey.

the blood of the Passover Lamb, and giving saving food to many.

John Wardle had thus told his faith in the usefulness of Christian Women for Metropolitan Missionaries. His last visit to London had furnished him with fields of thought, in which the *persons* he had seen, and the *places* he had been to, were open for his inspection and reflection. *Mrs. Bird* had been to him a *cradle of design*: he had been arguing thus: if there was *one Mrs. Bird*, why should there not be *many Mrs. Birds*; and if it was right for *one woman* to creep along the water side, why not for *many women*; and then, why should there not be *five hundred women* to publish at the doors of the dissolute, 'the certainty of judgment,' and 'the charity of Jesus.'

While tilling the fields of Mr. Templeman, he had thus thought concerning the uncultivated fields of immortality.

John had spoken to Mr. S. yesterday about his intended visit to the house of Juniper, but *vain* were the gentle persuasions of his friend, to divert him from his purpose. No! No! There was zeal in John which would front a thousand foes, and with another like him, ten thousand bold faces would not have given such two champions any fear. Was Paul deterred from pursuing his journey to Jerusalem just because Agabus "took Paul's girdle and bound his own hands and feet saying—So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle?" No! Nor was John to be frightened from pursuing any part of his journey from the Church in the Devonshire Valley, to the Christians or Temples of the Metropolis. Did he know that he should be bound hand and foot in the house of Mr. Juniper, it might be questioned if John had not a sufficiency of the martyr-spirit to take *all* consequences when he knew himself performing a *ministerial duty*. Mr. Sillit had however succeeded in advising him not to call on Juniper at the Temple, but wait on him, at his residence, where the charge of the church would be more likely to obtain a hearing; moreover, as John had given him to understand that it was to be a decided appeal to the *conscience* of Juniper, nothing could be more proper than that that gentleman should receive it in *private*.

Entry to the House of Juniper.

John knew the way to the christian constable's dwelling; or if not, he had practical faith in his ability to find it. He was soon in the street where was the house in which he was told the parable of "the avaricious cobbler and his runaway children"—where was a living dictionary of all that was mysterious in temple-service—where the crony-curates drank and divulged; then, he paused opposite a brass plate, pronounced the word '*Juniper*,' rang a bell, and walked up-stairs.

The precursor of the Wardle footsteps was a girl that had been seen before, grown it is true, somewhat taller, fuller, but not one whit *cleaner*-faced than before. He was seated, by servant-permission, and told that Mrs. would be down directly.

A chill that sometimes possesses the very bones when the heart seeks around, in vain, for welcome impressions, but finds none, did not withhold its influence on John Wardle while he sat in a room somewhat characteristic of the religion of its people. Many engravings of gentlemen hung around, wearing gowns which reminded him of the wardrobe of the old church in the valley: he hoped the persons represented had not the *dress* without the *divinity* of Christianity; then there was a tall pile of books—the largest volume, the *Bible*, at the bottom, and the smallest and most secular book at the top; this seemed to him to say they were merely articles of *literary furniture*, and though more ornamental were not more useful to the inmates than the pyramids of Egypt.

John had meditated beforehand what he should say to Juniper, and was prepared to give him a hearty invitation to the Valley, for John and his conscience had been reasoning together thus:—"My Master used to eat with publicans and sinners, and what used he to do it for? why to come *nigh* 'em, and shew 'em that He was meek and lowly of heart, and only wanted to do 'em good; and then didn't the apostle Paul set down with the Jews, only just to tell 'em about Jesus?" Wardle was convinced also that it was wise to touch Juniper's heart with the key of hospitality.

Mrs. Juniper entered her room, looking as pleasant as she invariably did look,

A Present from the Devonshire Valley.

nor withholding from this visitor a stereotypic impression of smiles—the very absence of any particular meaning, but the very presence of all that was free and easy. There was something too about the raiment of John, which quite recalled to Jemima's mind the name of 'Wardle'; wherefore, in less time than she could have read the visitor's name on a card, she pronounced the perfection of her discovery thus:—"Oh! it's Mr. Wardle! well, Mr. Wardle, how are you?—and how is all *your* family?" "Pretty well, thank you, Mrs. Juniper," replied John; "and how is Mr. Juniper?" "Well—no *great* things," answered Mrs. J.; "I'm afraid he's got cold—the draught does come into the *door* so; it's very—very unpleasant; but people in *this* life must put up with it: we can't have *everything* as we'd wish; I dare say *you* find it so, Mr. Wardle." "I've brought you a little pot of *honey*, and some of our Devonshire *butter*," added John; "I thought you and Mr. Juniper might like it." "Oh! dear, yes!—*nothing* I'm *fonder* of, Mr. Wardle; *butter* and *honey*!—how *kind* of you now; but perhaps you'll want a little of it for some of your *other* friends: was it made from your own *cows*, and your own *bees* now?" "I can very well spare you all," replied John; "it was given to me by a member of our little church." "Dear me!—well, it would be a *good* thing if the church was *filled* with such people; we shouldn't have those unpleasantnesses that's against Christianity. I'm sure nothing would make me and my husband more pleased than to have St. Paul's *well* attended by such people."

The bees and the cows, the sweets of flowers and of fields, had, in the twinkling of an eye, sweetened Jemima's opinion of John, and just pushing a spoon into the honey-pot, she submitted a portion of its contents to a fiery trial, and when her taste was fully informed, she eulogized the bees thus:—"Pretty little creatures! it *seems* almost a *shame* though to take the honey away from 'em but it's sent into the world for our use, I suppose, Mr. Wardle." "I was going to ask Mr. Juniper," said John, "if he'd come down to our little place; he said he should like to see it when I first saw him at the

Clerical career.

door." "Well, I'm sure it's *very* kind of you," replied Mrs. J., "but really I don't know how they'd spare him at the cathedral; you know there's service there *every* day, and *that* makes it awkward if you want to get away for a treat; and I'm sure it wouldn't do *any* damage to the Establishment if they was to shut it up sometimes. I don't care *how* religious a man is—there's times when he'll be *sick* of it. Just fancy now—there's prayers twice a day, and of course my husband can't join into them, because he's got the people to look after; well then—it's no matter *what* weather it is, you've got to be there; still, it's a honour to have to do with such a place, and that's what I feel myself."

The perpetuity of the St. Paul's worship was thus pleaded as a stumbling-block to the possibility of Mr. Juniper visiting the Valley, after which John asked, "are the clergymen pretty well, M'm, that I saw here?" "Yes! I believe so: Mr. Proudcoat is doing *very* well I believe; you know he's *high-church*." "Which was Mr. Proudcoat?" asked John. "Why, the oldest of the two that was at tea while you was here," replied Mrs. J.; "the other one, Mr. George Juggle, made a *very* dreadful mess of it, and it appears it was all through *not* taking Mr. Proudcoat's advice. When people that's *young* and *inexperienced* will not take the advice of them that's *older*, why it must be expected that they'll have to suffer for it." "It seemed to me as if he'd got a Bishop that wasn't very good friends with him," remarked John, "and as if Mr. Proudcoat was a telling him how he was to make it up when he went before him." "No! I don't suppose the Bishop was bad *friends* with him," said Mrs. J.; "perhaps he'd never seen him—it was only Mr. Proudcoat's great *kindness* in shewing him what to do when he went up to get his *orders*; and if he'd took *his* advice, why I dare say he'd been comfortable settled in a pretty little curacy before this: Mr. Proudcoat is 'high church,' and he knew very well what doctrines pleased the Bishop; only Mr. Juggle was head-strong, and would have his own way, though he said he'd be guided by Mr. P. and seemed so very much attached

Theological Prevarication.

to him." "How was it then that he 'backslid?" asked John. "Backslid! oh dear me—you misapprehend me, I fear, Mr. Wardle. I wasn't alluding to his disgracing himself in any way," replied Mrs. J—"no more than trying to get through and he couldn't." "What was the reason then that the Bishop wouldn't let him preach, Mrs. Juniper," asked John. "Well, *my husband* knows all about it," replied Mrs. J.; "but what I can remember of it is, that when he came to be examined, he wasn't *firm* in Baptism, and I think I heard Mr. Juniper say he quite contradicted himself; as when he was asked *what* the water that's used in christening young children had got to do with the inward and spiritual grace of *that* sacrament, he said—"I don't know;" then when they asked him again he said—"they are *regenerated* by it *sometimes*;" and of course they wasn't satisfied with his answers—but here's my brother coming down stairs," added Mrs. J—"he knows *all* about it;" and when John Wardle had been introduced to Mr. Nicholas Priestly, and that gentleman had taken a second half-spoonful from the honey-pot, he said—"Yes, I'm *very* sorry for poor Juggle, *very* sorry indeed,—ah! poor fellow; but how could he expect otherwise. When he was questioned on the *doctrinal* points, which is all the go in our day, why, bless me, didn't the man say either *one* thing or the *other*, or whatever he *did* believe; or else why did he go up at all; it's not likely that bishops and their examining chaplains can be played with by young men that *will not* make up their mind *one* way or the *other*. I dare say Mrs. Juniper has been telling you, Sir, what a mess the poor young man has got into," added Mr. Priestly. "No, Nicholas," remarked Mrs. J., "but Mr. Wardle feels some interest in Mr. Juggle, and perhaps he would like to hear about him; I've told him about his contradicting himself in the Baptism questions." "Oh! yes—well, when they came to ask him about the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," said Mr. P., "he was quite as bad: Mr. Proudcoat told him to say there was *truly* the body and blood of the Saviour in that sacrifice, and yet the elements was *not* changed; and he said he'd *stick* to that; well, what did he

Failure of Mr. Juggle.

do? why he was as changeable as the wind: it's all the difference you know between 'high' and 'low' church, that 'low' will have it the bread and wine is *not* changed, and 'high' will have it they *are*; well, Juggle was most distinctly told *that*, and he said he understood it, but when they pressed him up close, he got into a *nasty corner* which he *couldn't* get out of *no* how: when they come on to the Sacrament questions, they asked him if the bread was changed, and he said '*No*,' and if the wine was changed, and he said, '*No*,' and then he saw he couldn't explain the sacrifice; and so, after they cross-questioned him a good deal, he regularly done for himself by saying, that the bread was just the same after the priest had properly prayed over it as when it came out of the baker's shop; and then he went through his verbs like a hare that don't know whichever way to run when she hears the horn and smells the dogs a coming; and kept on a bobbing of his head up and down like a boy afraid of the cane, or a whale that's expecting to be harpooned; so we're told; but of course they got stricter with him when they saw he was so undecided—still, not *unnecessarily* severe with him, in *my* humble opinion; for there really must be some sort of a standard, and if youngsters was to be let into our pulpits that hadn't got their heads half full of theology, the people would stand in doubt of what was coming, and never know what to believe: we should go into *one* parish, and be told to believe *this*, *that*, and the *other*; and then when we come into the *next* parish, we should be told that *we* was not to believe *this*, *that*, and the *other*! So, really, I must *quite* justify the dignitaries of our church in being very strict with the young men, otherwise the consequences would be most frightful to the Establishment." "Where is Mr. Juggle *now*?" asked John. "I believe he is living at home, along with his mother, at Pentonville," replied Mr. P. "He doesn't go out preaching then, I suppose," said John. "No! his time has not come for it yet," answered Mr. P.; "he's a *studying* though, a part of his time—but I'm told his mother is very much put out with their turning him back; and his engagement too—with a young lady of good prospects, is

Progress of Mr. Proudcoat.

all forfeited: she saw, of course, that he'd never get into the church; and what was the use of waiting for him? So she took the bull by the horns, at once, and sent him back all his epistolary correspondence! That's how the tale goes, however. And an extremely wise young woman she was. a high-minded Roman, I should say—purely so; but *he's* cheerful enough though, for all that: a clerical gent of ours met him, the other day, with his tackle; and he said to him—'I'm just going for a day's sport Bob in the New River: I'm not afraid of getting 'plucked' next time: I'm up to it now—and *no* mistake.' But I reckon him, Sir, to be just as certain for it as the cocks and hens of Leadenhall, though they do crow away, up to the very time that their master-poulterers strip 'em stark naked for public sale.

John did not trace any similarity between the featherless, flour-dusted frame of a farm house fowl, and the person of Mr. George Juggle; nor did he know anything of the kind of college-plucking alluded to by Priestly; though the only thought that crept through his mind was that, possibly there was a public barber at Oxford or Cambridge who plucked off the hair, and shaved the unsuccessful students as a token of their lack of talent; and he imagined it *might* be the very hair of such unfortunate young men which supplied the large quantities required for the wigs of Bishops.

"And how does Mr. Proudcoat get on?" asked John. "Oh! his principles are thoroughly settled," replied Mr. P., "and he's got into a high-church parish; so he's just in his element, and a swimming along, and picking up the loaves and fishes like the ducks in St. James's Park." "Like *what* did you say, Sir," asked John. "Like the *ducks*, you know: when they see the public have got anything in their hands to feed 'em with, they swim after 'em—stretching out their necks to swallow it—perhaps you've never seen such ducks, Sir?" "No!—I've never been in St. James's Park," replied John; "but how is it that the people like to feed Mr. Proudcoat so?" "Well, it's because his *sentiments* are highly approved, and his sermons give them *great* satisfaction; also he's got a beautiful set of *chaunting*

Jemima's Ministerial Sympathy.

boys, and is quite in favour of *candles*." "In favour of candles? Why—what!—was he a candle-maker before he was a clergyman then?" asked John; "or has he got a great dislike to the smells of gas?—I suppose the boys are like them at St. Paul's." "Ah! the very *pictures* of 'em" replied Mr. P.; "from the *same* academy perhaps—at any rate they're paid for the *same* work: you're not used to 'high-church worship,' I presume; and I should imagine you never saw Mr. Proudcoat's Church. He has got stained glass, Sir, that would make anybody that's of a poetical turn think they were standing on Mount Sion—and he was an Angel intoning to 'em."

John could refrain himself no longer, and perhaps Mr. Nicholas Priestly saw that the countryman was about to shew some hostility to the practices of Mr. Proudcoat, for he popped out of the room, and was gone, before John could pronounce judgment on Juggle or the Rev. Mr. Proudcoat. Mrs. Juniper kept her seat, and sighed as her brother left the room, for said she—"You know, Mr. Wardle, as a father, what a pleasure it is to see our sons doing *well*; and only think what must be the difference between the feelings of Mr. Proudcoat's friends and poor Mr. Juggle's friends: poor Mrs. Juggle would give anything, you may depend upon it—if she could see her son comfortably settled, and looked up to by a congregation; of course she has a mother's feelings; and then there's all Mr. Proudcoat's sisters being introduced into the very *first* society, and no doubt they'll be settled—very handsome; so you see the talents of *that* young man will be the making of all the family—I shouldn't wonder. John said, "I am very much afraid M'm that Mr. Proudcoat and Mr. Juggle have not been called to the work of the ministry, as Aaron was." "I'm sure I don't know anything about their *hearts*," replied Mrs. J.; "but it is not likely they've been called—as Aaron was: those times have gone by, and we don't look for such things now. If our Bishops think they're fit, why of course they're best able to judge—and it's our duty to be taught by 'em. We can't be so fit to judge what is best for us as those that spend all their time in looking into

Pulnit Qualifications.

religious things." "It all depends, you know, Mrs. Juniper," said John, "whether the Bishops have been 'born again;' there was Nicodemus, he was a very famous man, but he didn't know that *old* things *must* pass away and *all* things become *new*." "I'm sure I don't know, Sir, what *old* things you're speaking of," said Mrs. J. "I'm not able to argue religious points—not that I mind talking to you about it, because, being *from* the *country*, of course you're anxious to hear *all* you can." "The *old* things that pass away, before a man's fit for the ministry," said John, "are all his false ideas about religion; because, when he's 'born again from above,' and fit to teach others also, his thoughts, and views, are altogether new: he never had any such before." "I don't know what religious thoughts Mr. Proudcoat had before he was grown up," replied Mrs. J., "but his parents were *very* religious, and so they wouldn't teach him anything that was wrong; so he might not have any false ideas to shake off; all people is not *alike*, you know, Mr. Wardle: those that are brought up like little infidels, have got a very great deal to go through, of course; but when children is regularly brought up into church-habits, why they get their Christianity by littles and littles, so that their parents never have much trouble with 'em, because it's been growing into 'em with their years." "You may depend upon it," said John, "the religion that is born with people's bones, and grows with their bones, is only belonging to their old nature; but man wants 'a new heart; it's called 'the new man, because it's *not* born with us." "Well, I've always thought religion to be a wonderful mystery, and the older I get," said Mrs. J., "the more I see it so: if you was to hear the gentlemen talk about it sometimes, you'd be astonished what a difficulty it is to understand it; I'm sure I wouldn't *try* at it; and when we see gentlemen that's been educated in it all their lives, and *now* can't get to the bottom of it, why women that has *other* things to attend to can't be expected to know much about it." "You see, Mrs. Juniper," added John, "religion doesn't consist in knowing of all mysteries; but when the heart is opened to understand the Scriptures, then 'Christ on the Cross'

The Gospel and its Gifts.

isn't a very difficult thing to understand; when the people got bitten in the wilderness, why perhaps some of 'em didn't know how to read and write, and yet they had the cure of their bites, through looking up to the pole that Moses raised up." "Well, Mr. Wardle, of course I know all about that," said Mrs. J., "but then, as I said before, we don't live in *those* times: it wouldn't be much good a sticking up a pole in front of our hospitals for sick people to look at, I dare say; would it now?" "Not without God commanded 'em to look at it," replied John, "and then it would do 'em more good than all the physic, and all the doctors; but the Almighty has invited us to look to the Cross for to be forgiven our sins, because that's the sacrifice that God has accepted for everybody that feels himself a sinner." "Do you think a person can know if he's saved, before he dies?" asked Mrs. J. "We're told to make our calling and election *sure*," replied John, "and it's not likely we should be told to do what's impossible; but then it's not everybody that is privileged to know such a secret; and if the Lord doesn't reveal it, it's not in *our* power to find it out: it says, you know, 'He will shew them His covenant,' and that means that He will shew them that He's their Father and Saviour, and that they need not be afraid, because there's a *ransom* found for them, and they're washed clean through it." "And how are we to know that?" asked Mrs. J. —"mayn't we be deceived?" "Yes, some may," answered John; "but if the heart of the Christian is sincere, and he has strength given him to walk worthy of his profession, then he may put it down that he'll not be destroyed, else God wouldn't have shewed him such things."

Wardle was now in an atmosphere that was health and joy to him: it was the very soul of his wants, thus to have come within the circle of conversation which had to do with the happy or miserable futurity of his acquaintance; and he felt a new rapture of heart as it grasped the belief that the gates of many minds had opened in answer to the key of prayer, used victoriously by the hand of faith. He was a fisher of men, and he believed he could cast the net, draw to land, and separate the precious from the vile; he

The All-Sufficient Sacrifice.

therefore traced his ordination from the skies, and knew that his spirit had answered to the Almighty consecration.

"Well, it seems wonderful to me that anybody can know his sins are all pardoned," said Mrs. J., "because we commit so many, and how are we to know that every one is forgiven; some might be too black and aggravated perhaps."

"There's nothing too black for the blood of the Lamb that was slain," replied John, "as it is written, 'All manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men,' and 'the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'" "They must be happy people that believe it," said Mrs. J.; "I couldn't say so—not at present; but then I've never give my mind to it, or else I should perhaps." "It's a pearl worth finding, M'm, as I've prov'd it to be," remarked John, "and I hope you'll be induced to search the Scriptures, and see if you can find it; it wants a light above the brightness of the sun to see it, and the hand of faith to pick it up, and the hand of God to put it in the casket—and that's the heart."

"Come, Mr. Wardle," said Mrs. Juniper, "you'll take a crust of bread and cheese." "A thing I've been in the habit of taking for more than fifty years, M'm," replied John; and soon a table was spread, and while eating, John thought on the Divine Sovereignty, in its power to controul any heart; while his luncheon was sweetened by the spirit of the passage, "when a man's ways please the Lord He maketh even His enemies to be at peace with Him."

"I wanted to tell Mr. Juniper," said John, "not to trust in temples, because I'm afraid some do; it says, you know, 'some trust in horses, and some in chariots;' but what a fortress it is to a man when he can trust in the name of the Lord; what I mean is, you know, Mrs. Juniper, that he mustn't be blinded by thinking that because he's in office he's better than other people that don't wait at the posts of the doors; do you think now that all the men that serve in the tabernacle at St. Paul's have fled for refuge to the hope set before 'em in the Gospel?" "I couldn't say, Mr. Wardle, I'm sure," replied Mrs. J.; "it's to be hoped they pay good attention to all the

Cathedral Theology.

services performed." "If I thought they would be like the men that built the ark of Noah, that the waters drowned, after all, though they'd lent their hands to make the ship that the Almighty chose to save some in, then I'd warn every one of 'em of the error of his ways." "It would be very good of you, I dare say, Mr. Wardle," said Mrs. J., "and you mean very well, but you know there's the ministers—which, of course, is fittest to talk to the people about being prepared to die." "I'm very much afraid," said John, "from what I've heard friends of mine say, that they don't shew the difference between 'the Law' and 'the Gospel,' so that men are propped up in believing that their own works will be enough to pass 'em into heaven; but you know, Mrs. Juniper, we're saved by the meritorious work of our Lord Jesus Christ, and not by our own." "Our ministers wouldn't think it right to preach that—I know," said Mrs. J.; "it would make a way for people to do all sorts of wickedness, if they thought it was only because of the righteousness that Christ had, they're saved: if we do all we can, then we're justified in asking God to have mercy upon us; and I'm sure if our clergymen instructed us in anything else, the Bishop would suspend 'em—and serve 'em right too." "St. Paul, if he was Bishop of the Cathedral," said John, "wouldn't think of allowing men to preach that wouldn't clearly show that God sent His Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, so that sin might be condemned and pardoned through His sacrifice; and that's how the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us—by having Christ's put to our account, and not by our doing it for ourselves." "That's not the doctrine of the Church of England," exclaimed Mrs. Juniper—"there might be some dissenters that preach 'Salvation' in that way, but it is'n't sound doctrine—it can't be." "What did Christ come to do then," asked John, "if he didn't come to justify us freely by his grace; why there's no difference then between the 'Law' that came by Moses and the 'grace and truth' that came by Jesus Christ!" "Oh! I can tell you what the difference is now, and before the Saviour came," said Mrs. Juniper—"a very few was saved under

The Doctrine of Justification.

the Law, but now Christ has come, the way is made *easier*, and *more* are saved. I know that's what our Canons teach us." "Why that was the very error that the apostle Paul wrote the Epistle to the Galatians against," said John—"they wanted to mix up some of their own works to make them acceptable to God, but Paul warned 'em against it, and told 'em that Christ wouldn't profit 'em if they tried at some legal justification." "I've been brought up in the Establishment," added Mrs. J., "and I'm quite sure we're never told to trust altogether to Christ for salvation: it's quite against common sense to do such a thing: suppose I was very wicked, and was to rob somebody, would my next door neighbour, because he was innocent, answer for me at the trial? No to be sure!" "When we transgress the laws of the country, we must stand in our *own* shoes," said John, "but because God knew that we couldn't stand in our own *sins* without being sure to be condemned, He sent Jesus to *bear* our sins in His own body on the tree; and so Christ is our *surety*." "It's new doctrine to me then," added Mrs. J., "and seems to make it no use of anybody's trying to be saved by their own goodness; it's a very *easy* way of being saved, at any rate." "And that makes Christ's words true," added John, "*my* yoke is easy and *my* burden is light." "Ah! but there's another passage, Mr. Wardle," said Mrs. J., "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom; and what does *that* mean?—but that we must struggle all we *can* to be as righteous as possible." "No! that portion of scripture refers to the trials and temptations that we have after we're born again of God" said John, "and not to getting righteous for heaven; *all* that comes as a *free gift* from God; but when we become *real* Christians, through a great change that's wrought in us, then the *world*, and our *bad* nature oppose us, and we have to go on our journey through *much* tribulation." "Well, I *must* say, I never found anybody that explained Scripture as you do Mr. Wardle," remarked Mrs. J., "but I should like to hear what my husband would have to answer to you; he understands more than I do—of course—he's been in it all his life."

Clergymen reminded of 'The Cross.'

"Christ is the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*" said John, "and if they don't preach Him so in St. Paul's, why do they fix up that *shining cross* at the top of the building; I thought it was a kind of a *motto*, or a *sign* of that passage of scripture that Paul spoke—'God forbid that I should glory save in *'THE CROSS'* of our Lord Jesus Christ.' It's like hypocrisy if they put up a standard *outside* when they don't preach it *inside*." "That cross at the top of the dome," declared Mrs. Juniper, "has got no more to do with the ministers' sermons, than the Apostles' statue, is expected to be like 'em when they was alive: they're put up there to give scripture-ornament to the building—not that the *cross* or the *apostles* mean anything, Mr. Wardle." "When I first came to London," said John, "of course I was wonderfully struck—something like the Queen of Sheba was, perhaps, when she saw Solomon's Temple; and then when the bright cross shone so up in the blue sky, I was pleased, and I thought it was there because St. Paul was such a celebrated preacher of the Cross." "People—first up from the country, do get *strange things* into their heads, sometimes," remarked Mrs. J., "just as I should if I wasn't brought up in London, I dare say; but if you'd seen as many clergymen as I *have* you wouldn't have such notions; it's put up there perhaps to remind clergymen of the Cross, and then they go to the goldsmith's and buy a little *gold* one, and hang it round their necks—and that's a *sign* of their religion; Mr. Proudcoat had a *pretty* little one; I had the pleasure of going and buying him two yards of ribbon to hang it round his neck with." "And did that mean that he was very much attached to the Cross on which Jesus died," asked John. "Well, I don't know so much about *that*," answered Mrs. J., "but I heard him tell Mr. Juggle, to *get* himself one—that they was being very much worn now, and was all the Ecclesiastical fashion, and made Ministers look devoted." "Did Mr. Juggle get one of 'em," asked John. "I never saw him *wearing* one," answered Mrs. J., "but it's very likely not, for he never hardly minded what Mr. Proudcoat said to him, and of course he's taking the

Mr. Nicholas Priestly employed.

consequence: *he's* lost a good friend."

At this moment Mr. Nicholas Priestly hurried into the room. He had received a letter, authorizing him to buy six dozens of sermons for a country gentleman, and in answer to his sister Jemima's wish to hear the order read, with happy face he looked both at Mrs. Juniper and John, and then subjecting a large red seal to piercing daylight, he muttered—"DIEU ET MON DROIT"—Ah!—that's nothing to do with me! I dare say," and then fully opened the letter and read thus:—

Bold-face Villa,

Dear Sir, Wilderness Common.

A clerical friend of mine has mentioned your name to me as being in the habit of assisting clergymen in their selections for the pulpit. I have had forwarded to me a catalogue of books, in which you will find there are several parcels of manuscript sermons, and I wish you to be so good as to call at Mr. ——— and purchase for me six dozen of those you imagine would be most suitable for a congregation rapidly advancing in 'high-church' principles. A few for the most notable feasts and fasts would be required.

Please forward them at your very earliest convenience, and oblige.

Dear Sir,

Yours, faithfully,

SAMUEL FIELDTARES, M.A.

P.S. Do not send two from one text.

Mr. Nicholas Priestly looked upon this quite as a business communication—took off his household coat—put on his public garments, and just mentioned his willingness to shew any gentleman the contents of a theological bookseller's shop: a half glance at John, did, by-the-bye, give point to Priestly's politeness, when the wishful arrow was driven with extra decision into the heart of the man for whom it was intended, by Mrs. Juniper, who clasped her hands—twining them round each other as though she had just found out they were very cold, and saying, "when do you think Juniper will be home, Nicholas." Ah!—that's very uncertain, but it would be a terrible waste of time for any human being to wait for him: he might be *hours*—he's so uncertain. My time?....let me see....*ten* shillings a day,....well, I hope to claim

Visit to a Bookseller's Shop.

a *crown* of it before Juniper has done this day's duty, and his double knock is heard in this *hospitable* room. Mr. Wardle—I'm your servant Sir, with all the *honours*, Sir, that fall to my share, and happy to shew you, Sir, that of making books there is *no end*!.... You don't understand me Ah!—it *may* be. Well....*would* you feel yourself at home with me, Sir, for one hour?"

John felt decidedly called upon to join Nicholas, and while he was adjusting his gaiters, John ended his sayings in the ears of Mrs. Juniper, and concluding with a low bow, was on his way to purchase pulpit-renown for Mr. Samuel Fieldtares.

Threading the business-labyrinth of streets and courts, it was vain for John to imitate Nicholas, who passed along as though every limb of his body possessed the locomotive qualities of a laud serpent or mud eel, and within one quarter of an hour, John had both mentioned his knowledge of Mr. Sillit, and of many other things too, and had arrived at the bookseller's shop.

John walked in after Nicholas, who addressed the seller thus:—"I understand—Sir—that you have some—exceedingly superior manuscript sermons for sale." Yes Sir, *I have*....another new supply *this day*—from the library of a gentleman deceased; I shall be able to suit you Sir, I dare say; "then the proprietor handled the ladder, his boy ascended, brought down some bundles, took them to a back skylight, loosed their string, and invited the sermon-seeker to examine them.

"I dare say we shan't find the apostle Paul's here, that he preached till midnight; it would make an uncommon many of these: why there isn't a *quarter* of an hour's worth in some of 'em—that I'll declare; see—here's a short 'un, now," said Nicholas, adding—"you may depend his congregation never got *much* out of *him*—let us see—service twice a day—that's *half* an hour; multiplied by *fifty two* it's twenty-six hours per annum!—that's the way to keep a congregation under: he thought his parishioners was as long-lived as Methusaleh, and so he should have plenty of time to get to the end of his story.... and here's another; dear me! how greasy the cover is though!—Oh! it's

Theological Remains.

a Christmas-day sermon!—lent all round the diocese perhaps; why the cover's as dirty as if all the *cooks* in the county had been reading it over roasting *sucking* pigs.... What's this?—not preached by a *woman* surely!... in a *female* hand too!—*wife* copied it for *brother* in law perhaps, or *very* particular friend: not a single mistake!—an old stager.... 'low' or 'high' I wonder?.... 'Baptism, Baptism,' well—what's all this about:—'My beloved friends, you are just about to take upon yourselves to vow in the name of these children to renounce the devil and all his works'—'ah!—I hope he'd renounced the *devil* himself first.... I don't see any that'll do yet.... but I suppose I must read a little of some of 'em—'Evangelicals' are no use to him—I should have 'em back.... Can you look over any, Mr. Wardle?' "I don't understand it, Sir," replied John.

"Well, I wish you *did* then," added Nicholas—"there, *this* looks like the sort now.... let's see how he finishes.... 'Now if there is any lost and ruined sinner here, that is aware of his danger'.... ah! that's enough—he's 'low'—rather *ranterish* I should say. Have you got any more, Mr. —, these don't seem *exactly* the sort?" "Yes Sir—plenty more," replied the bookseller, bringing and untying other bundles, adding, "there Sir!" then leaving Nicholas to search the packs, and John an astonished beholder of the works of the ministry.

"*These* don't seem the sort *either*," said Priestly, hurriedly scanning the pile—"they're all so *low*. I suppose '*low* church' *was* more fashionable half-a-century ago; and more so than it'll ever be again, I prophesy.... Well, I suppose I must go *quietly* through 'em—now how does this one begin:—

"*I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven*"—Matt. xvi. 19.

For the elucidation of this extraordinary promise, I may ask you to suppose a large company of footmen travelling through waste places—a wilderness, where in the natural course of things they would require successive supplies, but on coming to the houses where food is laid up for those that journey that way, they found them empty, and the great massive door

Sermon on 'The Keys.'

that opens into the storehouse from which all sustenance is drawn, *locked*, and that beyond the power of any *ordinary* traveller's key to open. Imagine yourselves in this helpless condition—*hungry* before the gates of plenty, yet without the means of obtaining access to the chief treasures of abundance! Would not each one cry out, 'where is the key to open the fulness?' 'Where is he having the instrument of entry?' But the still wilderness gives no answer but the melancholy echo of the enquiring shouts! Presently, there appears one among the hungry host confessing himself the possessor of the all-sufficient key, and the eyes of those yet awake in hope, fasten on the man advancing to the door of plenty: he thrusts the key forward to the lock, swaggering in all the pride of but an imagined success, yet the congregation of the weak and fallen, *arise*, to make for the house of bread; but despair, *terrible* despair, *wrings* the faces of all! His key fits not the lock!.... prostrate the people fall—their shrill cry piercing the wilderness, echoing horribly through the silent sun-burnt woods. Miserable mortals! what are ye waiting for? what are ye dying for? Is it not for the arrival of the consecrated man, over whose head may be read in the rainbow of his ordination—'*I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven*?' Yes! Now upon yonder mountain is seen the holder of the *true* and *lawful* key, and there is heard the welcome footsteps of the smiling messenger, advancing to unlock the bread-stores of the kingdom of heaven. The congregation arise! and say, '*This* is the servant of the Most High God;' and they reverence *him*; for he *has* the keys; and *he* feeds them; and they place entire confidence in *him*; for he wears the *raiment* and the *signs* of his high and holy office. Such, my dear friends, are the holy and rightly ordained ministers in our Holy Catholic Church; and so great is the disappointment of following vain and boasting pretenders; and such is the plenty and peace resulting to those who rest themselves on the sacred bosom, and quietly give themselves up to the blessed dominion, of our church." "Ah! that'll do," exclaimed Nicholas; "well, that's *one* I believe, towards *two* and

The Peace of Puseyism.

seventy; and now, the next: what's this?

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you"—John xiv, 27.

The very highest blessing there can be enjoyed by man, perhaps, is that of *peace*: without it, unsettled humanity may be compared to mariners ploughing a sea that knows no calm—tossed, *for ever*, by the *winds* and *waves*. And this life may indeed be compared to a sea, in constant motion; while those who are unfortunate strangers to the rich legacy of the peace referred to in my text, may justly be compared to those foolish sailors described in the one hundred and seventh Psalm—'they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.' Where then shall that true and rippleless peace be found, so comparable to a shining sea, reflecting the heavens of the brightest day, crossed by no rude and stormy winds, but visited by gentle gales, south and scented, rich with the favour of the better land? Where shall this peace be found, do you ask me? O! I ask you not to ascend up into heaven, that is to bring it down, nor to plunge into the depths, that is to bring it up, for, it is *near* you, it is *with* you—it is *within* the fruitful pale of our truly apostolic church,—it is within her embrace who transmits to you this day, that peace with which her holy apostles were endowed, and which has come unto you, possessed by a church against which the gates of hell shall never prevail.... "And of course that will do for another: that's *capital*; *this* seems to be the right sort of bundle we're got hold of now," said Nicholas; but John held his peace, and Priestly caught up another, giving a smile of success before he had read fifty words of the following:—

"For he loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue."—Luke vii, 5.

In these words, the practical religion of the centurion is remarked by his countrymen, and most worthily set forth by the elders of the Jews as the reason why He should accomplish the cure of the centurion's servant. It is very well for us, brethren, when assailed by grievous sicknesses, and afflictions, if we can point to some well established memorial of our piety, whereby we have good reason

Synagogue-Salvation.

to conclude that we are not visited with woe, because of our irreligion, and inattention to the concerns of our souls, but only that the evidences of our charity may be the more thoroughly observed and beneficially imitated by others. Such was the case with the centurion: he had built a *church*, and had thus let his light shine before men: it would therefore be unreasonable to think that this sickness had happened to him because of *any* lack of piety in *himself*, or neglect of *church* duties, but rather did it fall out unto him for the public declaration of his *church-building* piety: thus did this wise man lay up in store for himself a *good* foundation for the time to come; and *that* time *did* come—the hour when he wanted the *Saviour's* assistance; and *then* that was not withheld. Oh! how must the centurion have prized his church *now*! How must his heart have reflected with joy on that memorable day when the foundation stone thereof was laid, little expecting that as sure as the top-stone was brought forth, would that sacred edifice be one day pointed to by his brother Jews.... ("Upon my word that *is* a good un," declared Nicholas, who had occasion at that moment to pay practical attention to his nose; "but he's an *Arminian*," said John. "*An Arminian*!—No! No! whatever's the man thinking about!—a 'high churchman' to be sure—ever so many feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome Sir.... let me see—where now did I leave off.... oh!—" by his brother Jews,".... ah!—that was it).... "as the most sacred and most certain evidence of his abounding piety. Now, my dear friends, let us make practical use of this remarkable instance of liberality; let us pay a visit, in our imaginations, this morning, to the centurion's church, and, standing before it, may we not every one of us *blush*, and *justly* see ourselves *covered* with *shame*, as we stand before the bright marble, and witness this translucent evidence of this wise man's piety? What have *we* done for the church; let us put the matter home to *all* our consciences, as I ask again—"What have *we* done for the Church? Have *we* polished her stones? Have *we* brought the fair colours of heaven to stain her windows? Have *we* so shown our love for the mysterious trans-

Priestly's Sermon—Prize.

actions of the East (I allude, of course, to 'the Cradle,' and 'Calvary') as to help to glisten her courts with the golden light—so symbolic of those great and gracious mysteries. Be not ready to frame excuses for yourselves: the conscience is, I am *sorry* to say, prone to this evil: but be ye sure that the poorest among you can do *something*, if the widow could spare her mite; reason then among yourselves, whether ye have done likewise, and see whether there is nothing that *you* can supply to the glory of this, our holy and beautiful house; then will the silent dead slumbering sweetly within these walls, *praise you*, and though it may not be said of you on behalf of the Christian Church—"He hath built *us* a synagogue," yet despise not the *meaner* praise; and though you may not *build*, may it be yours to *beautify*. I now proceed to a survey of the minute circumstances of our text" "which I can't stay to follow you now, my Reverend Sir," said Nicholas, "but at some future time I shall be *most happy*, for you've clean put a Christmas dinner in my way, as sure as I know the groves where the high-church party pipe. There's no *name* to it though," added Nicholas, inspecting the numbers of its pages—pronouncing it complete, then laying it on one side, saying, "*You ought* to have had the promise of a *Bishopric* ten minutes after you *preached* it—with *all* the emoluments, of course: 'the labourer is *worthy* of his hire'....and, *so am I*.... I suppose. But, Mr. Wardle, I'm *keeping* you—your dinner hour, Sir." "One o'clock," said John. "Just one hour to spare then," added Nicholas—pulling his great watch from his pocket, straining to effect its deposit again in his seedy-black small-clothes, and then taking up another from a pile of a thousand and one:—

Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit and will not straightway pull him out on the sabbath day— Luke xiv, 5.

"Oh! this seems to be a charity sermon" observed Nicholas, glancing over its pages—"high' or 'low,' I wonder, let's see:—"

In this appeal made by our Lord to the common humanity of cattle-proprietors, it is His great and gracious intention

Discourse on Alms-giving.

to teach them the purest lessons of the Sabbath day, and to shew the blind Jews, that the very spirit of that holy day was to shew charity out of a pure heart; therefore, he asks them a very plain question, which each conscience might as plainly answer—"if the owner of an ox should hear of his having fallen into a ditch, would he be accounted obedient to the spirit of the sabbath day if he allowed the creature to remain in that painful and perilous condition till the day was over and gone? would not the vain pretence of such an one—attempting to find a licence for his cruelty in the stern dictates of his religion, be met on all sides by cries of '*Shame*,' '*Shame!*' or pity for one who could be so misled as to the requirements of his divine creed? Yes! surely, it would be *right*, quickly to use every method to alleviate the sufferings of the fallen ox, and place him once more in green pastures, and beside still waters. Let me ask you then how much better is a *man* than an ox; of how much more value is the immortal soul, than the temporary sufferings of a beast that perisheth, seeing that immortality may suffer, evermore. I call upon you then, my dear hearers, to consider the case of the dropsical man alluded to in the verses preceding our text, and to ask you, as you do shew care for cattle, to shew *more* care for the sick and the diseased among men, as I am here to day to plead the cause of the St. ——— Hospital." "I don't see whether he's '*high*' or '*low*' yet," said Nicholas: try the middle.... Oh! yes, it'll do, I think; and *another* was added to the number of the approved.

When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst....

"Ah! this is one of the sort, I know," exclaimed Nicholas — "*Baptism*," I shouldn't wonder: let's see though:—"

"The prophet Isaiah is very full of descriptions of blessings which are to be received and enjoyed by the true church, and abounds with those rich and grateful promises so welcome to those brought into circumstances to stand in need of them. In the chapter out of which the text is taken, the church is exhorted not to fear, because her keeper was the Almighty, and therefore you see, dear Bre-

Sermon on Heresy.

then, the *immortality* of the church, in the world, is thus secured; therefore, *vain* are the assaults of hell, as it has been ever proved that, the *more* the *true* Israelites have been afflicted the *more* they have *multiplied* and *grown*: the blood of the martyrs mounts up to heaven on behalf of the spread of the truth of the gospel, and when persecution has lit her fires, it has always been followed by fires which shall never go out—lit up in the hearts of others, before strangers to its purifying and praiseful influence. But to my text' ("ah! do let's see what you're going to say about the *water*," said Nicholas,) 'there is a class of people here described as 'poor and needy,' and they are said to be seeking water, or that seasons do come when they *will* 'seek water.' Now this is a description of those who are poor in their own estimation, and *know* their neediness to such an extent as to be capable of buying only that raiment which is ready to be had *without* money; and what is the water which such will seek? Are they satisfied with the waters of their *Baptism*? Are they not those who press and pass by all *creature* streams, crying out with the psalmist—"My soul thirsteth for God".... "That *will not do* Mr. Wardle," declared Nicholas with full emphasis, adding—"people *will not* be talked to in *that way* in *our days*: this is the period of Proudcoats; and *the world*, thank *heaven*, is getting *civilized*."

"A man that is an heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject.—Titus, iii, 10.

"This is a cutter, depend upon it; plenty of fire—I dare say," said Nicholas, finding the first page, with eyes glistening with the hope of seeing the flight of arrows from a bow he thought Mr. Fieldtares knew how to handle; then reading thus:—

"St. Paul begins this chapter with entreating the faithful stewards of divine mysteries to be watchful to put the people in mind of their duty in being subject to principalities and powers; that is to say, that they should render *true* and *laughful* obedience to the teaching of those who are ordained of God to train up others in the way of understanding; and indeed, it has never been *well* with that church which has refused to acknow-

Literary Enquiries.

ledge the rights and powers of her ministers; for God does grant to them the privilege and wisdom to controul them that are *unruly*, as well as to guide those who are willing and obedient; wherefore, let us ask who is that heretic whom Christ's ministers are besought to reject? Who is he?—but him who submits not to *all* the ordinances of man for the Lord's sake; therefore, let such an one know that after the *second* admonition he shall obtain *no* mercy, but be rejected and dislodged from the most kindly embraces of the church, if he slights her ordinances, lightly esteems the holy oil wherewith her ministers are consecrated, and reverences not the place where worship is regularly offered, or refuses to bend himself unto all that he shall hear from the lips of the faithful.' "That's *one more*," said Nicholas,—“making *five*, I think—but there . . . I mustn't be so particular I see, or I shall be *all day*.” And indeed Nicholas was *not* so particular, for after despising several dozens of 'Evangelicals,' he made up the seventy-two with any, where the bookseller and he saw the word 'church' occurred pretty often, with other words that were as the key notes of the class of theology sought for. Nicholas blessed the bookseller for his help, who said that had he known the sentiment wanted, he could have saved the buyer's time. "I say though," said Nicholas—"you haven't got any *skeletons* by you—have you?" and the seller stopped tying up the parcel, hoping that presently the piece of string would not prove long enough to enclose *all* the theology that Priestly might buy; then, mounting the ladder, a book of skeletons *was* brought down, and Nicholas, inspecting them, exclaimed—"Why there's not a morsel of *good* flesh on 'em, Mr. Bookseller—not that *I* can see; something like the vision of dry bones, I call this volume, or the jaw bone of an ass. . . . What do *you* say now?—wouldn't kill so *many* people perhaps—aye? . . . Ah—well, another *time*—perhaps. . . . I'll mention it to my clerical friend;" and when silver and sermons had changed hands, Nicholas was on his way home, furnishing Wardle with ministerial ideas like these:—

"Six hundred a-year and a *small* population—that's *one* side of the question," said Nicholas, "and *what's* on the *other*

Ecclesiastical Reflections.

—too solemn for me to say—by a *good deal*. I decline it—at present. *Dead bones for living*—most remarkable exchange: talk about *money-changing*—why *Solomon* in all his wisdom never would a *dreamt* of such a thing!—unless he had the *night-mare* most *abominably* bad. *Upon my word*, I must be the very *tip top* of impudence to go and do such a thing; still, give me the heart that *never fears*—the spirit as brave as the forest oak. He's *my* instructor—not me *his*. Every thing in its place, and *no confusion whatever*. Fieldtares in *his* pulpit, gathering up the fragments that *nothing* be lost—latching up the surplice of somebody he *never* saw—well! his *brother* I suppose . . . Apostolical succession! *Blessed* truth! you know, Mr. Wardle . . . and *very* comfortable. I do ask *solemnly*—what can be *more* productive of the unity of the church? *solemnly*, I ask it. . . . Rome—why the *very* way she goes to work! Fathers *write* and sons *read*—and come out the most perfect likeness: example prevails when argument fails!—so I see. . . . ah!—well—I'm growing wiser; I suppose we *live* to do so; so I presume, Mr. Wardle."

In less than half an hour John had parted with Nicholas, after saying a few solemn things which might or might not have some lasting effect on the agent of the sermon-purchaser. His face however displayed so many characteristics, that none but the very twin of Priestly might tell whether he looked upon Wardle, through his closing remarks, as *ridiculously* solemn or *solemnly* ridiculous; but Nicholas was not the man to fall out for trifles' sake: he treated human life, in its several phases, as appearing, comically, for a little while, in a wide and wonderful world, though for what purpose he knew not—cared little—and was satisfied that nobody had yet accomplished anything like a reasonable conjecture. The globe was to him as a great punch and judy, and whether there was or was not any unseen influence at work, dressing the actors and appointing the play, Gallio-like, Mr. Nicholas Priestly was not very desirous to know, nor ever disturbed by the mystery of his species.

But John heard no more the gay chucklings of Nicholas; and reaching the cor-

Wardle on Blackfriars Bridge.

ner of Blackfriars Bridge, he leaned his arms on the stone wall by the way-side, as though the mind asked for a little reflection on the scenes of the last three hours:—

The sun occasionally struck its beams through the thinnest part of watery clouds, and it seemed to John as if heaven should be almost wet with tears if it saw Mr. Fieldtares penning the sermon-order to Nicholas—if it followed him on his way to execute the infamous purchase, and heard the price at which the compositions of the dead preacher were sold to an idle and incompetent successor: if angels joyed over a sinner repenting, could those clouds, if they were filled with angels' tears, fully say the grief of weeping spirits, witnessing such spectacles of sanctuary-crime. And John should wonder not, if apostles' bones came together, and the army of the faithful arose from the valley, and come up on the earth, with great power and might, and smote with grievous boils the men that merely echo the voices of the departed. But the sun *did* pierce the clouds, and *did* shine through the firmamental waters; and so shall it be in the end, thought the sublime part of the countryman's nature: there shall be no more grief, but God and virtue be triumphant: sacred and mighty shall be the sunbeams that will dry up the waters of sorrow, and send the summons to much people in heaven to sing the song of 'Babylon's fall,' and 'Zion's triumph.' Now and then a bright light fell upon the sails of a little boat, and a gentle breeze sent her ploughing her way ocean-ward. John was happy at the types and shadows of time; and their analogical teaching of things substantial and eternal, was instruction he saw in every feature of the many faces of things temporal; as soon therefore as 'thought' touched the sailing boat, he saw the sufficiency of that wind, and that river-tide, to hasten it on its way to the wide sea: cheered by the occasional sunshine, it went along to the praise of wind and water, or of *Him* whom the winds and waves always obey: 'there is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,' and blessed is the man; thought John, whose galley is on its way to the ocean of glory: the wind bloweth where

The Symbolism of St. Paul's.

it listeth, or surely it would never have crossed the cottage where *I* dwell, and never would it have polished any jewels from a valley so very little among the cities of the land as mine; and if *we* are full sail for the skies, wafted by the wind that *always* blows wisely, then we may sing for the *joy* that is coming. But oh! Nicholas, whispered John—"there you go with your *wicked* bargain! but what'll you all do in the end?"

John Wardle, still leaning on the bridge wall, turned his eyes from 'the Thames' to 'the Temple,' towering in its majesty, high above the halls of commerce, as if to speak the insignificance of other courts but those where truth and immortality prevail. The Cross sparkled in the sunlight, for there was nothing between it and heaven, while beneath and around it, *jewels* seemed scattered, as if the dome were a globe, on the floor of which were strawed the bright things. What could it mean? Did the mighty man that built it intend to say that these sparkling spots were like those just souls, distributed in this wide world, looking up in hope of the mounted Cross? Is it to shew that *one* sun shines on the *Cross*, in *Christians*, and sends from *one* source a shining light on *each* and *all*? Or are they to represent the *precious* stones of lively *promises* around the Cross, or the jewels of the crown that shall be for them that trust the stretched sacrifice upon it? Wardle could not say, nor specify in words the thoughts of his heart; but looking on the high hall, dedicated to holiness, he would leave the type in the realization of the truth, that unto *him*, and for *his* salvation was reared the Cross, with its clustering promises, with the jewels that should compose the *crown-surmounted* Cross.

Bustling as the current of the Thames—bubbling as it passed obstructive piers—went by the endless ranks of all mankind, unnoticed by the student of the skies, till some loud curious street-call turned him round to see. The bible, rich with answers to a world of riddles, told him what lamentable deed had streaked and marred the faces of the adult-crowd, and made a struggling merchant of the little child, nor left its tender neck without its load. He measured not the *woes* nor knew the *wrestles* of the poorest selling

A Christian Threshold.

public *sounding* in ingenious tempting cries to 'buy;' but pitied the toe that pierced its out-grown shoe, and the long brown hair that roughly curled around the neck, and needed but the gentle hand to make the child all beautiful. Yes! *SIN* spoke aloud, in *man* and *beast*—in one especially whose shoes struck fire from the stones—then fell! . . . plunged!—buoyant with hope to stand erect again; then split the shafts, and groaned, and threw his load away with kicks almost prophetic.

John saw the iniquitous sermon buyer, the little half-clothed fruit-seller; the wrinkled-faced adult, and the burdened horse, subject to one common captivity, and beheld the various links of a chain first fastened to our unfortunate father, *still* taking within its cold embrace—the whole creation! He believed in the biography of sin, as reaching from humanity to the horse, and the humblest thing that creeps; and had Mr. Fieldtares been present, he would have sent the sluggish to see the wisdom of the horse, *fallen* beneath the weight of a more righteous commerce than sermon-trading, frightened and struggling to be free!

John found the threshold of hospitality, and truly four hours' absence was producing much earnest desire for the return of the visitor, till the very John, all heart, was once more at the dinner table of his Blackfriars friend.

John Wardle felt the difference between the houses of Juniper and Sillit, as though he had quitted an old and worn out world for a new and lovely heavens and a bright and beautiful earth: caught away from the company of the carnal, and now in the habitation of justice!

Mr. Sillit was glad to hear that John had vindicated the doctrines of pure and real Protestantism in the house of Juniper, and that he had described the way of salvation to one of its inmates. The sermon-hunting mission of Mr. Nicholas Priestly wanted nothing to render it graphic with guilt, and Mr. Sillit expressed himself sorry that ministers who could not open their mouths on behalf of the simple system of Salvation should be allowed to furnish themselves from the hearts or brains of other people.

"Why don't they try 'em—whether

Proposition for Purification.

they can preach before they give 'em the parishes?" asked John. "Much of the pulpit lustre of the Church of England is lost," said Mr. S., "by making preachers of men who *cannot* preach—persons who might do very well to go from house to house like Mrs. Bird, though evidently unable to speak of the things they themselves have realized: out of the abundance of the heart it is easy for the mouth to speak, and depend upon it, the man unendowed with the gift of *utterance*, was never intended by God to be an *utterer*: he has therefore taken a position among the people which he is unable to fill: he professes to have something to say for and from God, and declares he is anointed of the Holy Ghost to *say* it, yet when he comes before the people it is to speak the words of some one else, long dead, perhaps, or to read what has been copied, almost word for word, from books or magazines. Such then, we are sorry to say, were never called to the work of the ministry, except by their own fancies, or the choice of their friends. I will be bold to assert, John, fearless of contradiction, that when God sends a man into His vineyard, He is faithful in equipping him with all the necessary gifts: the Bible is full of testimonies to this truth; and affords not one single instance of men called to a divine *work*, without receiving also all the divine *qualifications*, perfect and complete. When the Queen calls soldiers into her regiments, of course she gives them particular clothing, weapons of war, and special instructions; all this is *sure* to be received by the soldiers, and few persons would give one credit for being a military man, though he should pompously declare he was, except he made full proof of his soldiery, and shewed the signs of his commission from the crown." "I see that *quite plain*," replied John, "and I do believe God gives the soldiers of the Cross tongues of the learned, and fits 'em to speak to the hearers from what they know themselves." "Yes, John," added Mr. S., "you may depend upon it God is not excelled by man in the perfection wherewith He fits out 'good soldiers' to go to war with the world and worldliness; and if I thought, John, that you had any suspicion that God sends men on purpose to preach the

Sacerdotal Substitutions.

Gospel who, after all, could not open their mouths from their own hearts about it, then I should fear you were guilty of entertaining thoughts defiling to the character of Him whose instruments are always abundantly qualified for their work."

"Well then, if they want 'the Church of England' to stand *firm and fast*," said John, "why don't they set apart a day to try all the ministers?" "What you mean is, I suppose," said Mr. S., "why do they not call upon all the preachers to make full proof of their ministry, by trying their *hearts* at it, without book or paper? well, John, I admit the idea is *novel*, and if you will allow me to offer further suggestions, I would say, let every Minister in the Establishment be charged to preach the Gospel to their congregations, without the help of pen or print, and to do this for *three months*, when he who proves unable to officiate *decently*—let his office be taken by another. Thousands would never wrestle with the task, or, attempting it, would descend the pulpit stairs with haste and shame, and shrink, for ever, from such a fiery trial." "Then you think there would be thousands that couldn't preach without a book," said John; "but what would you do with 'em all—dismiss 'em?" "Poor fellows! no! I would not deal harshly, in leaving them totally unprovided for; I would make 'Scripture Readers' of them; they would be very well able to read the plain text of the word of God to the dwellers in the lower parts of the earth." "And how would you fill up the empty pulpits?" asked John, "and wouldn't their wives and families be a good deal ashamed?" "I would fill up the pulpits with men—for hundreds there are—having grace and talents for preaching, who, from various causes, are denied such great opportunities of usefulness; and then the Establishment would receive strength in men who should cease not to cry aloud, till 'the Jerusalem of the Reformation' became a praise in all the earth."

"Well done! Mr. Wardle," exclaimed Mrs. Sillit; "I think you would make a capital 'Church Reformer.'" "Well, I hope there'll be persons raised up," said John, "to put down all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, that's got into the Establishment, and to see that the

The Christianity of the Future.

preachers do believe in 'the Articles,' and preach 'em thoroughly." "Now should you not like to have the job of purifying the pulpits, Mr. Wardle—tell me now?" asked Mrs. Sillit. "No—I should'n't be fit for it," answered John, "but I'd have all the poor fellows provided for, because perhaps some of 'em got into the church under mistaken notions—thinking they *could* preach, and when they got up in the pulpits they found they *couldn't*." "And you asked me, John," said Mr. S., "whether it was likely the wives and daughters of the rejected clergymen would blush very much when the congregations found out that the preacher could not preach? I answer, none would be more sorry than myself for the injured feelings of daughters brought up so delicately, and who would not drop a tear for the abolition of drawing rooms and dancing pumps, and be sorry for ladies who have hitherto eaten at the tables of luxury, laden and groaning with flesh-satisfying delicacies, drawn from the emoluments of an office never yet scripturally filled. However important the domestic comforts of clergymen's families may be, yet, John, the glory of the Christian ministry must not be shaded for the sake of the personal convenience of a few relatives." "No!—of course not," added John, "but I do believe it'd be a good thing for the church if they'd do so: it'd make her *strong*, and she'd look *bright*; then I think that passage of Scripture would apply to her, 'Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.'" "Ah!—a learned commentator says, in explanation of that passage, that it has allusion to the encampment of the Israelites in their tents, and to the disposition and order of their army—going to battle: the body of the army in the middle, and the two wings, right and left, on each side—whose glittering armour of gold and brass, the rays of the sun striking on them, are fitly resembled by the colours on the wings and back of a dove. Now if this be so," continued Mr. S., "then surely would the ministers of the Establishment be as a righteous regiment of 'good soldiers of Jesus Christ,' well prepared for the battle that is in the world; they would be clothed with the

Philosophy of Profession.

whole armour of God, which should brilliantly reflect the glory-smiles of Him of whom it is written, 'The Lord is a man of war;' then would the church fly abroad as on the wings of a dove, and bespeaking her omnipotency by the baptized tongues of her messengers, spread her soft and mellowing influences where hardness of heart, contempt of God's holy word and commandment, and the worship of superstition now prevails. Blessed should she be, for she should be wafted away in a chariot of sunbeams above the brightness of this world's day-star: her wings should fan in the atmosphere of the new heavens, and glow with the rays of all that is righteous in the New Paradise." "Oh! that *would* be joyful!" exclaimed John.

It will thus be seen, that though John Wardle and his friend Mr. Sillit, must be called 'Dissenters,' for one 'gave the sense' as well as he could to 'the right honourable few' who sabbatically met beneath his own thatched cottage-roof, and the other attended and supported a Non-conformist place of worship, yet John would not have deserted the humble church-spire of the valley, nor Mr. Sillit, the nobler temples of the same hierarchy within his city walls, had the Establishment preserved the high and holy credentials of her 'first estate.' But alas! she has descended much from the teaching of the *living* to the teaching of the *dead*; she has departed from the theology of the Reformers, and from the doctrines of her 'Articles,' and has received in exchange, *divinity*, so near like *humanity*, that those who rescued the corner stones of our faith from the ruins, would not now know them or acknowledge them as the precious relics of the Apostolic building. Carnal men *will* seek the justification of the flesh, and will thus attempt to frame an obedience of their own. The Scriptures say—God will not, *cannot* receive this: Luther, Calvin, and their co-workers in the cause of purification, echoed this same voice—calling unto men, from heaven, to enter into rest by *faith* in Christ Jesus. Upon the great seal of the Reformation, was engraved, ever to be regarded, these words:—'Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the for-

Denominational Contrast.

givenness of sins; and by Him, all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses; and the charter given unto Christians by their struggling forefathers was—**THE LIBERTY WHEREWITH CHRIST HATH MADE HIS PEOPLE FREE!**

Wherefore, these two men were as lively stones, cast away from the militant building by the builders themselves, and not such as from mere political and riotous motives adopt a dissentership, but those who wept over the coldness and the decline of the holy and beautiful house where their fathers worshipped.

"Which has done the most good in the world—the Establishment or Dissenters," asked John, after a pause in the conversation. "That is a question not very difficult to answer," replied Mr. S.; "if you asked me which is *now* doing the most good in the world, none might be able to answer, but I am sure that the most light has *been* spread by the Establishment. But Dissent has, most surely, grown up into a great fact—*rapidly* during the last fifty years, and faster and *faster* still, each succeeding year it has fastened its existence upon earth, with larger root and more spreading boughs; so that once but small as a mustard-grain, it is now a tree, commodious for the nesting of thousands of birds of beauteous feather, the property of the Prince of the power of heaven's purest air. It must therefore now be called a 'Plant of Renown.' Yes! John; at morning's light, mighty men, giants in godliness, get up and go abroad, clothed in the armour of David's Lord; and these shake mountains of guilt when they speak, while the little hills tremble, because the Lord gives the word, and great is the breath of the preachers. God has spoken through a thousand Nonconformists, and for fear of these angels, the keepers of guilty prisons have shook, and become as dead men. Let not then these, crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord,' be despised; for though their clothing be rough, they are as certainly the fore-runners of the Lord; yes! as surely as the most polished prophets." "Then perhaps they're both of 'em got some of the true ministerr, and may be all work-

The Freedom of Divine Operation.

ing out the Divine will," said John. "No doubt," replied Mr. S., "but God knows what is in the darkness, and will make his wisdom known in the coming day of Revelation; when the Lord, will be found to have made a mystic chariot of many clouds which no mind has yet imagined, or human eye yet pierced. I believe, John, that God is performing matchless works of mercy, both inside and outside the pale of the Establishment—glorifying the free operation of his own skilful arm, to shew, hereafter, how far it has stretched beyond the narrow confines of human conception: this excludes *boasting* from every section of the Christian church, and magnifies the thorough independence of God, of means destined to last but a little while: so then the Almighty has not chained himself to any system of church government, but illustrates His sovereignty by working strangely but successfully, notwithstanding the blights and dislocations of this wonderful world." "Then *Christianity* is going on better than some people think; and it's comforting to believe it," added John. "Yes! He that sitteth in the circle of the heavens is watching its progress, and timing its march, and it is consoling to believe that it is *His* great concern, and that all His attributes are awake and active to guide the present footsteps and perfect the future triumph of truth.

"Was that parable that Mr. Juniper, was telling me, anything like the Reformation," asked John. "Yes, Mr. Juniper was never more happy, perhaps, in illustrating a religious fact," said Mr. S., "than in likening our forefathers, shaking themselves from their spiritual shackles, to the three lads casting off their cobbling clothes, and running for a life of liberty." "I liked the story a good deal," said John. "Very amusing indeed," added Mr. S.; "did he compare the *tub* in which he put the soles to soak, to the *box of holy water*, John, and the *nails* used in mending, to the *sharp pointed penances*, driven by Popish hands, and cruel hammers, till soul, body and blood, cried out against it?" "No; I don't think he said anything about the cobbler's water box," replied John, "but he said the boys got very dissatisfied with the old man's tasks." "Oh! that was just it," exclaimed Mr. S.; "our fathers put up

The Genius of the Reformation.

with Popery as long as they could—till she ceased to wear a single piece of the fine linen which is the righteousness of saints; and then, driven to exasperation, the sons of freedom fled.” “And where did they go to?” asked John. “About that time,” answered Mr. S., “though the moon (the church) was almost concealed from view by an eclipse—the earth interposing herself, there were a few bright and burning stars (saints) scattered about, and though the night was dark, for the moon (the church, *as a body*) did not give her light, yet some stars of heaven shone brilliantly, and shewed themselves as the goodly believing seed typified to Abraham by the numberless gems of the eastern sky.” “Then what did the children of God do when they couldn’t stop in Popery any longer,” asked John. “Put off the garments of the beast and the false prophet,” replied Mr. S., “and put on the robes of the beautiful and true: thus clothed with change of raiment, they looked up to the hills of heaven, from thence expecting aid, when a countenance—the very brightness of the Father’s glory, looked upon them—their faces were lightened! and they were not ashamed!” “And now you must tell me what effect that had upon ’em,” said John. “I will,” replied Mr. S., “so that you shall hear with your ears what wonders God did by the hands of our Reforming-fathers:—

The heart of the Ethiopian was being enlightened, when Philip found him earnestly reading the prophet Isaiah; and the set time having fully come for God thoroughly to purge the floor of His church, He did so by sending out His voice, and that a mighty one, saying, ‘Search the Scriptures,’ at the same time shining in His strength upon the inspired pages. Holy men of old then saw therein a building, beautiful for situation and sanctity, but which was *not* the joy of the whole earth, for it was not anywhere to be found; then, having beheld the fair beauty of the Lord’s temple, sketched in the Scriptures, they went forth to search for the scattered remains of its architecture, when, beneath the dust and ashes of centuries, they found immortal fragments, which they collected, and reared up after the similitude of a palace, into which God sent his smiles, saying to the

Remembrances of Smithfield.

church—‘Arise, shine, for thy light is come.’ Thus, what the Bible did for the Ethiopian, it did for Europe, and what Philip did for one traveller, the Reformation did for ten thousand.”

‘Weightly’ was the name of that lady who talked with John on the railway, to whom, when parting, he made a promise, only contingent on the goodwill of his Blackfriars friend—that he would call, and see the astronomer and his sister before he left London. It was four o’clock on Wednesday afternoon when Mr. Sillit called on John to clothe himself for the visit, and soon they were on their way to the house of a Wesleyan. Mr. S. had put into his pocket a little copy of Fox’s Book of Martyrs, intending to pass through Smithfield, while conversation on the principal errors of the Papacy was already preparing John for a few words on the noble army of martyrs.

The two friends reached the cattle-aceldama with its thousand pens; *now*, mostly vacant; for the sheep and pigs had left, some for the slaughter and some for the sty; but a few bullocks, evidently weary of their situations, were here and there tied to stout posts, and exchanging melancholy salutes with each other.

Leaning on a sheep-gate, the two friends were ready to spend ten minutes with the souls of them under heaven’s altar.

A metropolitan mist hung thick over the field of blood, and there was not a wind to drive it away; while a mind ready to take a thought from things terrestrial, might think the hazy clouds characteristic of the frowns of the Lord on the festive fires kindled by the enemies of civil and religious liberty.

“Here suffered, on the 30th of May, 1555,” said Mr. S., “the Rev. John Cardmaker, and an upholsterer in Walbrook, named John Warne. Cardmaker was once a reader in St. Paul’s, and was apprehended in the beginning of Queen Mary’s reign, and put in the Fleet Prison, the front wall of which I showed you just now; he was a brave opponent to the doctrine of ‘transubstantiation,’ and when he was examined by Bishop Bonner, who exhorted him to give up his opposition to Popery, he replied—‘I am persuaded that I am in the right opinion,

The Triumphs of Martyrs.

and I see no cause to recant; for all the idolatry lies in the 'church of Rome;' and so he chose rather to suffer martyrdom than cease to be a Protestant."

"Then he's in the blessed kingdom now," said John; "and where else used they to burn 'em?"

"In many places," observed Mr. S.; "and I will just read you the thrilling account of human life given to the flames on Dartford Heath, Kent—a place much like the neighbourhood of the broom-maker's hut on G—— Down:—

'Nicholas Hall, bricklayer, and Christopher Waid, linen-draper, of Dartford, suffered death, condemned by Maurice, bishop of Rochester, about the last day of June, 1555. At the same time three others were condemned, whose names were Joan Beach, widow, John Harpol, of Rochester, and Margery Polley.

'Mr. Waid was appointed to be burnt at a place a quarter of a mile out of Dartford town, called the Brimth, in a gravel-pit, the common place for the execution of felons. About ten o'clock, the sheriff came with a great retinue, with Christopher Waid, and Margery Polley of Tunbridge, pinioned by him, both singing psalms. Margery, as soon as she viewed afar off the multitude gathered about the place where they were to suffer, waiting their coming, said unto Waid cheerfully, 'You may rejoice to see such a company gathered to celebrate your marriage this day.' Passing by this place, which joined to the highway, they were carried down to the town, where she was kept till the sheriff returned from Waid's execution. Mr. Waid being made ready, and his clothes stripped off at an inn, a long white shirt was brought him from his wife, which being put on, and he pinioned, he was led on foot again up to the aforesaid place. When he was come to the stake, he took it in his arms, and kissed it, setting his back to it, and standing in a pitch barrel which was taken from the beacon hard by; a smith then brought a hood of iron, and with two staples, made it fast to the stake under his arms.

'As soon as he was thus settled, with his eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, he spake with a cheerful and loud voice the last verse of the 86th Psalm:—"Show

Visit to a Wesleyan Family.

some good token upon me, O Lord, that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because thou, Lord, hast helped me, and comforted me.'

"Then the reeds being about him, he pulled them, and embraced them in his arms, making a hole against his face, that his voice might be heard; which his tormentors perceiving, they cast faggots at the aperture; but, notwithstanding, he still, as he could, put them off, his face being hurt with the end of a faggot cast thereat. The fire being put to him, he cried unto God often—"Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" showing no token nor sign of impatience in the fire, till at length, after the fire was thoroughly kindled, he was heard by no man to speak, still holding up his hands together over his head towards heaven, even when he was dead, and altogether roasted, as though they had been stayed up with a support under them.

This sign did God show upon him, that his enemies might perceive that God had, according to his prayer, manifested such a token upon him to their shame and confusion.'

Leaving Smithfield, they passed the Chartist's court, when John would have blown the 'Trumpet of Grace' in the ears of the Perkins family, but Mr. S. promised not to lose sight of an opportunity to do them good if he would spare himself this time.

Moving on, the countryman was comparing the feelings of that night when he seemed to sleep but just under a great bell which told the time in tones of thunder, with the happy change of company he now enjoyed; and was fully realizing the sweetness of a current of thought shewing how 'the steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord,' when Mr. Weightly's door received a blow, which was quickly answered by quite as much kindness as the most sensitive of men could wish for.

Having found a door of entry to the house, a door of utterance to the heart as decidedly followed. John's nervous glance at the contents of the room, as he took his seat, was observed by Mrs. W., while a bust of some divine, whose features were evidently strange to Wardle, induced her to say—"The founder of our sect, Sir." "Oh indeed!—why I shouldn't

One of John Wardle's Mistakes.

have thought it possible," said John. "That's him!—and a very good likeness it is," added Mrs. W. "Was it before or after he entered upon his public ministry?" enquired John. "Oh! after—some years," said Mrs. W. "Then it must have been just before our Lord was betrayed," observed John. "The founder of our sect, Sir—I think you *mistake* me," remarked the lady. "No I don't, I believe, M'm," added John, meekly; "it's the 'Saviour of sinners,' isn't it?" "Well, I have no doubt he has been the honoured instrument of saving many," said Mrs. W.: "it is *Mr. Wesley*."

John looked to his learned friend beside him for some help, when Mr. S. explained that Mr. Wardle had spent his days in a secluded part of Devonshire, where there was neither a dictionary of all religions, nor any to tell him of the great theological men who seemed, in their days of popularity, to have drawn after them a third part of the stars of heaven. Mr. and Mrs. Weightly did blush sufficient for the citizen's observation, who thought it much more than possible that John had already conferred some benefit on his new friends. The preacher however, who, for the last quarter of a century had sought to know and shew wisdom, did not satisfy himself till he had offered a few remarks on the passage—'Other *foundation* can no man lay, than that which is laid—Christ Jesus.'

"And how long is it ago since you first knew and served the Lord," asked Mrs. W.

John told the year of our Lord, if not the night when the true light entered his heart as vivid as a shooting star of the firmament.

"And the spark has not gone out yet?" said the Wesleyan. "No! It never will, world without end," replied John—"Jesus is the great high priest of our profession, and He'll see to it that the fire upon the altar of our hearts does not go out day nor night." "Well, if the spark has not gone out, has it increased into a flame," asked Mrs. W.

John set himself to answer the question by taking a book from his pocket; saying, "Isaiah: the sixth chapter and sixth verse—'Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs

A Christian's account of Himself.

from off the altar; and he laid it upon my mouth and said, Lo! this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sins purged;' which occurrence John explained to be like what had happened to him while reading the Bible on that stormy night—much to be remembered: "a Spirit," he said, "must have come down in the form of a dove, and laid a living coal on my mouth, because it set fire to the wild stuff that grew in my heart like upon a common, and then up sprung good thoughts and desires, and then I told others what I believed, and it ran among some of 'em like the fire of God."

"You know Sir," said the lady, "that after the seraphim had laid the coal on Isaiah's mouth, he heard the voice of the Lord saying, 'Go and tell this people, Hear ye, indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not,' and that was a solemn description to have to give of his countrymen's condition." "Well, I had a thrilling message for some of them too," said John; "and I do think when I set forth what a terrible thing it was to fall into the hands of the living God, they seemed all at once to be struck by it: then I told 'em the names of the wicked ones that was now buried in the churchyard, and told 'em that though their bones might be under the yew tree, they might be feeling solitary and miserable, and be looking out for a comforter—but it was no use!

"Then you are accustomed to preach, I suppose, Mr. Wardle," remarked the lady.

"I haven't much talent for *that* M'm," replied John, "but it does seem to be our Father's good pleasure to make use of simple instruments, if they're *sincere*; and since I've been to London, I've been trying to find a shelter for my ignorance in that beautiful chapter on the talents, where the man that had only *two*, was accepted like him that had *five* given to him," Mr. Weightly, whose attention was engaged with a book, was evidently interrupted by the simplicity and ingenuity of John's apology for being an unlearned and ignorant man, while Mr. Sillit also was willing to suffer the repetition of Christian echoes between the speakers.

"It is true indeed, to the glory of God,"

The Saints and their Synagogue.

said Mrs. W., "that the schooling of this world is not indispensable to the effectual working of Almighty power, and this tells us most plainly that the Gospel is not after men; but if I *may* ask, Mr. Wardle, are you a teacher in an *organized* church?" Organized!—Organized? John was helped by an explanation which enabled him to say that, they had no *book* in which the names of the recognized Christians were put down, and so it was something like the Church of England for that, but he was sure he should not forget *one* of them, and that he bore their names on the breastplate of his affections, and remembered them when he prayed and when he praised.

"And how much did your chapel cost in building," asked Mrs. W.—"and is it out of debt?"

Mr. Sillit smiled, as he anticipated the answer that must follow, while he saw the little white cottage of his friend, with its thatch-roof, black with the burning heat of many autumns.

"One shilling and sixpence a-week M'm is the rent of *all*—cottage and chapel," said John, "and it's like a little castle *fortified*, with the angel of the Lord encamping against the walls, and a ladder inside, leading up to heaven, for the ministering spirits to come up and down, and our souls to enter up into the holiest of all."

Mr. Weightly now rose from his seat, took up a cloth, and covered one of a pair of great globes, and Mr. S. noticed that the astronomer had shrouded 'the glory of the *terrestrial*.'

"Then you have no debt on your house, or holy place," remarked Mrs. W.

"No M'm," said John, "*no debt*; and that's what makes it a *sweet* home to us: we owe no man anything, but to love one another, and that Rebecca and me do; and sometimes we have a few pence to help our afflicted."

"Are there any Wesleyans among you?" said Mrs. W.; "I suppose *not* though by the face of Mr. Wesley being strange to you; you would have seen him hung up in some of the cottages, I dare say, had there been one of the chapels near you."

After John had said that he had never yet seen or heard of a Devonshire Wes-

The Mission of Mr. Wesley.

leyan, Mrs. W. with much zeal explained the peculiarities of her denomination, when John was most of all surprised to hear that Mr. Wesley differed so little from the doctrines usually proclaimed from the pulpits of the National Church.

"Was he justified then in making such a separation," asked John; "I became a Dissenter because the minister taught us to seek salvation by works of the Law, and didn't point us to the Lamb of God, for life and forgiveness." "The wisdom of Mr. Wesley has been established by the testimonies of hundreds of thousands," said Mrs. W.; "and the mighty works which he did in the land, are the proof that he was influenced by the spirit of *good*. It was surely no *evil* work that he came to do, and distinct and divine were the seals of his lofty mission. His infant years were most conspicuously tended by Omnipotence, and the steps of his *manhood* shew him a traveller in the *path* of the just; and when his mouth was widely opened to declare the things concerning the kingdom of God, he flew on love's swift and successful wings from east to west, from north to south, till, round about, he had industriously spread the knowledge of the salvation that is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory. So then, I think we may say, that though he did not follow the rules of the Establishment, there has been good proof given that he was among the true prophets, and not the least *honoured*, I think."

Now conversation immediately followed on the virtues and vices of the Conference, and whether Conservatism or Whiggery was best for Wesleyanism, but as all that is said in the parlour is not well said to the public, we prefer to abandon our quill for one hour.

Mrs. Weightly however deeply lamented the 'schism in the body,' and hoped for the dawn of that desired day when unity, peace, and concord, will reign upon the earth, and all hearts be happy in the reflection that there shall be no more discord *for ever*.

Mr. Sillit observed that, "the several sections of the Christian Church seemed just now to be visited by the 'spirit of confusion,' and to have received a blow which has spread alarm in the tabernacles of a thousand congregations. Is not this

The Seat of Spiritual War.

evidence that the world is the theatre of a war between two opposing principles—the spirit that lusteth to envy, and the spirit that vaunteth not itself, is not easily provoked, and sheweth the goodly signs of its heavenly birth. Very few are the places shewing not the results of the fact that Christ and Satan are fighting out the great principles of virtue and vice—righteousness or *ruin* throughout our globe.”

“Then we need not wonder,” added Mrs. W., “though we may well lament the confusions of *war* within the pale of Christian denominations.” “If the church is the *chief* field of conflict,” remarked Mr. S., “the consequences of the sore struggle may be expected to be visible, while it is proof, unpleasant indeed, of the fierceness and power of the foe, when it is *not* the army of infidelity against the army of the faithful, but man against man, family against family, congregation against congregation; and these all wearing the features of the children of a better hope: then indeed the desperacy of the assault is manifest, and it may be that men’s inferior natures are inflamed by the falsest and foulest fire, and receive from unseen intelligences supplies of burning brands to throw among their brethren, and set on fire the wood, hay, and stubble, of poor humanity, and with it the tongue which *no man* can tame.”

The friends rose from their seats to examine some marvellous things brought by missionaries from the lands of darkness, until an urn occupied a central place on the table, promising, by its size, to fill dozens of the little tea-cups surrounding it; and after John had dropped all the copper he could spare into a money box, on being assured by the lady of the house that it would be spent in preaching that same Jesus which he confessed, they sat down to tea, when the countryman addressed in prayer—“The fount from whence all blessings flow.”

It had been told John that Mrs. Weightly’s brother was a gentleman who studied the stars, and when a chimney-side bell had been rung, the astronomer appeared.

After tea, Mr. Long rose, in answer to Mr. Sillit’s request to shew unto John some of the ways in which ‘the heavens declare the glory of the Lord;’ and ad-

The Glory of the Sun.

vancing to the uncovered globe, said “the ancient astronomers, better to distinguish the situations of the stars, formed groups of them, described by figures of animated nature, as, the ‘little bear,’ the ‘flying horse,’ the ‘whale,’ the ‘fox and goose.’” “Then they made the creatures to serve like the chapters and verses in our Bibles,” remarked John; and the astronomer assented to the comparison.

“First let me speak of the sun,” said Mr. Long. “Ah! I’ve heard now it’s a ball of fire,” exclaimed John.

John saw that it was wise to keep silence.

“The sun, Mr. Wardle, is a world, beautiful for brightness,” said Mr. L. “Some think that its vallies stand thicker than ours, with better corn, and that upon its mountains stronger-eyed eagles boldly face the light of loftier suns.” “But do *you* think the sun is inhabited?” said John. “Yes my friend,” replied Mr. L., “though the sun’s light has been estimated at three hundred thousand times that of the full moon, He who made the eye can strengthen it for the brightness of seven suns or seventy times seven.” “Yes surely,” said Mr. S.; “He is *Almighty* to prepare the eyes of innocence to search the fields of glory, and behold without a veil, the richest displays of the third heavens.” “Yes!—the apparel of the sun need not be too splendid for the lofty intelligences that may walk its scented fields, or wing from hill to hill, for” added Mr. Long, “they may, in person, as far outshine the lustre of their residence as the robes of a duchess the ground on which she walks, or the jewels of our Sovereign’s crown the brightness of her palace floor!”

“I hope we’re not sinning in imagining so,” said John.

“I think not,” replied Mr. Long, “except we get wise in our own conceits: the telescope is a gift from above, whereby the Divine condescension is glorified in handing to man an instrument bringing him into fellowship with facts compelling him to cry, ‘Praise him sun and moon, praise him all ye stars of light.’ Putting the magnifying glass to the heavens, we put the microscopic glass to the earth: the works of God appear at one end, and the works of men at the other: we behold

The Principalities in Heavenly Places.

the Creator and are exalted, we see the creature and are abased : confessing the reverence due from all that are round about Him, we praise the mysteries of 'the Incarnation,' whereby the veil of ignorance has been rent, and the eyes of men opened to a survey of the holy places."

Mr. Sillit fully agreed to the *virtue* of the triumphs of the telescope, and expressed his belief that the very brightest stars were perhaps the most likely to be habitations for the just, when Mr. Long added, "yes, if there is a beautiful similarity in the chief motions of the solar family; if Herschel is as obedient as Mercury, and both conform to the pattern set them by the patriarch-planet—turning on their axis, and travelling their round way—the sun *also* revolving round its axis, having an orbit of its own, and paying homage itself, with its own system, to a greater sun, a supreme centre, then what is our chief luminary but another world like our own, in the great characteristics of its motions, though of the *sun* alone, perhaps, it may be said—"there is no night there."

"Many things on earth," said Mr. S., "are indeed made according to the patterns of the heavenly mountains, and we may be sure that man cannot conjecture a fact too astonishing and glorious to be abundantly realized in the heavenly places; and truly, Mr. Long," said Mr. S., "if the planets, our neighbours in the firmament, have their days and nights so like our own, that the population in Venus have but a quarter of an hour *less* night than ourselves, and Mars but about twenty minutes *more* than ourselves, why should we conclude that this resemblance to our own day and night extends not to smaller circumstances. What indeed should make us think that there is no cause for day, nor need for night, in those worlds, but that they turn round, bright palaces, without intelligences?" "Quite my ideas of the character of the celestial creation," added Mr. Long, "with their multitude which no man's knowledge can number of those created to speak forth His honour and His holiness: go you to the waters of the north or the south, the eastern river or the western rivulet, and you will find fish; fly to the fields of ice or fire, and you will find animals;

The Adoration of the Astronomical Heavens

change of clime being *no* obstacle to the Creator's operations; for of the land of both snow and sun it must be said,—"O Lord thou preservest man and beast!" If then God has so designed it that there shall be everywhere something living, moving, and having its being from Himself, it is *natural* to the contractedness of the human mind to set the bounds of God's creation of living things within the east and west of this world, but how *noble* to extend one's flight to other stars—to credit their songs, their life, their love. Mr. Long left his great globe, when Mrs. Weightly, accompanied by her piano, sang:—

Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
I'd fly to the realms of the blest;
I'd soar from life's troubles and cares,
And there be for ever at rest.

To the regions of bliss would I fly—
Where sorrow and sin are unknown,
Where angels and seraphs unite
In worship to God on His throne.

No cloud of dark sorrow or sin [there:
Should o'ershadow my spirit when
To a Saviour's lov'd presence I'd cling,
And rest in His bosom each fear.

When grief with her poisonous shaft
Has embittered life's sunniest ray,
How sweet to the sorrowing heart—
'All tears will be *there* wiped away.

Then Mr. Long observed that if there was a mountain in the sun, as Herschel supposed, 50,000 miles in diameter, and 300 miles in height, what mortal could realize the scene, if this hill were covered by an intelligent company, the minstrel priests of glory, sending their charming praises up to the imperial heights, answered throughout, and from and to, the sun, on chords of sympathy, innumerable, and echoed with electric flight, in the music of a thousand surrounding spheres; then, gathering strength, rolling the round of happy skies, louder and louder still, glorious and glorious, as the incalculable chorus mounteth to the Almighty seat—till, finding the splendid source of all, the *fact* felt by the spirits of the general universe, they *bend*, and *shout*, and cast their crowns.

"But this is a poor idea of the sublime worship of unsullied stars," added Mr.

The Globes of Glory.

Long; "for what is the loftiest conception the human mind is capable of?—as far off the whole magnificence of the truth as finite from infinite." "And if that can be true about the splendour of the sun," interposed John, "then what very little creatures we are; and how foolish pride seems!" "Ah! it is good service rendered to us by the science of astronomy," replied Mr. L., "when man falls down before the lofty prospect, seeing his own great globe but a little one among the thousands, when reflected in the looking-glass of the heavenly universe: then great cities seem less than the lively roe of a cod fish." "Well, I feel so little *now*," added John, "that I don't know how to picture what a puny being I am; and our valley seems shrivelled up into nothing." "Ah! but it is the glory of God," said Mr. L., "to respect the crevices in creation, and leave not a corner unnoticed, uncared for: the lily, budding and blowing in secrecy, may never be seen by human eye, yet this flower is fashioned shielded and supplied by him who gardens the globe. In answer to a question, put to be answered for John's instruction, it was said, "The light of the sun is about eight minutes reaching this world, but there are stars so far off that though they began to send their light towards us before the gates of paradise were opened, the blazing fork has not yet reached us; but it shall not be *one minute* behind its time when the period for its arrival has fully come. Yes! it will be true to the twinkling of an eye." "And how far off is the sun," asked John. "About five hundred thousand times farther than from your cottage to the cathedral of St Paul's," replied Mr. L. "Why and I was a whole day coming here," said John. "Yes, and if you had travelled as fast as the train of the sun's light, it would have taken you about a thousandth part of a second; so that you might have visited your cottage five hundred times, and made as many bows at the cathedral door of St. Paul's, and all within a second of time!" "Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth!" said John, adding—"Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" "Nothing" echoed all the company; "for if He will, *He* crushes a *mountain* easier than a *man* a *walnut*, or dries the seas quicker than

The Gift of Supernatural Light.

a furnace could scorch away a water drop!" "Who shall stay His hand?" added John. "More likely to frustrate the falls of Niagara with a goose-quill," said Mr. L., "or stay the going down of the sun with a bulrush," said another, "or tie the world to a wicket gate," added another; "and that makes the grandeur—the Omnipotency of Christianity," said Mr. Sillit—"that it is the God that commanded the light to shine out of darkness that doth shine in the human heart." "Yes! it was a ray as fast and faithful as those that issue from the sun, which entered the persecutor's heart on his way to Damascus," said the astronomer. "A great light too," added Mr. S.—"great with *mercy*, God-like in *might*—'from heaven'—*holy* in its influences, *majestic* in its beginning, *magnificent* in its course, most glorious—world without end!" "Suddenly!—did angels conceive it?" asked one, "did cherub choose or seraph send it? We have the explanation of the descent of the mystic light in these words of prayer—'Father, I will that they also whom *Thou hast given me* be with me where I am, to behold my glory.' The great secret was—The High Priest of our profession was pleading for the persecutor, and thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift—he *obtained mercy*!"

"And the Eunuch saw a good deal of brightness in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah," remarked John.

Musical as the glee—pleasant as the several parts—*necessary* as the notes to complete the harmonious conversation, was John, thus sustaining his lower place in the creation of melody—acceptable by the happy combination of speech which gave spirit and symphony to this talk on stars.

"Yes indeed, said the Christian astronomer," willing to ascend from the Sun, to the Saviour, and Prince of Light—"the Ethiopian was well employing his time: it was not the small talk of Jerusalem that occupied his meditations; nor indeed the bright and beautiful lands through which he passed on his way home to the palace of Queen Candace; but the bleeding Messiah he saw delineated in the prophecies: he had seen the goodly stones of the temple, forty and six years in coming to its perfect polish, but

The Ministry of the Moon.

he must find a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens : not content with the blood of bulls and goats, knowing they could never take away sin, in the glimmering of the true light, he thought he saw the features of 'some other'—of a *sacrificial* man."

"And it is very glorifying to a man," said Mr. S., "to be instrumental in wiping away the thick film darkness from another's eye, as was Philip. How perfect the arrangement for the meeting of preacher and hearer! followed as it has been by thousands of successive instances—less conspicuous to the general eye, but visible and radiant to the gracious sight."

John asked some questions about the moon, which led Mr. Long to say, that it revolved round the earth; and that if this modest minister to the earth's necessities may be likened unto the Church of God, as it is in the Scriptures, then, in many things, is she a type and a teacher of heavenly mysteries:—

As surely as she carries her light from east to west, and spreads the surface of the dark world, shall the church illuminate every land, and the truth wing its way till the north gives up and the south keeps not back, and the earth everywhere echoes the triumph of light."

"Alluding to the final victory of the light," said Mr. Weightly, who until this moment had not advanced within the circle of conversation, "I have just been noticing the Greek text of the words translated 'the darkness comprehended it not,' and it appears that the sentence would better express the sense of inspiration by being rendered, 'the darkness *amalgamateth* not with it:' this is as philosophically true as that fire and water will not contract amicable partnership—as that sin and holiness will never be friends; and truly the light proclaims its victory over the darkness every morning, and we may be sure that the night which has overtaken human nature will be banished when the spirit is poured out from on high: then the heavens and the earth will join like twin lips to say, '*Now is Salvation come.*'"

Mr. Sillit believed in the separate interests of light and darkness, of truth and error, and made a full response in favour of such sentiments, when Mr. Long took

The Majesty of Christianity.

notice of the Christianity taught by the moon, saying that, "when she is 'in opposition' to the earth, her whole disc is enlightened—receiving the *glory* of the sun *full in her face*, and shewing to the world, her whole body, full of light; so when the church is diametrically opposite to the world that lieth in wickedness, she shines indeed, and men acknowledge her descent from God, for she wears the bridal ornaments and reflects the lustre of the courts of the kingdom to come."

'My kingdom is not of this world,' said He who must surely know its character; and inasmuch as the moon derives her light from a high-born source, let the church beware lest she be found trying to draw from *earthly* sources what alone can come from the *schekinah* of the skies. It is the office of the church," added Mr. L., "to be a light to them that sit in darkness, and to shine away the shadows of death—to illuminate the world's *night*—to be giving to humanity just what she receives from heaven."

"It is indeed a matter of great importance," said Mr. S., "that the church should ever maintain her opposition to the course of this world; or, how shall she inherit the blessing of *walking not* in the counsel of the ungodly, and *sitting not* in the seat of the scornful, except she turns her face from the paths of profligacy and shuns the society of the sinful: in this, she must be *singular* though the wondering world should ask—'*Who is this?*' But if the world can, she *will* hide her light under a bushel, and remove the church-candlestick out of its place; the world will try to convert the *singularity* of Christianity into *similarity* with itself, and secularize its spirit till its holy distinction is lost, and its influence paralyzed. Nor is it a small effort that is required to confess Christ before men. It is majesty of mind, and strength of heart, and a beautiful boldness of character, derived from a very lofty source, that will alone enable Christians to shine as heavenly lights in the world. He who would pass through the ranks of the scornful must be unmindful of their sneers if he would wax valiant in fight; and it is no trifling thing to encounter the taunts of the secular crowd—to forsake the polished company of the palace for the poverty and obloquy

The Secularity of Profession.

of the children of God. There may be, in some instances, as much moral courage required in confessing Christ boldly, with ears stopped to the sneerful sayings of an intellectual or fashionable assembly, as in making an open-air confession at a martyr's stake. But woe be to him ready to excuse himself with paltry and effeminate reasons for refusing to wear the prescribed cloak of a public confession: he may catch the worthless rays of worldling's smiles, and the occasional better beam of one whose charity is willing to hope for the display of greater boldness at some future day, but it is not yet certain that he will not be *denied* before the holy angels who are *ever* confessing their king, casting their crowns obediently before Him, in the view of all heaven. There are some persons whose Christianity never yet cost them a three-penny-worth-loss of the world's esteem, whose religion never lost them anything secular—whose semi-profession is characterized so much by the clever art of living at peace with all men, that neither heaven nor earth can find out which they really are at peace with—*God, or the world!*"

"That's lamentable!" remarked Mr. Weightly; "but no libel on the conduct of many. It is true. They turn not to the world the *full face*, but the *profile* of Christianity, and miserably indistinct are the features of the Christian being: the cold looks of friends in respectable stations of society are vastly too severe for *them* to suffer, and so they shelter themselves from the scorching rays of persecution beneath a very convenient umbrella, and walk along, hiding their faces from the Christian passengers, fully possessed with the notion that they are of the society of the "*humble, and, of course*, one of those flowers born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air."

"Ah! that don't shew forth the praises of Him that called us out of darkness into His marvellous light," said John; "if we've got a very beautiful flower at home, we put it where it can be seen; and if it is of a very sweet scent, we put it in the cottage window, so that the winds send in the fine smell all over the house." "Rebecca is in the habit of putting her sweetest flowers where they can best be seen and best be smelt, is she, John?"

Christian Experience.

said Mr. Sillit; "and never puts them under a bushel?" "No! No!" replied the cottager. "Then the florists of this world are *wise*; and, let the tillers of paradise be *wiser*! Did Adam shroud the choicest flowers in Eden with leaves checking the light of the sun, and shielding them from dew? How much more then does the Second Adam seek to shew the plants of His *own* right hand, and exhibit in the wilderness their blossoms like the rose."

Mr. Long was asked to say something more on the theology of the moon, when he observed that she always presented the *same* side to the earth: "this," said he, "is like *truth*: she is not *two-faced*, but is from everlasting to everlasting the very *same*: truth *cannot* change, except it be the shining brighter and *brighter* till triumphant day: its source is *divine*, its flow, *omnipotent*, its flood, *universal* as the brightness of the highest skies!"

"And if," added the astronomer, "the moon, seen through a telescope, is diversified with hills and valleys, and that sunlit body is a type of the church militant, do not the pilgrims for glory find in their chequered way, *light* and *shade*, gladness and grief? Meet they not with many a mountain, walk they not, tremblingly, through valleys, shady and cold?" "Ah! the pilgrim's progress is like the country round about our cottage," added John—"sometimes the birds *sing*, and sometimes they're *silent*; and sometimes the river rolls gently by the door, and sometimes it swells out as though it would carry our little chapel and all of us away."

One remarked that it was not always bird-singing-time—that the mirth of the terrestrial suffers its relapses; and such are the spirit-songs of the saints: their harps are silent sometimes, for their hearts weep sometimes: it is the season of the soul's temporary winter. "But," remarked another, "the song bursts forth anew, and the harpist's hand sweeps the strings with fresh vigour after the cold has passed and the ice-morsels have ceased to fall; then the heart acknowledges the Spring with its new songs, and makes matchless melody unto the Lord."

"There is a high hill," said John, "a few miles from us, and the road over it is so white that we can see it quite plain from our door." "I observed it particu-

The Country of Pilgrimage.

larly," said Mr. S., "and I suppose, with a telescope, travellers might be distinctly seen crossing over it: a very beautiful type indeed, I thought it, Mr. Long, of the life that now is, with its mortals ascending their various hills of difficulty, putting on immortality at every step." "Yes! there was a gentleman standing on the bridge one day," added John, "and saying that he could see an old woman with a red cloak on, near the top; and then he watched her till she crossed over, and was out of sight." "Blessed are they indeed," said one, "found on the mountain not made with hands, clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, for they shall arrive at the crown of the hill of Zion." "Yes, and that crown so refulgent, shall shroud the created in the splendour of the Creator," added another.

"And what shall we say of the moon's mountains?" asked the astronomer. "We might say," answered Mr. S., "that every member of the true militant Church finds mountains of two kinds: those, which for height and greatness are like the *sins* which he has so grievously committed, and like unto the mercy of God, whose '*righteousness* is like the great mountains;' for the first class, he feels he *need* not fear, because they have been removed and cast into the midst of unfathomable sea, and the second class are a *cheer* and a *comfort* to him, assured that 'as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people, from henceforth and for ever.'" "And what of the lunar volcanoes?" said Mr. Long. "They may be like the war of storms that have burst from the pit below, when dark and cruel powers have cast forth floods of fire out of their mouths, and sought to burn up every green and genuine plant. How often has the 'anathema-maranatha' of *spirits*, *sinful*, thrilled through the land, and the Church trembled on the waves of a subterraneous flood; yet, like Shadrack and his co-partners in triumph, the fire has not kindled upon them, but formed a chariot and horses, swift for the better land." "And what of the eccentricity of the moon's orbit?" said Mr. L. "What more eccentric," said Mr. S., "than the way of the Children of Israel in the wilderness? What earthly mathematician would have

The Purification of the Globe.

drawn for their feet a line to walk in so past finding out? Not one man that left the brick-fields of Egypt did predict for himself such a round-about journey; but there was *wisdom* in the walks of the fire-pillar, and *mercy* in its march.'" "Ah! how well it is," said Mrs. Weightly, "when we can take the *Bible* for our *atlas*, and *faith* for our compass, and say, 'Not my will but *Thine* be done.'" "Yes! that is just the excellency of spiritual and vital Christianity," added Mr. S., "and truly, *without this*, there may be the profession—shall I say the *hive*; but where is the *honey*? Nor has any person *more* Christian experience, properly so called, than he has the grace to say, 'Our Father,' and the mind, moulded to the *pattern*, and beautified by the *spirit*, of things in heaven: there may be the *logic* without the *love* of the truth, and there may be much exactness of *sentiment* without the *soul* fashioned according to the glorious working whereby He is able and accustomed to subdue the thoughts, words, and works, of His people unto Himself.

The company gave their full assent to the value of the *spirit* above the *skeleton* of Christianity, and confessed, briefly, the unity of their convictions on this point, hoping that they all should be found like trees planted by the rivers of waters.

"And you do believe in the purification and glorification of this world, I suppose?" remarked Mr. Long.

"I believe," said Mr. S., "that it is to be the universal reflection of *all* that is *good*, *great*, and *grand*: like the transparent jasper, it will yield to the eye and to the heart of its inhabitants the most various and gratifying illuminations; the light thrown upon every dark saying will then be cause for the melody of golden harps, and the designs of the Almighty be lucid with wisdom and glory: clear as crystal will then be every problem which now puzzles, and each view of the many parts of machinery so marvellous, and methods, divine will call forth His praises who hath commanded the darkness away from the world and dressed it in His marvellous light. Heaven, so far as the *place* is concerned is, I think, none other than the present globe; but as great as the difference between sin and holiness will the change be that shall pass upon

The Vanity of Human Life.

it: the garden of Eden may be regarded, I think, as a prophetic emblem of the flowers and the fruits, and the streams, that will gladden and glorify the home of the children of the resurrection; and how happy shall they be who are counted worthy to obtain that world, with all its blissful associations: eternal life!—who can realize such a gift? who can conceive the impressions and expressions the consciousness of such an endowment will produce? *Now*, life has so much of death always about it, that to think one's self a subject of this world, for ever, would create a vehement struggle for something fruitful and compensating with happiness, lasting and sufficient for the interminable prospect; and though east to west were explored, with height and depth, all would say, 'It is not in me,' while the immortalized people would return from their world-wide searches, possessed of an undying worm of dissatisfaction. *Existence*, to be felt a blessing, must have its pleasures, or its flowery vista of hope, stretching a green pathway to some paradise of promise. The testimony of old age is, that the garden of this life has lost its sweets; yet for fear of the grave's gloom, unconverted humanity is unwilling to believe in the death of the earth's delights, but anxiously pierces the few flowers of late autumn for the last sweets of a scorching season. Some are willing to live longer, because across the dark and fitful waves they see not the bright lights in the harbour of yonder shore, while the pains of dying produce a timorous clinging to the present. What then is life? When the bud of childhood has opened, the spreading flower is surrounded by a polluted atmosphere, and soon insects of destruction gather and feed on its vigour and beauty: it drops beneath the assault, saying, 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble: he cometh forth like a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not!' The cup is lifted to the lips of young life, full and flowing with prospect, but the froth vanishes, and half-drunk, its flavour declines, till the dregs say, 'It is an evil and a bitter thing to sin against the Lord.' Thus, the great globe itself, and all that it doth contain, languishes for the breathings of

The Kingdom to come.

the Most High—sighing for that universal sanctification, when there shall be no more crying, neither *any* more sorrow—when eternal life will be eternal joy, and heights and depths, and lengths and breadths exult in the glorious donation! Else what shall they do who are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Did they not suffer a baptism of sorrow for the sake of the coming glory? They laid down this tabernacle, trusting in a great Resurrection—believing that the earth's groans had their prophetic echo on the cross; that '*It is finished*' doth set bounds to the sighs and sorrows of a grieving and a groaning world; and that '*All Hail*,' sounds across every sea, from the sepulchre of Christ. Yes, they were baptized before all men, in the faith of the Mediator's death, and in the sure and certain belief of His having risen again. Where then Mr. Long, but in *this* globe shall be fulfilled all the splendid results of the Resurrection. Which shall be the Canaan among the stars, but the present sullied sphere, with its blight *abolished* and its brightness *come*: *this* shall be the Beulah of blessedness—the married to all that is magnificent; here shall be the everlasting possession of Abraham and his brotherly seed; here shall the victory of virtue over vice be asserted; here shall wave the banners of triumph; in this theatre shall the *truth* be magnified, and this world shall be the *library*, and every visible thing its *leaves*, lit with the seven-fold sunshine of the love of God—in remembering the earth's prisoners in their low estate, in entering their prison-house, in carrying up its doors to Calvary's top, and giving to millions the joyful knowledge of *this* fact—'*If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*'

A millenium in miniature was indeed already realized in the house of Mr. Weightly, for though the persons present were members of different Protestant denominations, yet the blessing of a meek and noble spirit was so largely inherited, that the confines of sectarianism were forgotten in their accustomed range of the fields of freedom: loosed then from the contractions of systems, earthly and temporary, these superior specimens of sects and parties sat together in heavenly

Friendship and its Riches.

places, proving the riches of those sublime elevations where the discordant noises of the courts militant are unheard.

Mr. Sillit felt himself indebted to, 'The Journey of John Wardle from a Devonshire Valley,' for this introduction to the friendship of the Wesleyans, and the astronomer of the Established Church; for it will be remembered that Mrs. Weightly and John were first introduced to each other in the railway carriage, by the instrumentality of the falling hailstones; thus had John contributed, to the joy and benefit of his Blackfriars friend, no mean part to the further completion of the social network, rewarding Mr. S. in coin of the same spiritual realm; so it often happens, that a kindness, and a good, done to others, reverts to the doer with Gospel-interest, *greater* than the exchange—an *eye* for an *eye* and a *tooth* for a *tooth*: a field parted with for the faith, shall not be lost, but there shall come down a rain upon the mown grass of the liberal man, and fruitful showers, spanned by the rainbow: the flowers plucked by hands of clarity, become prolific in the plucking, for sweet seeds are shaken on the ground of their culture, and while the delighted senses of the receiver take, again and again, new draughts of perfume, the flowers for the future are spreading themselves for the giver, and a coming summer yields its increase, he knows not how.

Mr. Sillit had not been forgetful, in the first instance, to entertain John, and now he was led by this unlettered angel to a door as welcome to a Christian's knock as his own.

After a few parting remarks tending to tie the knot of friendship, the two visitors left, and, while re-crossing Smithfield, stayed beneath the bright shining of a thousand stars, leaning on a sheep-pen rail, conversing.

The skirts and cross-ways of the market place were traced by numerous sparkling little imitators of the lamps of the sky; a few dogs were strolling among the vacant pens, leaping over the topmost bars, or accomodating their bodies to the closest rails, and, spirit-like, composedly passing through. Men were announcing every one of their potatoes to be 'hot,' and several little steam funnels, about a hundredth part the thickness of adjacent lamp

Smithfield at Starlight.

posts, seemed striving to bear truthful witness to the vegetable-vendor's words. Pies also were being applauded, and by the sententious panegyrics passed upon the pastry, it appeared to be the object of the sellers to make them mouths of errand-boys water with strong desire. Shouts, unintelligible but to those for whom they were intended, kept up evening-chorus: the boy, let loose from the bands of toil—free from the garret-workshop, seemed like a bird escaped from the snare of the fowler; and knew not how loud and strangely to express his joy: the woman, having completed her sale, with empty basket slung from her shoulders, plainly told every one the triumph of her day's trade; and the conquering-hero sort-of voice in which the female chatted to another, might say the seller's heart was the seat of much commercial satisfaction; the man, with pipe in mouth, free and bold to articulate still, was talking about shillings and pence in such a way as indicated there had just been a wind up of partnership, and the profits were enough to make him jovial: such were the evening characteristics of Smithfield.

Mr. Weightly's guests reached Blackfriars in safety, and spent some time among the stars of heaven before the dust and ashes of their being, weary and heavy laden, retired to the very pleasant rest of nature's night season.

When deep sleep falleth upon men, the strength of the *mental* escapes from the weakness of the *material*, and wings its way to some far-off nest of hope, or happier skies of strong desire:—

During the day John had been anxious and burning to unbottle a few thoughts with his friends at home; and since where the heart has been, there sometimes in dreams will the spirit be, it was quick and light as ghosts proceed, that a creature, neither flesh nor bone, skipped to the fields of John's sweet home: rounding the valley-cemetery the autumn sun shone lovingly in the churchyard where the weather-worn stone was which marked the place where the grey-headed grandmother was laid, and whereon was chiselled a sentence from the lips of Job; then the Episcopal tabernacle was scanned, and the letters 'J. W.' observed by their engraver on the gallery-book-shelf; the

John Wardle's Dream.

sun was going down, and those 'called to be saints,' were coming home: welcome was John at their cottage-doors, needless were the words, 'come in': infants tossed their legs, stretched their hands, and opened lovingly their mouths and laughing eyes; and mothers smiled to see their tendrils clinging to a brave and healthful oak; then, lunar's silver light had just began to shine—thro' the quiv'ring verdure of the trees, and John arose, and hastening home, a woodman meeting, still pecking at a bonny root of beach, to whom he spoke about the *tree* eternal, its leaves, and those whose right it is to pluck and live; then, coming to his cottage door, an evening song bird whistled sweetly to the hushed creation, and he saw the shadow of the minstrel, in the lofty tree that stretched its length by moonlight, along the face of softly chiming river; but now, with hand on door-latch, he heard a voice—a very lovely song; for thus a female sung:—'How sweet... the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear! it soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds'.... Oh!—when will your wings be brighter than a dove's with silver shining, and your song be louder and far sweeter than the summer hymns of all the earth. My wife!'

John dreamt no more.

There was little *new*, but always something *nourishing*, in the opening of domestic day in the house of Mr. Sillit: the flames of fire curled round the kettle, faithful to the strike of the old eight-day clock, while each breakfast was but a fac-simile of a former one—sanctified by the addition of one more chapter of conversation on the life that now is, and on that which is to come. We have therefore nothing extra to say about this hour of John's sojourn at Blackfriars—no more than that he found his way safely again down the dark stairs, and said 'All hail!' in the smiles of a bright October morn, answered by the enthusiastic responses of the householder, including the audible chime of his hopeful son.

The hungry were well filled with good things when the mistress arose to clear away the food-fragments, and the Jonathan and David of that house dressed themselves for a visit to a minister of the Gospel.

The Wandering Jews.

'Good morning,' said four or five voices, thirty steps were taken, and the street-door was closed as if by a woman under authority, and significant also of the importance of one who had just left, while the husband felt its hollow echo up the lane was truly typical of a heart that found its home *hollow* indeed without its conjugal head.

Men and women, plainly the literal seed of Abraham, were slowly parading the quietest thoroughfares, attracting scarcely a glance from the passing Gentiles; and after John had been vainly endeavouring to imagine the purpose of their surly unintelligible cries, and why they looked up to the windows of houses in which he saw nothing particularly worthy of notice, Mr. Sillit, who had observed his friend was musing on the strolling Jews, was asked to interpret the meaning of their loud and imploring calls, "for," said John, "I don't see *who* they're crying for—nobody seems to take *any* notice of 'em: they seem to me almost like the *dogs* that the Psalmist speaks of that go about the city—a whining round the walls: I can't understand what they say." "Most of the London tradesmen," replied Mr. S., "wait till the public eye reads the bold words that describe their trades on the front walls of their houses, then long for the entry of customers: perhaps the practice of the patrolling Jews is less respectable: they proclaim their trades abroad by *word of mouth*—search the highways and hedges, in quest of coats, hats, hare or rabbit skins." "Do they sing out their names then?" asked John. "No, no!—they feel the names of Levi, Solomon, and Moses, to be too sacred to shout them out in Gentile-ears," said Mr. S.: "they mention the class of goods they are willing to buy: the housekeepers are familiar with their bawling chant, and know that a Jew buys anything from a gentleman's slipper to a gold ring, or from a ball of worsted to a set of bed curtains." "Now you haven't told me what that last brown old lady in black said," added John. "Her cry, '*horr-c'lr*,' subject to *Gentile* interpretation, would be, '*old clothes*;' and the Jew that followed her with his whining cry, '*c'lr, clo—'r—r, rabb'n sheen*,' means only something additional to the lady that preceded him, I suppose, '*clothes, clothes*;

Visit to a Dissenting Minister.

hare or rabbit skin." "Ah! now I understand it," exclaimed John; "well, I hope the people will be kind to 'em in their captivity." "The *modern* branches of righteousness *ought* to respect the *original*," added Mr. S., "and to remember how Abraham stretched his kind arms to heaven, pleading for Sodom and Gomorrah with its swarm of criminal Gentiles: may they cease not to pray, in return, for them—that *they* may be grafted in.

Mr. Sillit had before described to John the church of which he was an enrolled member, whose minister they were now on their way to visit. He had said that they were much fewer in number when, with officiating ministers, a little body of the faithful met together to hear Mr. Pierce charged before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, to observe all those things which complete the faithful and fruitful exercise of the pastoral office. The church had increased in stature and extent since that memorable day, for they now had four hundred who had subscribed with their hands and hearts to a thorough uniformity of worship—adoring one Lord, professing one faith, and suffering one baptism. There was a beautiful harmony of character in the man, the minister, and his ministry: in private life he consistently adorned his profession, and in the pulpit he respected the three departments of sound divinity—the doctrinal, the experimental and the practical. All this John recollected, and something more was being told him until the door of a corner house in a neat square was opened, when they acknowledged a servant's invitation to 'walk up stairs.'

A gentleman, small in bodily bulk, whose features wore the solemnities of his office, composedly laid a pair of spectacles on the leaves of a handsome octavo, then rose and welcomed a man whose face strikingly answered to his own in the clear waters of truth—and another, of whom he had heard a good report, through faith.

Mr. Pierce put a key to the heart of John Wardle, and soon unlocked the treasures of this western magi, who as quickly spread before him, *gifts* of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, from the Italy of England, or from better lands and brighter skies. Nor was the pastor of the chief city at all disappointed when he had

Chapel-Deacons' Report.

proved the wisdom of the man whom Mr. Sillit had promised to introduce to him when Wardle should visit the metropolis, the second time. One hour's fervent conversation sketched out John's heart, his home, and holy place, when Mr. Pierce saw Wardle a virtuous priest in his own house, and a minister of the true and public tabernacle of the righteous. Successive sentences soon wove a three-fold cord, not easily to be broken, encircling them within the blessings of a mountain that *might* be touched, and upon which the Lord of Hosts had made unto both of them, a feast of fat things, of wines on the lees, well refined.

It was not then before the two ministers had well inhaled the atmosphere of a precious and most promising friendship, that two gentlemen entered the room, and soon began to transact sanctuary-business with Mr. Pierce. The withdrawal of Mr. Wardle was declared to be *unnecessary*, as Mr. Field and Mr. Bridge, who were the deacons of the church, had called to make known that which *the Lord* had manifested, and which therefore *men* had no right to conceal. Mr. Field added, that the news he had brought had to do with persons who were prepared to say, 'Come near, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul,' while Mr. Bridge at once familiarized himself, not with Mr. Sillit, for there was no need of it, but with John, whose face evidenced the free feelings of his heart, and told his willingness to glean from the good that was coming.

Mr. Bridge began, saying, "We have some more instances, Mr. Pierce, of truth springing out of the earth, and of righteousness looking down from heaven, enough to make us all rejoice together. —An old man named Mark, that Mr. Stevens, junior, has several times enticed within the chapel, seems to have had his heart thoroughly affected. Stevens' account is this: Mark lives within his district, and he has been leaving tracts at his house for the last three years, but seldom or ever caught sight of him: a girl used to take them in—a pretty blue-eyed little thing that interested Stevens much: she often answered, 'I'll give it to mother,' but never mentioned her father. Mark was never to be seen; it seems that he looks

A Missionary to the Highways and Hedges.

after a gentleman's horse, and long before the parish church bells unanimously toll at eight o'clock on Sunday mornings, Mark is off to his master's stables: Stevens traced him one day, and found him in the society of several stablemen, joking with each other or cursing their high-mettled horses, as they cleansed them and the vehicles they were intended to draw—studious of a respectable appearance at church-doors. Well, what did Stevens do? his righteous soul was vexed through passing the stables on two or three occasions, and hearing the filthy conversation of the wicked: he overheard Mark's blasphemy, and determined he would attack the castle of his heart: 'has your mother got a bible my dear,' said Stevens one day to Mark's little girl. 'Yes,' a lady's just brought us one, but father's tore out some o' the leaves yesterday,' was the reply. 'Could you let me look at it, my dear,' said Stevens, when the little girl turned round, tossed her flag of light hair, flew into the room and fetched it. Stevens opened it, and it was torn away across the passage—'Who, being the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of' . . . Stevens could not help shedding a tear as he gave it to the girl, asking, 'how came your father to tear it, my dear.' 'Mother couldn't find a bit o' paper to light his pipe with,' replied the girl. Stevens then watched for Mark's soul."

"That is just the beauty of Stevens' missionary character," observed Mr. Pierce; "he is never at a loss for a plan of operations; sees his fish, and angles for it like a skillful fisherman; he not only *seems* to be 'a Sunday School Pillar,' but he really *is* one—massive and strong; and is a great support to our temple of happy juveniles. Well, Mr. Bridge, how did Stevens proceed?"

"He watched the carriage, saw Mark drive his master to church, then return home, and go again when service was ended; and this he used regularly to do *twice* on Sundays. Stevens saw it was no more use leaving tracts at his door than presenting them to the rats of the Fleet ditch, so he determined to pen a letter to him on the error of his ways, beseeching him to run, lest his adversary, the devil, should deliver him to the judge; and he very beautifully set forth the open door

A Harvest-man and his Spiritual Sheaf.

of the city of refuge, shewing Jesus to be the High Priest who died unto sin *once*, that poor unfortunate transgressors might be free, *for ever*, from prison walls. Stevens signed it 'The Voice of Friendship,' and posted it. Of course nothing was heard of the letter, nor were the tracts discontinued, but regularly taken by Mark's little girl. Stevens then made a point of seeing the coachman while waiting at the church-doors for the conclusion of service, and as our service terminated in sufficient time to allow him to reach Mark before he drove off home, he several times handed him tracts, when Stevens noticed that the *last* two or three he very carefully folded, and deposited them in his pocket. The appeal was repeated, till Mark seemed to look for the passing by of Stevens, bowing to him from his coach box with increasing grace. Then a letter, signed with full name and address was given, with a tract, when our indefatigable agent waited anxiously, wondering whether Mark would frown or smile next Sunday. Stevens had struggled much in prayer the preceding week, and a *smile* from the coachman was his reward, and much more, as you shall see."

"A dear good young man!" exclaimed John; "he was quite a little David, using his simple stone from the brook; but he knew *how* to cast it!"

Ministers and deacons smiled approvingly at John, and Mr. Bridge continued:—

"Mark *did* smile from his coach-box on the expected Sunday, and returned Stevens a note, asking him to come to the stables to-morrow. Our missionary went, passed up the hayloft-stairs, and communed with Mark concerning all that was in his heart: the letter signed, 'The Voice of Friendship,' had found acceptance, and proved as an arrow in the hands of a skillful archer—sharp enough in the heart of this King's enemy to cause him to seek Stevens' instrumentality to heal. It was starlight, and late, when Mark and Stevens had ended their important converse, but not before the transgressor had pledged himself to hearken to the teachings of our much respected minister. Mark has attended on week-days for months, now understands those reasons why 'Christ our passover was slain,' wisher

Arianism and Trinitarianism.

to join the church, and keep with us the sacramental feast!"

"And I have a case to report," said Mr. Field:—"The *husband* of our member, Mrs. Ryland, seems at last to have given way before the force of his wife's arguments in favour of the *Divinity* of the Redeemer.

"But you will be interested, Sir, in the particulars she has given me:—The evening before he left for his last voyage, they had much conversation on their great point of difference. The Captain said the more he saw of the wonders of the world, the more he believed that Jesus was but a good sort of man, sent from heaven to give the earth a finer system of morals: he was certainly a blessing to all people, as a lecturer, superior to any that had gone before, but rendered *no* satisfaction for other people's sins. Mrs. Ryland appealed to the Miracles, especially that of the sea, suddenly calmed, and said that, the father of the floods alone could wake up their waves and order them to be quiet; then she said, the winds which would not listen to anybody's voice—not to the philosopher's, nor the poet's, nor the minister's, nor the monarch's, hearkened to the Messiah when *He* bid them blow no more! He answered, that he thought nothing more of *this* than he did of Moses turning the Egyptian waters into blood, but *that* did not prove him to be the Messiah. "No! but I venture to assert," said Mrs. Ryland, "that if Moses had given out that he was the *atoning* Messiah, the frogs would not have covered the fields, nor the locusts the lands, nor the water have blushed to blood; but because he came with a true commission—'*Let my people go,*' God honoured him by giving him *miracles* for evidence of his Omnipotent appointment."

"Mrs. Ryland is really a modern Priscilla," said Mr. Bridge, "and her husband could hardly be subject to a more discreet polemic."

"It is a blessing to be nervously susceptible to the weaknesses of anti-scriptural objections," observed Mr. S., "whereby the vulnerable points are observed, or the fallacies at once exposed by the piercing commentary of the true light." "And that is Mrs. Ryland's efficiency," said the minister; "she has put a christian

The Husband Sanctified by the Wife.

chart into the hands of many who never before steered their course by the word of the truth of the Gospel; she is very sharp to discern the features of falsehood, and will powerfully particularize their illegitimacy and their ugliness; and if her sex will not listen to the written evidences of religion, she bids them hearken to the voices of the things that are made; her temper too will well sustain a long assault, and maintain the truth without giving needless irritation to an opponent, or feeling the importance of her character insulted if she fails to make a conquest. But please continue, Mr. Field." "Mrs. R. said, Sir, that Jesus often referred to *Himself*, believing in whom there should be communicated the blessings of pardon, peace, and a joyful resurrection. He set forth *Himself* as an object to be trusted in for heaven, and said, '*I am the Resurrection and the Life;*' Moses did not do this, but promised them a *terrestrial* Canaan, to the *edge* of which he brought them *before* he died, but Christ promised his disciples a *celestial* Canaan, *into* which he brought them *after* He had died. Moses gave not *his* life, body and blood, a sacrifice for sin, but the Messiah did. Mrs. R. thinks the Captain saw the weakness of his objection to the Miracles of Christ as confirmatory of His Divinity, for he said nothing, but left her to go on board the same evening. It appears that when he got out to sea, a storm came on, so that the winds blew, and the waves mounted beyond all that the Captain had known before: great weights were thrown overboard, terror-stricken horses, whose eyes starting from their sockets looked like little balls of blazing fire, were tilted into the sea, and their very riders ordered their choice chariots to be thrown to the angry deep; then the sailors cried like maniacs, the masts creaked as though pelted by the lightning, the foam spread the deck as if the sea itself were sick; the ship mounted her hills of difficulty, as if each must be the last; the helmsman lashed to the wheel, laughed in the fever of his fright, while the captain shouted that those who could were to call on the name of the Lord: down fell a sailor—a wave swept him from his knees, but he prayed the more earnestly, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me,' and Mr.

Life of Emily Ward.

Ryland, imploring Almighty aid, lost his Socinianism in the storm, for as the winds ceased to blow and the waves to beat, confidence in the Omnipotence of the Prince of Peace was created, and the Captain came home from his voyage, to say in the ears of his wife, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' Captain Ryland wishes to join the church.

Mr. Pierce thanked his two deacons for their heart-cheering sketches of the wondrous things God had done in the stable and on the sea, and said the world was always echoing the truth of our Lord's parting words—'All *power* is given unto me in heaven and in earth;' and Mr. Sillit said it was a literal fulfilment of the statement—'Thy way, O God, is in the sea:' the mountain waves skipped like affrighted rams at the presence of God: Deity blew with His wind, and the ship crossed the ocean-hills like a drifted feather; but that night-watch, the Lord, mighty in human salvation, rode upon the sea for a soul deceived; and said across the disturbed waters—'*I am the way, the truth, and the life.*'

"Emily Ward: is it all favourable with respect to her, Mr. Bridge," said Mr. Pierce. "Yes, Sir; I think her heart is still fixed—trusting in the Lord," replied Mr. B. "My friend, Mr. Wardle, would be much interested I think, if you would favour us, Mr. Bridge, with a sketch of her chequered life," said Mr. Pierce; when Mr. Sillit supported his Minister's kind suggestion, and the deacon was happy to oblige them with the following:—

Emily Ward was brought up in a small country village, and was regularly led to chapel by a mother that 'feared God above many,' but all that holy precept and home example could do, did not close Emily's heart to the corrupting tales, unclean chat, and the vain or vicious pleasures which were popular among her depraved neighbours. Neither her mother's truths nor tears availed anything. She would come to London, and entered a family's service where the servants, proficient in metropolitan-vice, quickly exchanged all *they* knew for all that *she* knew; thus, knowledge added to knowledge, the transplantation of ideas added much to the criminal fruitfulness of each other's brains: Emily's companions were great readers of

A Lawful Captive Delivered.

plays, borrowed from penny-a-volume lending libraries, and when the men-servants visited their favourite theatres, the kitchen was all animation with enthusiastic controversy on the merits and beauties of the actors and the scenes in which they figured. Emily's mind, thus heated for the imaginary glories of the stage, felt her inability to criticize for want of theatrical understanding. She obtained an evening's holiday, and was escorted by a fellow servant to the painted scene: it was enough! The actors gained her heart, purse and principle followed, and she was 'at home,' in the guilty gallery or the poisonous pit whenever her money could by any means be spared. At one of these *minor* theatres, a young man danced one night before Emily with captivating step, and she whispered in her friend's ear: '*I'll watch him home, and have him, come what may.*' She became almost an actress, and nearly the wife of this guilty Gallio when a summons came to the powers of sin to loose their hold: 'Hitherto shalt thou go and no further,' was said to the waves of woe that seemed ready for the total shipwreck of Emily Ward: in a vision of the night, the 'spirit of good' seemed to speak to her, for the form of her dead *mother* was shadowed in the gloom of her desolate chamber, and the *child* quivered with fear! She shrunk from the light of her eye like the man in paradise from the countenance of the Lord, while her heart came so cold, through her moral estrangement, and she thought she heard from her parent, *words* unwelcome as those of the righteous Samuel to the restless Saul. In fright she awoke, found a match and lit up her wretched bedroom with the last fragment of a rushlight, took a batch of papers from her box, and read:—

.... 'You are the last earthly hope of your tottering mother.... oh! *do* hearken Emily: oh! *do* hearken, Emily. Farewell! and—perhaps—for ever. Oh! Emily, I *bare* you, I *rocked* you, I *saved* you from the mill-stream; oh! *do* read the Bible I sent you. Farewell—from your affectionate mother, Rebecca Ward!'

Emily read till the candle dwindled to a snuff and dropped; not a copper rattled in her pocket, as she shook it, exclaiming in agony—'*why am I thus?*'

Emily's Visit to her Native Village.

Casting herself upon her bed, groaning, her memory sought for comforters but found none, sighed and sighed, uncheered by the hope of a kind answer from any one living, though a cat crept upstairs, and mewed outside the door, while 'my heart,' said Emily, 'was willing to take the tones of friendship that sounded through its sore desolateness, from such a humble little animal as this.'

The hearers could wait no longer to express their deep feelings for Emily's sin and sorrow; after which the worthy deacon went on to describe her salvation:—

"This letter," continued Mr. Bridge, "directed her to the written word, when faith came by reading, till she said unto the Lord, '*Thy statutes will I take as an heritage for ever.*' She obtained a little money, flew from the paths of her destroyers, arrived in her native village, sought the society of the righteous, and told by lip and life, in her own country, what great things God had done for her. For a year she continued there, a preacher of righteousness, when she left again for London after visiting for the last evening her grave whose reprimanding form and feature she saw in her dream. There was written on her mother's tomb, '*My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever;*' but Emily called the village sculptor, and said, let there be added this one sentence more—'*She being dead yet speaketh,*' "and the mason said he would chisel it directly."

"But did she become unsteady when she came to London again," asked John. "You are alluding to our respected minister's question, Mr. Wardle, remarked Mr. Bridge; "I may tell you that an old companion of hers met her in the street, when her re-appearance in London was telegraphed through a throng of transgressors who came about her like bees—as if she were a choice flower and they searching her for sweets; it therefore required much firmness to set at naught their cruel arts, but the wrestling Emily prevailed at last and came off a most honourable conqueror." "Then she'll be more mighty to resist 'em if they come near her again," added John. "Yes," said Mr. Pierce—"each battle gained is so much extra strength given to the believer, as all saints

A Sunday School and its Spiritual Infants.

are like unto the glorious man described in the Revelations seated on a white horse with a crown on his head, and a bow in his hand, unto whom it was given to go forth conquering and to conquer. Glory be to the love of Christ, and to the power of God unto salvation—Almighty attributes combine to compass the Christian while quickening him on his way to the world of his desires."

Mr. Field now said that he had received a pleasing report from the superintendent of the Sunday School; first, by a strong and fervent appeal to parents at the doors of their houses the attending children had considerably increased, while many of the teachers had taken a pledge that in God's strength they would not rest till more were gathered within the walls of wisdom. "I am glad to hear that," said Mr. Pierce, "for as an accomplished gardener, when hostile winds and weather have withered the flowers will renew the beds with others atoning for the vacancies and maintaining the fulness and beauty of the place, much more ought the Christian nursery to be well furnished with guests from the highways and hedges, lest there be many empty seats and lack of cheer at wisdom's feast." "Secondly, and more encouraging still, perhaps," continued Mr. Field, "two or three children seem having their understandings opened to the beauties of holiness. Their little eyes sparkle approvingly when the character of the Lamb of God is described! one of the most intelligent, dining in the school-room with one other child, was observed to kiss the place in the scriptures where the 'Son on the Cross' is pictured, surrounded by angry Jews; then, Michael Hobbs heard her say—'I will not be angry with you dear; I wish you'd been my father and I was your daughter; only then you couldn't have bled for me to buy up my soul from sin, could you.' "Why he is your father," said little Jemima Mosley touching her companion's elbow and explaining that teacher said—'He's like the Sun children that covers the fields with daisies, or the water in a vase that refreshes a nosegay of flowers.' "Oh! so he did Jemima," said Fanny Melton, "and teacher said, God was in Jesus' flesh." "No!—manifest in the flesh—that's what he said Fanny." "Oh! ah!—so it

A Smuggler sitting at Jesus' feet.

was, and he said that if I wanted to be a heavenly child I must let the Lord wash me, and He'd be a kind father to me," added little Melton. "Yes! and he said," observed Jemima, "that the pretty white lilies of the field become so through the sun shining upon 'em, and Jesus was a sun—and if He shone upon us we should be *white!*"....The girls could say no more for the school-door was opened and the place swarmed with pupils. Others Sir, are proving that the great truths have engrafted themselves in their hearts." "Nothing cheers me more," said Mr. Pierce, "than infants from a barren world, dedicated to the Lord in our prayers, giving us evidences of hope that a still small voice has spoken to them in the Temple; and none need it more than our laborious teachers. May every new bud of promise inspire them with the prospect of a perfected paradise. But I was about to ask you, Mr. Field, whether any one knows who that man is having a green shade over his eye that sits on the free seats by the door." "I have noticed him for a length of time," replied Mr. Field. "If his eyes are any index to his heart, the word of the Lord is precious to him," replied Mr. Field. "Many have noticed his sober demeanour and regular attendance, but it was not till a few days ago that I met with a Somersetshire man, for many years a London policeman, but now a warehouseman in the City named 'Winter,' who also attends the chapel; this godly man seems to be his only acquaintance, and by him I am informed, that the life of his own familiar friend, Mr. Fox—the person you allude to—abounds with interest. He was born I am told at Hythe, Kent, in the year 1786, went to sea in 1796, and was for many years a most notorious smuggler; at last he was captured and imprisoned on board a ship; when he and three others plotted their escape by attempting to swim on shore; they had scarcely left the ship one dark midnight when Fox missed his companions, and the cramp seized him: he cried out, '*Lord, save me!*' and then swam safely to a lovely little spot called Mount Edgcombe, near Plymouth; shivering with cold, he took refuge in a bush, came home to Folkstone, went to his illegal trade again, was discovered and fired upon

The Way of a Sinner on the Sea.

by the man-of-war brig 'the Aggressor,' the first fire killed a fellow smuggler, and the second time he received two balls, one passing through his nose, taking his eye out, and the other through the hand; their vessel was of course taken as a prize, and they were sent to Sheerness, declared unfit for his majesty's service, and allowed to go home, when Fox went to his old trade again, and arrived at Newport on the coast of France with a cargo of smuggled spirits and silks, in the year 1807, and we being at war with France, the crew were all taken prisoners, put into a carriage and sent to the dépôt of Arras. In this prison it appears Mr. Fox was set free from the raging power of sin; then he wrote home to his wife, telling her of the change that had passed upon him, and exhorting all to repent and seek remission of sins through the obedience and blood of Jesus; but having long sustained the character of ring-leader in all unrighteousness at Folkstone, those who did not think his letters forgeries, jeered at the impertinence of the writer. Mr. Winter says that his wife and children are dead, that he pays two shillings per week rent for an upper room in Horselydown, watches for the arrival of the ships of the General Steam Navigation Company, and gets his living by assisting to unload them at four pence per hour: that he relieves with half-pence weekly, a few persons, owes no man anything, salutes very few men by the way, but loves *sincerely* all that bow the knees, without hypocrisy, to Christ, the Prophet, Priest, and King.

Mr. Field said his minister should hear more of the converted smuggler after he had paid him a visit; and when the deacons had settled the pecuniary business of some charitable society, and exchanged a few friendly sentences with John Wardle, they withdrew, wishing Mr. Pierce and his visitors a 'very good morning;' and in half an hour more, Mr. Sillit and John had left the minister's residence and were passing up a narrow street till they stopped and knocked at a humble house, answered by the lean of a key, with free directions to open the door of the chapel in which Mr. Pierce's hearers assembled.

In a few moments the visitors were at the 'quiet resting place,' of the people with whom Mr. Sillit was associated in

Interior of a Chapel.

church-membership; the closing of the door told, in echoes, the vacancy of the tabernacle, while Mr. S. opened an inside gate and both of them walked down the aisle and seated themselves in a large square pew.

The building presented nothing fascinating to the eye, not a carved pew nor a corinthian pillar, neither altar-piece nor organ, nor marble font, nor tessellated walks; its pews were one hundred and fifty, and these were wrought upon by the eccentric movements of the grainer's brush and had cards nailed to their doors, upon which were sometimes written the names of five adults; the pulpit-staircase was as plain as the first ideas of a carpenter's apprentice might suggest, nor was there anything about the sacred desk to intimate that it was used for any purpose more important than an auctioneer's selling-box: it seemed to be designedly destitute of any ornament; and in reply to John's survey of the preacher's standing place, Mr. S. observed—"Our Lord sits no longer on the mount of Olives, and Paul's stands no more on Mars Hill; both were martyred; but though *buried*, yet the *truth* rose again in the strength of a better resurrection; nor is it anywhere seen more certainly than in the light that has shone in ten thousand successors. *Pulpits* are of more importance than *thrones*, and the *men* that fill them than *monarchs*; around *one* gathers the glory of the *terrestrial*, but around the *other* the might and majesty of the *celestial*: pulpits are places where God *especially* pleads with his people, making it a Jacob's well to some, a cool pool of Bethesda, or a marriage-feast to others. Through the men who occupy them, He communes with congregations, like of old, off the mercy seat, while millions are called out of sleep, in the Temple, and, lying down again, awake only to hear the plainer accents of the voice of mercy!"

The stranger scanned the chapel-ceiling. His best pair of spectacles could not pierce the dark heights of the cathedral dome, but here was no such difficulty, neither was there anything to give a pleasant resting place to the eye: not a plastic centre-piece nor pendant lamp-chain; but upon the walls there were three tablets, that commemorated the existence of a

The Tables of Memory and Marble.

departed deacon, a man and his wife, and a young lady. "The deacon was grave," said Mr. S., "not double-tongued, nor inclined to wine nor filthy lucre; and for fifty years long, he held the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience; on the first Sabbath of a hundred months he handed me 'bread and wine.' Now the days of his servitude are ended! In Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, 'the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant, with faith and love which was in Christ Jesus:' they spent their strength for the sick, and were succourers of many: like Demetrius, they 'had a good report of all, and of the truth itself;' and we bear record that the savour of their charitable offerings is still sweet in many hearts, and when their coffins were added to a few others in the family vault, many dropped below their tributary tears. The young lady remembered her Creator from the early days of her youth, and sheathed many a sword held in the cruel hand of that great enemy and avenger always ready to slay little innocents; and though no voices so shrill and terrible as those that issued from the mothers of Ramah, reached her ears, and called her forth, yet she waited not for this melancholy sound, but, *knowing* the ruin, she swept the streets for the lost lambs of the house of David.

Mr. Sillit said he would introduce John to two or three of the old members of the chapel; and they arose, paced the aisles again, closed the doors, returned the sanctuary-key, and arrived at Blackfriars.

St. Paul's had just struck 'three,' when the two friends passed along several *narrow avenues*, now and then opening to the flowing Thames, *dark and gloomy* for the high walls that held back the joyful beams of day and allowed but one stout man a free passage. Down two or three steps there was a door that seemed to need a lantern, at all times, to prevent a stranger's stumble; but Mr. S. took Wardle's hand, and presently an indistinct view of a few articles of furniture was granted by the dim light that made its way through a small dilapidated lattice-window; but, far brighter than anything, a woman's eyes sparkled like the *fire* by night, of some *far off* altar, and John saw that a human form moved, and then a voice said, "well! my dear Mr. Sillit, and

Christianity in a Cave.

how are you?...and who's this you've got with you?...come, sit down do."

"Aye, that I will, and my friend too;" replied Mr. S. "I don't *know* the gentleman though," said old Susan Bennett. "No, I suppose you do not, Susan; but you will *soon*;" said Mr. S. "Ah! I *suppose so*," said the old lady, dropping her eyes to Wardle's feet, as Mr. Sillit announced the name and described the religion of the stranger, when Susan got up from her broad arm chair, shook the countryman's hand most heartily—and *again* she saluted him with her best and truest smiles.

"And what is the best news, Susan," said Mr. S. "Oh!—oh!...the best news is in the Bible. I don't want to burden you with my sorrows; your heart knows its own bitterness, I dare say; you've had a good deal of it in your day; and so have I...more than ever I shall have again in this world: so my poor old body says."

"Any load *very* pressing just now then, Susan," said Mr. S. "Ah!—there's my my daughter you know, Mr. Sillit; I've put the question to her, 'Did ever any fight against God and prosper,' and set before her the examples we have in the Bible, all warning us against it, and yet she will go with him; and I'm afraid the marriage day is fixed." "I am sorry for it Susan," said Mr. S. "still, the christian's motto is—*never despair*." "Of course it's a tempting offer for her—and I don't suppose she'd ever have another—anything like it, as far as this world's goods go; but then, what is that when the Lord says, '*Be ye not unequally yoked together*.' Why you know, Mr. Sillit, it was all through the unconverted women that Solomon's heart was carried away from the true worship, and his kingdom was split up into two pieces; and then came all the fightings of the tribes, and the downfall of Jerusalem; but there, I've done all I can—it wouldn't be so bad if she hadn't made a profession; and being baptized too—that's a *separating* ordinance from the world; and then to marry a man that's quite a stranger to the 'new birth'—oh!—it almost breaks my heart when I think of it.

This was enough to tell Wardle the secret of Susan's sorrow, when Mr. Sillit opened a bottle of strong cordial, in

Opposition to an Unequal Yoke.

obedience to the exhortation, 'give strong drink to them that are ready to perish,' saying—"Lift up your eyes to the hills, Susan, and take courage: *great* was the confusion in creation when land and water were mixed together, but when the Lord's separating voice was heard, the elements rolled away to their places: He could part the globe to-day as easily as we might pass a knife through an orange, and He can separate hearts that *ought not* to be one. Less different is sea from dry land than the natural inclinations and delights of the 'formalist,' and the 'faithful:' as is the *earthly*, such are they also that *are* earthy, and as is the *heavenly*, such are they also that *are* heavenly: pray on then Susan." Then John said, "I was instrumental in breaking off what would have been a bad match; and I took hold of the sword of the Spirit to do it: I shewed the young woman that she *could not* speak to her husband as *spiritual*, but as *carnal*; and so I told her she'd better leave her religious tongue at the cottage along with us, as she wouldn't want it in her new home; and she'd better take the pledge to abstain from speaking about the mysteries of the kingdom of God, as it would only be a worry to her husband if she didn't keep still; then she seemed a little ashamed; and when I thought I'd gained a little upon her, I got one of our friends to write this for me for her to sign: '*I hereby promise and vow that I will try to make up a communion with light and darkness, and to make a trial if it's not a very good thing for the beauty of the Christian's graces to mingle with the heathen, and to marry all the affections of the worldling*.' Then we left it at her cottage for her to put her name to it. Well, the next morning I met her coming to ours, as I was going to work—she'd been watching for me; with tears in her eyes, said she, '*I can't sign it*;' and I do hope you don't *wish* me; it'd be quite a *condemnation* to me; no Christian could be so foolish as to promise what was written on the paper; and so I'll give it all up, Mr. Wardle," said she, 'but will they forgive me?' "Yes! we'll forgive you, Maria," said I; and I never shall forget her smile.

Susan Bennett now rose again to press the hand of her new Christian brother, and sat down whispering a few emphatic

Visit to a Shoe-maker's Shop.

expressions of her hope that her dear Rebecca would likewise be saved from completing such an unchristian and carnal contract.

"We would stay longer with you Susan," said Mr. S., "but our engagements are *many*, and our time is *short*; and so we must be going;" then the three rose from their seats, and in the unity of the spirit exchanged a few fervent expressions of good-will, when John promised to set all his friends at home to make mention in their prayers of Susan Bennett's maternal trial.

"Who's there? Walk in now if you please. Oh! and how does my friend Mr. Sillit do?—and another friend, I suppose? *Two chairs, Anna.*"

We need not mention the names of the two men who were by this time seated in a small shoemaker's shop. A short, and if his body were a type of his soul, we might say, a somewhat unclean little man, held fast between his knees, a carman's or coalheaver's boot, and in his hands, waxen strings, which rapidly followed the holes made in the leather by a sharp pointed tool. A number of disfigured, worn out articles, which men and women had never wanted had Adam and Eve been content with the soft lawns and smooth paths of paradise, lay scattered about without any regard to the mixing of the property of so many proprietors. But the stranger had no more time to search the crevices of the little gloomy shop before Mr. Percival Fygar opened the stream of talk, saying, "I was thinking, gentlemen, just before you came in, that in heaven, that delightful place, you know, which we've heard of from children, though I never met with anybody that half believed it—what a thing *unbelief* is, to be sure! most of us only fancy—*don't* think a *hundredth part enough* about it—that's what I mean. . . . I was going to say that my mind was on the *Angels*, and was contrasting my shop with the sweet sanctuary of the skies: what must *angels* think about 'em; how would anybody look with a pair of 'em just going through one of the twelve gates—look rather *bad* alongside of the threshold of pearl, I reckon. My Anna was reading the twenty-first chapter of the Revelations this morning; and sitting here I've been looking up from

A Roman Catholic Customer.

my stall to the skies; just do fancy now a man walking up one of the streets paved with glassy gold; ah! it can't be: our feet must be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, and our bodies washed with pure water, before we can be citizens with the saints in glory . . . that you know, Mr. Sillit."

"It is astonishing," said Mr. S., "how fast the mind will sometimes run up to the city that always shines, while at other times the heart sighs long for the wings of faith and love." "Yes! our thoughts sometimes rise up with a song, like the lark," remarked John, "and then we're depressed, and can't send up any more music than a sparrow." "That's true; I don't know your name though," said the shoemaker, holding up his sewing-strings to take a thorough glance at John—"Oh there's somebody coming in:" a tall, thin, pale-faced man entered, and asked for his boots. "How much Mr. Fygar?" said their owner, as the proper pair were handed to him. "Three shillings and sixpence, if you please, Mr. Garble, and have you been thinking about what I was speaking of last time?" "Oh you Protestants are never satisfied unless you can be dragging somebody out of their religion; I'm not a going to leave a fine old castle to seek a lodging under a shed that some novices have built of mud and raw timber. If we let you alone, why surely you can let us alone." "Ah! ah!—so said the Gadarenes, just because they lost some of their pigs: what did they care about their souls or the Saviour?" "Why surely you don't mean to compare the true church to a herd of *swine*, do you?" said Mr. Peter Garble; "but your lecturers are so uncommonly polite: we're dogs, satyrs, jackalls, frogs, locusts, and everything that is ugly in the beast creation." "Well, now I'll take the type of a dog," said Fygar; "you never heard in all your life of a 'dog-herd' did you? or any of our hills with an overseer on the top to look after the healths and appetites of a swarm of dogs: a man would be well set to work watching *them* all night, I think; and so there is nobody that bears any signs, in your church, of having any sheep to look after; you've got no visible head that's possible for a man of truth to look at." "No visible

The Mysteries of Catholicism.

head! why what's the man talking about; why you're as ignorant of the principles of our church as a man unborn! well, I'm sure!" "No visible head that's possible to be looked at, I said." "Why you don't expect to see him all this way off, do you; go to Rome man, and then you'll see him." I am not at all inclined to start for that place—not while I've got a two-penny job in the shop, and the fiftieth part of a ray of truth in my heart: it really would'n't be worth my while going; if I wanted to see nicer visible heads I should take an evening's walk down Petticoat Lane, and select one from the hatless crowd, or quite as likely should I be to worship some waxen beauty in a barber's window." "That's just the way with all them that's outside the pale!" exclaimed Garble; "they're *blind*, and the mysteries of our church are too sacred to be looked at by those that would'n't reverence them: they *ought* to be kept secret to be worshipped *properly*. Why it's common sense that you should'n't see the beauty of our 'Head,' except you went through the Sacraments of our Church! Would any man that keeps a half-penny puppet-show in the streets, let all the children see inside, without paying? No! why they would'n't think anything of the privilege, and perhaps would'n't care to spy into the box at all, if it was for anybody and everybody that passed by to look in. No! It's wise in him to have a little round glass, let into the wooden front of his show, and then the people think the exhibition's worth seeing: that is just like the Sacraments, which are a kind of eyeglasses to see through 'em into all the glory of the church." "Well! I must say you've taken me to an uncommonly elegant type of the Romish Church," said Fygar—"a little theatrical peep-show, with its painted pictures!—stuck up on stilts so high that the children can't look in without standing tip-toe! Now that reminds me that you very seldom see those that are five or six feet—those that have come to the full stature of manhood, a spying into those little theatres; it is only the *little* boys and girls, and novices that the peep-show-keeper catches; and it is only those who are unstable, and unlearned, and are carried captive by high sounding priestly pretensions, that give

The Philosophy of a 'Visible Head.'

themselves up to beholding the paint and the pictures of such a showy church. You've made a mess of it this time Garble: just let a little daylight into the showman's box: remove the roof and let down the sun's rays, and what a paltry, pitiful-looking appearance the coloured paper scenes have. Why there's not even real tragedy about the affair, and no more sublimity to be seen than you'll find about a halfpenny sheet of theatrical characters, such as we used to cut out and paint when I was a boy. A heavenly minded man looks down upon it all, and says of it what he feels—"Vanity of Vanities; all is Vanity;" and that of the most disgusting and the most dangerous sort.

Garble waited till now, looking on the shoe-maker with a smile which affected high-mindedness, dwelling in one who could afford to hear the prattlings of an inferior, and feel but little ruffled in temper, because of the satisfying knowledge of his own happy superiority. But he replied in a tone of speech that told the weakness of the words it was to utter, and expressed a heart that knew it was entangled somehow, but saw not the road of certain escape.

"You've turned what I said to a false meaning!" exclaimed Garble—"that's what you've done. I never said our holy pictures was represented by a little street play; all I said was, that nobody would *respect* an exhibition if the eye of anybody could see all over it, but when there's a *small place* to look in at, and a *small fee* to pay, the man's show is respected; and so it was never meant that the Protestant's eyes was to range over all the beauties of our church, just how and when they pleased." "About your 'Visible Head,' though," said Fygar. "Well! no bad thing either; you've got a Visible Head *haven't* you, or you'd look a being fit to *frighten* a man if we could see all your body, up to your neck, and see nothing of your *head*: that reminds me of the Protestant Church; you can see the *body*, but not the *head*: no head visible!—they're content to have their head *invisible*!" Would any woman have a husband now, that had only got an *invisible* head: would she marry him in that state? I ask that question now."

Fygar soon made good use of the con-

A Papist's Sketch of Protestantism.

tempt thus thrown upon an Invisible Christian Head, to redeem his religion from Garble's charge of want of carnality, in being satisfied with the acknowledgedment of a chief ruler whom the world could not see, and quickly drew from the scriptures some of those paragraphs which set forth the spirituality of the Governor and government of Christianity; to which Mr. Garble said, "if he's put there to be a guard over the church, what man wouldn't appoint a shepherd to watch over his flock by night, if he cared anything for the safety of his flock; besides, he keeps up the *unity*, and prevents the church splitting up so, as *yours* does: a pretty sort of a thing yours is too: like a new muffin that's been *mangled* and *tore up* into bits and shreds by a lot of mischievous dogs; or a boat made up of all sorts of wood, and such a shape as'd defy anybody to make out whatever she was or wherever she come from! Who'd trust his precious life down to sea-reach in her, I should like to know!" "Oh! Protestantism is a torn-up muffin or a patched-up old boat," said Fygar, in a firm tone that seemed to promise not only further contest, but future triumph. "A ragged muffin and a broken boat: now if you came to our chapel you wouldn't see anything of that kind; nothing dilapidated or mangled in our divinity; and no all sorts of pieces in our creed; it's from *one* book, and *no* tradition making it altogether void! "Why, you haven't got a single sign of the true church about you! exclaimed Garble—"nothing but a simple looking preaching-box, and a man in it that 'nobody-knows-who,' has consecrated; why you haven't got *one* sacrament right! and whereabouts is your *unity*, I should like to know?" "Our unity is in our *hearts*," replied Fygar, "and our ordinances are *two*, and no mystery about 'em. 'Christ and Him crucified,' is our only trust; and He is in heaven, where our hopes and we trust our *hearts* are. We want no piece of bread to *localize* our God: as for Him, He is in the heavens! and not I presume, in *your water*! We do not set forth the merit of ordinance-taking, and make *that* almost necessary to a comfortable and glorious admission into heaven. Why I heard one of your own priests praying the other day, that of all felicities, God might grant the

Mr. Sillit on the Vital Unity of the Church

people a death slow and lingering enough to enable them to send for their priest, and swallow his eucharist!" "Ah! but we'll come to the *unity*," said Garble,—"*there* you're all at sea: look here now! you go up one street and down another, and there you see written up, 'Wesleyan Chapel,' 'Methodist New Connexion,' 'Baptist Chapel,' 'Latter-day Saint Meeting,' &c. &c. Now who's to know what to do amongst all these chapels? Why it's enough to drive 'em mad to be sure!" Mr. Sillit was already tired of this style of controversy; and was determined to come to the relief of the polemics.

"Mr. Garble will suffer me to observe," said Mr. S. "that there may be a family of children differing from each other in feature, gait, and costume, yet these *all* may have a *true* heart towards one and the same father: one may dress in *blue*, another in *green*, and another in *black* silk; and the face and hands of each may be fully distinguished from each other, yet the parent will know and own them *all*, while there will not be on account of this diversity any *less* parental influence exercised, or less sincere respect for the paternal relation. Nor do I know if the father would be more pleased if, to shew a better unity in his family, they were trained to imitate the style of each other's steps in the public streets—were each one the same, in form and stature—with features, the precise copy and likeness of another—did each speak in the same tone of voice, have each the same pursuits, and the same energy and ability to follow them. No! were all his children only just so many multiplications of the first-born, we see not how the paternal pleasure and glory would be advanced thereby: he would lose that special interest in each, which is so sweetly called forth by their varieties; and as a father has no objection to the *outside* diversity, for the fact that, in *mind*, through all its *generous* actings, the sympathy, the harmony, the *unity* is complete! I would not say that every feature displayed in *Protestant denominations* is correctly after the pattern of things in heaven, but I will say that they are pre-eminently distinguished by spiritual worship and Christian work—all those who bow the knees before the same altar, present the same sacrifice, and fully ac-

The Harmonies of Protestantism.

cept the Lord Jesus as Prophet, Priest, and King. Roman Catholics form very erroneous opinions of the relative character of our chief Christian sects : they are not one *against* the other ; but one *for* the other : there are small points of difference, and so small that if they themselves did not report them, the world would never know them, nor ever conjecture diversities and dissensions so singularly trifling. Nor do I say that the points in dispute are always combated by wranglers, meek and lowly of heart ; as I am not contending for the sinless perfection of our various sects and parties, but declaring them, in the majority, devoted to one common centre of unity, and pressing with their chief strength towards it. We must then look beyond the outside appearance of congregational affairs for the discovery of that true and vital unity which is pleasant to behold and believe in, and bespeaks, though but yet in embryo, the sublime features of a wide-spreading, a great, and a glorious existence !

Mr. Sillit had thus attempted to justify the visible antagonisms of some Protestant denominations, and seemed to have done so, if not to Garble's *satisfaction*, yet sufficient to obtain that gentleman's *silence* ; though presently he did mutter something, and add thereto a self-complacent smile, which no doubt was intended to announce his complete contentment with his own church and creed. However, the Romanist soon went away with his repaired boots, when Mr. Fygar said his customer was an attendant at the Popish Cathedral, over the water ; and after some few explanations of Garble's employ, and his faith therein, it was said a controversy between them was not an uncommon thing, while Mr. F. admitted that the Romish fire in Garble's heart did not burn so furiously as it *once* did, and that, consequently, theological conversation was to be had on better terms.

John bid the shoe-mender, 'farewell.'

"Yes, you shall go if you please ; this is their service-evening ; nor am I afraid that 'Wardle Cottage,' will, in consequence, give place to a Popish priest ; or that the river will be dipped for holy water, or anyone pretend to turn the housewife's bread into a holy thing." Thus said Mr. Sillit in answer to John's wish to go

Wardle on his way to St. George's

and see the Roman Catholics, and their Cathedral ; and by the time they got home, the father had settled that his son 'George' was to be the countryman's guide to St. George's Road, and tea was on table and 'quite ready ;' after which, the engraver devoted himself to an hour's work, and John sat still, and communed with his own heart, and the hearts of others, till the moment for starting had fully come.

At twilight John was crossing Blackfriars bridge ; and soon his merry little attendant pointed him to a long, narrow, steepleless building, and when the youngster had affectionately implored John to get home as soon as he could, Wardle walked the length of its side wall, then stood a moment, not expecting anything biographical of its history, but merely contrasting the meanness of its bricks with the majesty of the stone of another, and as he had been taught, a *purser*, Temple. A tiny finger had taken one penny for pointing the countryman to the Protestant Cathedral, when he sought the *Temple* for the *truth*—the *synagogue* for its *saints*. Then, three years ago, he stood before the bold and beautiful structure, getting lofty ideas of the *people*, from the *pile* till, looking up, the Cross, very brilliant for the sunbeams that were surrounding it, became an instrument to him of sermon-creation, and his heart a silent preacher. *Now*, no such thoughts possessed him : he saw no brilliant symbol on the building's top, mounting higher than the region of clouds and shadow ; nor was the sky completely clear ; nor was he actually expecting the joy of an hour in one of the bowers of the land of beauty. No ! he was going to see the assembly of that strange people whose incomprehensible theology was spoken of by the fruit-seller of Farringdon-pavement, sketched also by the 'Juniper' of St. Paul's, deprecated by the late discourse of the christian curate, and just denounced by the Protestant shoemaker.

With his eyes wide open, and searchful round about him, he sauntered to the front door ; but an upward step or two was needed to place the visitor on the ground floor of the building ; after which he just stood a moment to consider what kind of a prayer he should offer up ; when he whispered the words—'We have erred

Entry to the Popish Cathedral.

and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep : That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth, all such as are deceived : I beseech Thee to hear me, Good Lord.'

He had noticed the large stars that used to speed their bright course past the trunks of two or three hundred firs that formed a lofty line along the top of his native and neighbouring hills, and he had often watched these stars as they boldly passed the spaces between the trees, now quite hidden from the cottage view by an intervening pillar, then, blazing out, march along the whole rank, and mounting higher, leave the hill, and all its verdure, far below. Such a star, this very instant, shewed him its friendly face ; and he was at home !—with his chief earthly star ; and mingling with those of the spiritual order.

Touched, now and then, by the incoming worshippers, his thoughts were drawn to them : they were certainly *dirty*, for the most part, if not, *needy* ; some looked sorrowful, or wore in their long pale countenances, the signs of a joyless gloom which found compassion in the heart of the stranger while suspecting that every bosom knew well its own *bitterness* ; and could he meddle with it beneficially, most happy would he feel to do so. By this time the star of his valley-heavens had passed the chimney-pots, and now, free from any temporary screens, almost sent its rays to the Cathedral-threshold ; and when John had just thought of that happy day when the saints, like stars, should shine forth in their Heavenly Father's realm, and all the Church be illuminated with the rays of their righteousness, he caught hold of a long, dark-coloured curtain, drew it aside, and passed in.

It was gloomy, and absolutely *dark*. But one light twinkled in the distance, yet this taper was encouragement enough for the visitor to creep along. The building was not yet lit up for service ; but there was a man, evidently busy at the bottom, whom John thought would soon multiply the lights ; so with soft caution he found a seat.

Wardle was not insensible to those superior feelings which even temples can kindle, when the thoughts rise high in contemplation of the magnificence of the Almighty, and the consequent importance

The figure of the Bleeding Man.

of the worship offered to the God supreme. "Let these people be lost or saved," thought John ; "*this is their kneeling place : here they make their vows, express their attachments, and offer their praises : if hell should afterward claim all of them, yet how terrible is this place !*" all was silence enough to tell the sound of a dropping pin ! Now and then there was the dress-rustle of the few that while it was yet dark were kneeling to pray : a second light now made conspicuous the bright and golden splendour of a small palace, which seemed to glitter with jewels and precious stones : passing before a brazen-bird, the man with his candle showed another eagle like that in St. Paul's, then cast a light on a large square tomb-like fixture, which might elicit loud applause from any beholder but one who would first know the *meaning* of the sparkling curiosity, before he bowed down, captive to the call—'*O all ye people, clap your hands ! Not so fast as the stars were peeping to the earth, but more effective were the lights now banishing the temple-darkness, as an attendant passed round, stretching his fire-pointed wand to the ends of a graceful circus of brazen pipes, which budded forth from the tops of bold pillars. Now a scene was visible which John himself could not fitly describe, but the real fact was not unlike this :—*

Over the entrance to the little grand palace, before mentioned, there was hung aloft the full grown figure of a man : his hands were stretched, his head was drooping ; and it seemed as if blood was dripping from parts of his person violently fixed to a large thick richly-gilded cross ; and on either side of him there were pictures of females, very unrepresentative of anything particular. It was gloomy up where the bleeding man hung, for the bright light reached not up so far, nor illuminated the human form sufficiently for John to bring down any certain information of 'the crucified,' or the objects of the *crucifiers*. The visitor's imagination began to work : was the painful death intended as a warning to the worshippers ? Did the present generation of Roman Catholics so heartily repent of the crimes of their forefathers in martyring the Protestants, that they had set up the waxen likeness of one who had thus died by cruel

Decorations of the Temple.

hands that *humility* for the *past* might be promoted, and the present Christians learn thereby to shudder at the bygone sacrifices of humanity, and seek for a wholesome share of charity to be shed abroad for the future. Or was it the custom of these people to crucify their thieves—those who broke into the Temple to rob it of its sacred vessels; for the tale had lived long in John's valley of a man that had split the parish-church-door by night, and stolen the dedicated cups and the old silver vessels that had served deceased generations. *That* man had been caught, but *not* crucified. Did these people feel more sensitively the enormous sin, and so visit the unholy culprit with the pains of a public death. If the end of this building was used as a place of trial and galleys of justice, it might indeed strike the beholders with profitable awe; for if such was the penalty awarded by a human tribunal, to sin against, and be *judged* by, a higher!—Oh! how dreadful! Then after repeating the words of Eli to his sinful sons—'If one man sin against another, the judge shall judge him, but if a man sin against the Lord, who shall entreat for him?' the visitor ceased conjecturing, and turned his attention to the ornaments which were well spread about: by the sides of the archway above which was the cross and the bleeding man, were flags, beautifully embroidered, and hung to pillars were other banners, with one large oil painting; the pulpit was spacious, and chaste; supported by seven pillars, which John readily imagined were intended to signify that wisdom had hewn them out: it was glazed all around, through which might be plainly seen raised plaster representations of circumstances which had no doubt happened, at some time, and at some place, in this world. A sounding-board crowned the pulpit, having the form of a dove in its centre, spreading her wings, as if ready to settle on anybody and everybody having the all-sufficient license to come therein, and stand and teach. The worshippers were evidently of the poorer sort, yet appearing unanimously devotional. Most of them walked down the aisle, knelt, and bowed to something in the distance, then took their seats, and made motions with their hands before their brows or breasts. It seemed to John

Priestly Procession.

an imitation of the act of that worthy publican who would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven; and if *his* prayer was now the *sincere* petition of these people, John's heart was ready to beat with a godly *Amen*.

But now, further reflection was stayed, for the senses were called to witness the things about to be done:—

From the right hand corner of the building a procession issued forth, evidently the signal for service: walking two by two, there were adults with several little boys in white dresses, having as much as ever they could do in carrying before them long candles, fastened in sticks of proportionate height—twice taller than their little carriers, giving an idea of those days when luminaries of such a size were not uncommon in the dwellings of the stately family of giant Anak. They passed into the golden chapel. Then, out came an elderly man with an attendant, turned the corner and went within a gorgeous little enclosure; presently, a triangle sounded, and the two men returned to the central chapel. John noticed that the attendant carried before him a sort of a brass dish-cover, of size enough to conceal a fashionable fruit pie; but it *was* a bell, *evidently*, for its sound said so. John would quite fail if he attempted to describe the gaudiest dress of the greatest man among the officiating adults, for he had never seen any thing on earth at all analogous in splendour. He could as readily have guessed the articulation of angels, or the costume of cherubs. It seemed *unearthly*, though *far* from heavenly: A broad bright band wreathed his neck and shoulders, while upon his back there was a very conspicuous patch, certainly very much the shape of an old saddle that had long hung up, and described its form, against a white-washed wall of one of Mr. Templeman's stables; and perhaps it was seeing the old leathern article suspended in sight so long that made John seize the shape just shown him, and complete the following singular application:—

Truly the true church was in captivity now, in so far as being surrounded by her enemies, and often subject to their oppressive power: might not this be a sign that captivity should be led captive?—this old man seemed the most striking resemblance

Representation of Nebuchadnezzar.

of Nebuchadnezzar, as the saddle-looking dress was an illustration of the humiliating fact that when that Monarch was driven out into the fields, he was on an equality with beasts of burden; and degraded sufficiently for his fellow species to ride upon: he was as a beast, not burdened with anything but his own sins, "yet might the saddle say," thought John, "that so should the church's enemies bow down, and serve them, at the last, in *great humiliation*." Thus far foolish and ignorant was John of the true understanding of Popish customs, while he was only confirmed in the justness of his suspicions when he saw the old man prolong the character of Nebuchadnezzar by slowly and weakly advancing to what John thought might be a king's tomb, then bow down to it, signifying of the final triumph of death over that Monarch: that at last *he* paid tribute to death, irrecoverable: that the end of pride and pomp was dust and ashes: *so* Royalty find it; and *so* abundant is the feast of worms.

By this time the loud organ was *now* gentle and tender in its tones, then bursting out with grand emphasis, echoing in the Papal courts like claps of loud and noble thunder; then with symphonious steps walking, as it were, to some far distance, breathing in purer groves, till, passed into the brighter land, the songs of the congregation were thus invited thitherward: none followed in the wake of the captivating melody, except a few boys, occupying about the thirtieth part of the orchestral forms, who tried to atone for two hundred music-less mouths by chanting with strained and noisy voices in strange and doleful symphony. Then the organ ceased, and its last faint sound expired, the same old man, surrounding the bright tomb with his officiating fellows, uttered something, either in response to the organ, or informative to the congregation, or declarative of something which in a vision he saw; or was he calling out for congregational sympathy, being the unhappy subject of some sharp and biting bowel-attack?—though the *last* elucidatory suggestion that struck John's mind was—that it was Nebuchadnezzar *bemoaning* himself! What the afflicted Monarch was really saying, was much past the countryman's finding out,

Thoughts on the Papal Bead-counter.

for the tone of utterance was so very unearthly, though John could make allowance for a mind diseased and a body too, on vegetarian principles; as he knew that *grass*, and *much* of it perhaps, far from green, would, in time, give altogether a new tone of voice to a man. John's conscience never told him that he was caricaturing Christianity. He must indeed know something about this voice; and there was a woman at his elbow. He would speak to her, satisfied that female curiosity must long ago have searched the mystery of this sound: "what is the gentleman saying, my good woman," said John. "Why—his *prayers*, to be sure; and what you ought to be saying of, and then you wouldn't ask me!" This sharp answer was enough to shut up Wardle's mouth; he appeared to have interrupted the woman while she counted a chain of beads; while no doubt she saw the plain Protestant manners of the enquirer. But what did she keep on counting for? what was the worshipper about? John stretched his eyes to their utmost verge of vision. The female was talking to herself! had she picked it up coming along, and could not wait till she got home before she counted the number that made up the chain? Yet, how *could* she be looking up to heaven with *imploring face*, and still be busy with *disobedient hands*? The bawling, yawning voice of the old man in the golden chapel ceased, then the organ broke forth in tones of loudest duty—seeming to say that something great and good had just been accomplished, as if by the prayers or practices of the priest, *when* after a bold and magnificent diversification of sound, the whole passed into a soft clear melody, as though a party of angels should be leaving the earth, conveying the church's supplications upwards till the joyful sound of their progress was inaudible: giving the idea that they sung very sweetly to glory with their stock of human petitions.

Presently the pulpit-candles were lighted, and a gaily-dressed preacher was met at the stairs by an attendant who cast a robe about his neck, when he ascended with a black cap, not as though a criminal execution was about to take place, for he was left to exercise his own free-will, to use it as he pleased, so he placed

The Priest in the Pulpit.

it by the pulpit-cushion in the sight of all the people. Then he lifted his hands to make some unintelligible figures before his face, but whether he was beckoning to someone, or was naturally dumb, the countryman did not ascertain, till he seemed to him to speak much less to purpose than that quadruped which once so truthfully addressed Balaam. John had no pocket book, nor would he have required 'short hand,' to have leisurely pencilled all the priest did say, for he spoke so slowly that the visitor's memory had full time to enrol the following sentiments of his sermon. He promised to address the people from, and pronounced, the following words:—

'In that hour, Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father, for it seemed good in Thy sight.'

The preacher said that *their* lot was cast in a very fault-finding world; and as it was *now*, so it was in the *beginning*: John the Baptist ate a mere nothing, and *that* did not please the people, and Christ ate a fair quantity, and *that* did not please the people: this he said was a melancholy thing; but, however it might be doubted, it was put down in Scripture as a *fact*! "What things are these then," said he, "that Christ thanked His Father for hiding from the 'wise and prudent?' Why the *blessed Eucharist*! These things," said he, "*are* revealed unto babes; therefore, let me set before you the example of our blessed Saviour, who was 'meek and lowly of heart,' and beseech you to imitate *Him*;" then, enlarging upon the virtues of babyship, the preacher advocated the speedy arrival of his congregation at such a state of simplicity, whereby they would worthily partake of the blessed Eucharist; "and, in doing so," he said, "*we receive our God*! Shake this fact out of me! and you destroy *all my religion*! Take *this* away from me, and I haven't a *leg* to stand upon! This Sacrament," he added, "is coeval with the existence of the Christian Church itself." Then, after endeavouring to rob the congregation of any idea they might have that they had eyes to see, or ears to hear,

Reflections on the Popish Discourse.

or reason to exercise, he commended the wisdom and compassion of Jesus in leaving the Eucharist unto babes, and ended by offering up a prayer that they might be preserved from the calamity of sudden death, whereby they might have time to enjoy that *last* felicity in *this* world, the receiving the *Eucharist*. Thus ended the lecture on Luke x., 21.

Satan, himself, in the decided opinion of John, could by no possibility shew himself more utterly destitute of all literary and religious modesty, than if he had ventured to deliver such a tame, queer, truthless harangue. The countryman thought the *babes* were those who though children in *crime*, were not children in *Christianity*; and if babes in obedience, were strong in reason, giants in judgment, able to scrutinize the spirits, whether they be of God, and powerful to canvass even what Apostles themselves might say. Nor that the Lord's Supper was the donation intended in the text ever occurred to him; nor that 'these things' were all wrapped up in the shape of *one little piece of bread*! Yet he was not so much a novice now to the different ideas abroad about the quality of the bread and wine, for it was evidently a staple ingredient in the theology of Mr. Proudcoat, and seemed to have cast down Mr. George Juggle from the pulpit eminence he expected; while both Juniper and Priestly, with the wholesome addition of Mr. Sillit, had informed him of the sorts of schismatic opinions about the ordinance. But service proceeded: From the right-hand corner a second procession was issuing, an adult swinging a censer, which soon told its sweetness in fragrant fumes: these entered the sparkling chapel, which now grew brighter and brighter still, as the lights rapidly multiplied, till the temple was filled with glory, and the flood of radiance complete; then a few minutes were occupied between the man and the music—the one calling out in strains of lamentation, and the other replying in bold and triumphant responses, till some cause for silence seemed to steal sensitively through the congregation, when watching the movements of the officiating men, three adults might be seen kneeling before the glittering pyramid, or tomb, when the central one arose, opened a little shining

Holy Water and Image-Worship.

door, took out something with which he turned round, and three times elevated it, to which a timbrel, three times struck, answered, with a bell outside the building, evidently intended to tell the public of the outer court that the grand and joyful crisis of the service had come to pass. Then there was a general march of the officiating company, and having passed away through a door in the corner, the congregation arose, and several bowed, as if to say to some one in the bright and beautiful chapel—"I wish you a *very* good evening," which John supposed was their 'farewell' to their ministers, only that he did not see any human being remaining in the direction to which the numerous salutations were sent. Leaving the cathedral, the visitor's attention was drawn to a Saviour in sculpture to which a few of the retiring company were devoting themselves, prostrate, or kneeling, and clinging *lovingly* to its feet, which they rapturously kissed, then left, after casting an imploring look at the face of the crucified one, and made room for others waiting to do likewise. John ventured to touch the knee of the great image, but not a vein of even his sensitive heart answered to anything that might or might not be *religious* in the wooden or metal being. The little stone basin near the door was the last thing on which the visitor spent five minutes: he had seen it zealously used by the people as they came in, and now, by enquiry, found out that the Romanists held the notion of 'imparted cleanliness' through the ministry of this holy water, graciously put there for their sanctifying use. Garble, with some freedom of manner, gave John the desired information, when John thrust his own hand into the hole in the wall, and for investigation's sake determined both to taste and handle, when his expectations of something exceedingly crystal were altogether disappointed, for the water tasted *sour* and *acid*, and very much unbecoming *true holiness*, but the cause of this was said to be, the number of dirty fingers that had very lately suffered baptism therein.

John had not offered his right hand of fellowship to anyone, as he freely did to the Protestants of St. Paul's; but contented himself by simply shaking hands with Garble, and making that gentleman

Comparison of Cathedrals.

a present from the lips of truth. Soul and body had grown cold while sitting there; and now he felt it, so claiming the service of some of his coat buttons, the stars of heaven shone well in the Blackfriars Road while the pilgrim trod away—possessed with feelings of strong preference for St. Paul's, from the following reasons:—He had there heard the plain pronunciation of prayers, in harmony with the sentiment and spirit of the Holy Scriptures; for when the Protestant people arose in answer to the encouraging fact declared that, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness which he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," his heart afforded him pleasing and plentiful testimony that it was a great and gracious truth; and when another sentence was added—"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness," he *could* have answered, "O all ye people clap your hands!" and with respect to the exhortation—"Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us, in sundry places, to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness," he felt it only rational and good freely to acknowledge our impurities and imperfections, while he remembered being moved, in sundry places, and at several times, to confess, nor cloak his sins at all before the face of Almighty God. He considered too the 'confession' to be touchingly true—"We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep," and he knew something about seeking after strayed sheep, and of the fatigue he endured in finding and bringing again within the fold. Also, the reading of the two chapters was to him as the voice of a near and dear relation speaking to him; true it was, that the bold and beautiful organ became a servant to the professional singers, at the expense of understanding what was being sung, nor did he now at all believe that the little songsters were the young Samuels of the city whom thankful mothers had dedicated to temple-service for ever. So far John would freely protest, though for the more part he clung to the better purity of St. Paul's, while he prayed for its Protestantism, and hoped for the days of its purification.

In half-an-hour John Wardle was

Comments on Romanism.

knocking again at the door of hospitality, and Mr. Sillit was demanding of him a full account of the things he had seen and heard at St. George's; when Mr. S. cast a few rays of Revelation on the mysteries of that temple-service.

Respecting the water-sprinkling it was said that, the Romanists relied greatly upon it, as St. Chrysostom explained when reprehending it thus:—"There are some, who, having committed a thousand sins in the course of the day, bathe themselves in the evening; then enter the church, and lift up their hands in confidence, as if by this external purification of water they had thrown off all uncleanness." And respecting the Eucharist, it was said that, the Council of Trent had thus decreed:—"If anyone shall say, that in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist the substance of the bread and wine doth remain, together with the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and shall deny that wonderful and singular conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, which conversion indeed, the Catholic Church most aptly calls '*Transubstantiation*;' let him be accursed."

After further explanation of the impurities of Popery, summed up by remarks which might have been answers to the question, "*What is Truth,*" everything polemical was soon forgotten in deep and delightful sleep.

It was shortly after the rising of the sun, and the notification of that fact by a common fowl in a neighbouring coal merchant's yard, that the impressive footsteps of John Wardle told aloud his punctuality in proceeding to breakfast with Mr. Broburn. The scribal services of Mr. Sillit had already been exercised in favour of apprising Mr. B. of John's intended visit, so that when he knocked loud at the lawyer's door, it was not long before the generous spirit of the royal law had two disciples, pleasantly captive to the exhortation—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

A letter which had called for the lawyer's pen this morning's light was on the eve of being despatched, when Mr. B. put his finger on two or three choice volumes in his book-case, asking John to seek

Wardle in a Christian Library.

atonement for his absence, while he signed, and sealed, and sent away, a letter of urgent importance.

Viewing the gilded backs of numerous rows of 4tos, 8vos, 12mos, &c. and scanning the pages of a few, the inspector was persuaded of their religious excellency, and pleased with their unanimity of sentiment. Reading along the shelves, he whispered the names of many literary luminaries which were, and still are, as shining little satellites, *helpful* to the feeble knees of weary Christian travellers, and *hopeful* to the vigorous children of a magnificent immortality. He selected the works of a lady poet, and soon found himself wrapt in the folds of the most legitimate enchantment. Beautiful and fair was the sun-lighted cloud that wafted him away from the sounds of this effervescing world; but soon *they too* became *terrestrial*, broke and distilled, while one of the harps of earth, touched by some graceful hand in a neighbouring chamber, gave mortal sensitivity to the reader. And it was only just after he had pondered on the following lines:—

Victorious love, thou sacred mystery!
What muse in mortal strains can speak of thee?
We feel th' effect, and own thy force divine,
But vainly would the glorious cause define.
In part thy pow'r in these cold realms is known;
But in the blest celestial seats alone,
Thy triumphs in their splendid heights are
shewn!

that a sunbeam struck through a crevice in a sombre-looking window-curtain, illuminating the dust-covered shape of a human skull, perched on an opposite book-case. John beheld—but only *half*-believing. The character of the householder? oh yes!—this was enough to say that, if a real skull at all, it had been severed by *death's legitimate knife*. But was it *fact* or *fiction*? He would see. Yes!—it was and *still* was—*human*! What could be the biography of its being? It certainly never belonged to a foul criminal; did it ever to a faithful Christian? Where were the fellow bones of mortal frame? Was it *right*, was it *religious* to hold the property of some invisible, whose, when incarnate, it *was*, and *was now*? For to that immortal who had used it while on earth, both this and all the bones must best belong! But hark!—hark!....

The Skull of the Friendless Woman.

In these cold regions Thou hast warm'd my heart,
And gently trac'd some faint resemblance there!
But oh! Thou charming pow'r, that will efface
The whole remains of enmity and pride,
Transform me to Thine image; let me wear
No character but Thine: be Thou my life!
Its spring! its motion! constant as my breath:
Dwell on my tongue, and govern all my soul,
'Till faith and love be swallowed up of Thee!

Thus sung, with sweet passion, a voice already known to John. And all was still again—quiet as the vault of death!... Perhaps the human spirit, now in paradise, *did know* where its skull of earth rested, and might dislike the exposure of its nakedness; or was its owner among the bemoaning in *Hades*, and waited but for every bone to be cast into the scorching lake? "I will ask Mr. Broburn," said John to himself, "what is the history of the skull." And when Mr. B. entered the room he saw a solemn and inquisitive glance which made him say—"Ah!—that skull; well—it has not frightened you. It belongs to a medical brother of mine, and I wish he would take it away." "But what right has he got to it?" said John. "Well; doctors consider disease and death, and sometimes what is *after* death, their articles and stock in trade. I believe this is the skull of some friendless frame, once stretched on a hospital bed; nor was death itself known to sever any of its living ties! Parentless, brotherless, alas! *acquaintanceless*, it would seem, its mortality was public property, and came to the doctor and his dissecting-knife through what is considered the legitimate channel of his profession." "But why do they dissect them, Sir?" said John. "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made," replied Mr. B., "so that after thousands of years men are still searching after discoveries yet to be made in the human body, that they may help others through those many diseaseful dilemmas to which sin has subjected our nature." "Then you don't know anything about the *life* of the person," remarked John. "No, I do not; I have allowed it to remain here," said Mr. B., "thinking it might speak to some who seldom think on the sepulchre—to such as never number their days so as to give hearty impulse to their applications for wisdom."

John knew that Mr. B. referred to his own family.

The Riches of the Resurrection.

"Sin first spoils the soul, takes the hair off man's head, the skin off his skull, and then strips all his bones," observed Mr. B. "Ah! but God will give him a beautiful body," added John. "Yes! a blessed Resurrection is the brightest and best of all truths," said Mr. B.; "and though we know not the features that clothed this skull, whether full, or fair, or pretty, or pale to look upon, yet they are remembered by Him who fashioned them, who will not fail to bring them forth again, impressive with all the peculiarities of their appearance while upon earth. Yes! the Almighty keeps for that momentous birth-day, to be signalled by the call of the trumpet, and celebrated by the shouts of truth and the songs of thousands—all the likenesses that have been, and the visibility of all that has breathed. There is no portrait lost to the memory of the Lord God!"

Confirmatory of the brilliant expectations of Christianity, with provincial, but not beautyless, emphasis, did John say boldly:—

Vanish, my doubts, and let me give the glory
Due to th' Eternal name, by steadfast faith,
Hope against hope, believe above belief!
For He that said, is able to perform:
His word annihilates, His word creates;
And He can open the eternal stores,
And pour ten thousand blessings on my head.

Why should'st Thou bound thyself? why
should'st Thou stay
The sacred bias of Thy glorious nature?
For Thou art love supreme, essential love,
Ev'n my unworthiness can be no bar.
Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
And check the progress of almighty grace?
Shall dust and vanity obstruct the course
Of Thy omnipotence, and spoil the boast
Of free, of absolute benignity?

Love is Thy life, in its transcendent height
And full enjoyment; Thy eternal thought,
In boundless wisdom, mark'd it as the end
Of all Thy glorious works; and it shall rise
Triumphant and victorious over all
The obstacles that seem to check its course!

In this transporting, amiable form,
The mild, the gentle glories of Thy nature,
Let me behold, and meet Thy gracious smiles:
Here I can triumph, here my hopes run high;
They know no bounds, but, infinitely free,
Grasp all a blest eternity contains.

"Yes! we do indeed '*believe*' almost '*above* belief,' when we affirm," said Mr. B., "that though little or nothing is left of man in the sealed marble of the tomb, that so bent on dispersion as human atoms are, yet there is a power *controlling*, *creating*, which will call the undiscoverable

A Sermon from Cottage-life.

dust into human likeness. But we trust not in Gabriel but in God, not in angels but in the Almighty: '*His word annihilates, His word creates!*'"

There were other lines of Mrs. Rowe which were richly suggestive; and they began thus:—

O Thou whose glorious, whose all-seeing eyes
Marks all the dubious paths that lie before me:

which when John had read, he lifted his spectacles and said—"There was a good woman that lived lower down the bank of our river, and one evening she wanted to send her son five or six miles off, but there was no wide road to the place, only a narrow way that led over many hills and through a shady valley and a thick wood; but the moon was getting up, so she made up her mind at last that she'd send him. She was a good hand at the pencil, so she marked out a piece of paper for the boy: there was a dotty line for the river, and a half round for the hills, and a thick ink mark for the right path; and I happened to look in just as she'd done it: her Joseph was looking over it. "That's a good map of it, Elizabeth," said I; "and I know he'll find it out by it." "Stay, John," cried she, "I'll light a candle, and then you'll see it better." "No, never mind, Elizabeth: I can see it very well: the moon's quite bright enough," said I. "Well, I declare! I haven't got a bit of rush left!" "There! those lightish clouds have passed over now; and it's as light as day! It's *quite right* Elizabeth: why there's the very step o' the door marked!" "Now go off Joseph," said his mother, and then she put a slice of bread in his hand, and he bit it, and laughed, and away he went.

John looked at Mr. B. as if he knew him well able to comment on Joseph, the mother, the moonlight, and the map; when it was said—"The good and great hand of 'our Father which art in heaven,' has inked out for us the way over the mounts, and through the shades, of this world, and has dotted the course of that refreshing river whose streams make glad the city of God. He never sends any of *His* on the great errand of immortality, but it may be said to them—"The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth: *the word of faith.*' Adhering to *this*, though the moon should not give her light, yet angels

Reflections on the Pilgrim's Way.

accompany the traveller, charged with his protection; and lest he dash his unaccustomed foot against any of the stumbling-stones that lay unseen in the valley's dark shade, superhuman benevolence bears him up, and he leans upon a staff from the skies. '*Bread shall be given him;*' and as Joseph tasted and laughed! then girded up his little loins, and journeyed, placing such confidence in his *mother's* map, how much more ought *we* in the *Almighty's*! His is correct to a hair's breadth, and leads up to the very step that enters upon the house not made with hands. But by what light shall we see '*The Way, the Truth, and the Life?*' The cottage candle box was empty! nor has the world, through its own wisdom, obtained yet even one rush to lighten the Christian traveller on his mysterious way. The *True* light is the Lord: He is in heaven: He shines from above: He pours the light of day upon the written oracles, and they become lively, and the happy readers run with vigour in the way of His commandments."

But now breakfast was on table. Let us not however take any notice of the food that perisheth, but chronicle the sentiments undefiled, coming out of the Christian-mouth.

John added that the mother and he could even see Joseph's shadow on the hill; and it was his very shape: that he took off his cap and waved it, when the mother said, "oh I'm not a bit afraid: he'll be safe enough," and she went in and shut the door. Then Mr. B. described the blessedness of the man in whom the glory of the celestial so shone as to cast a shadow on the earth which bespoke the stature of a man, perfect in Christ Jesus; and that, walking in the light of the *true* church, a Christian crosses a great mountain as easily as a plain, while though the earth sleepeth, every night angels watch the world, sacred sentinels, whose '*Fear not,*' passes merrily along the battlements of the city of God."

But John made further use of '*the mother, mapping by moonlight;*' and he said, "Just before dawn one Sabbath-day, such a thick darkness came upon me, and it seemed to me that sort of blackness which filled Abraham's mind just before the Lord told him o' the captivity,

Sermon-searching at Sunrise.

and the wealthy substance that was to follow. So I rose up soon, and strolled along the river till I came to the lump of rock which is my favourite seat. I looked towards the sun, for it was full of glory, and seemed a mounting to the top of the stump of an old oak on the hill; and the tree did look so brave before the sun! Then I got up courage, and felt bolder in my belief, and seemed to get beauty for ashes; a few birds began to sing, and then all the wood was full of music: it was quiet; and a fish jumping up, sounded like a stone dropped from a mountain. I thought it like the peaceable fruits of the blessed work of Jesus, when the Devil 'll be chained a thousand years, and there'll be no more wars, nor any more crying, because the former things are passed away; and I prayed it mightn't be long. The sun rose up higher and higher; 'they'll be here in three hours time,' said I, "and I'll say to 'em — 'Ever since the sin of our first parents, the sun has gone down! and ever since it's not been much more than moonlight; but God is worthy to be blessed for not leaving us in dreadful darkness, for *we're* not worthy of the light of a single star! The Gospel is like moonlight *now*, but *soon* it'll be wonderful sunlight! I'll say to 'em that the Christian's journey is up and down hills, and through valleys where thorns, and prickly bushes, and all sorts of wild things grow; but *Christ has cut out a path for us*, and says, '*I am the way*;' so all we've got to do is to *follow Him*; then we're *sure* to be right. It's pencilled off for us in the Bible; and He will feed us on the way; as the promise is, '*I will abundantly bless the provision of Zion, and satisfy her poor with bread*.' Then I thought, Mr. Broburn, it was just like Elizabeth giving her Joseph the bread, and his smiling when he took it; only it wouldn't do for me to name it before 'em all, because she'd blush so, and couldn't bear it at all, *I know*. Then I thought of *temptation*, and how we ought to let our eyes look straight before us, and not turn 'em where we oughtn't; for there's a good many things that look very curious and pretty when they're afar off, but when we get close up they're not worth looking at." John went on to say, that there was a

The Temptation of a Statue.

stony part of his country where for many miles there was only one little solitary cottage by the way-side: that the moors stretched away for miles and miles over many many hills, but through 'em to a distant town there was a narrow road all the way, and that off the road there rose up a monster of a man with a walking stick in his hand. a great nose on his face, and a cocked hat on his head, which was often hidden when the clouds were low: it was called 'Old Master Bowerman:' "it looks terrible frightful at *night time*," said John; "but when the sky is bright, strangers and travellers will sometimes be drawn off the road to go and see and gaze up to it. Well! the nearer they get to the foot o' the hill, the more they see it hasn't got a single feature of a man, and is only a great bulk of granite, five or six times bigger than my cottage; and then they don't think it worth looking at, and only come back laughing at themselves; and sometimes they can't find the narrow road again directly; and they're tired; but there's no cottage there to get any refreshment." "True indeed," added Mr. B., "that those who so wander, when returning *tired*, find no 'House of Bread' with open door; nor shall those who stray from the way of holiness find comfort the instant they return: they ought to prove that it is a weary and a bitter thing to sin against the Lord."

John went on describing the flow of his meditations while he sat that morning on the huge granite stone which for a century had been a musical stumbling block to the crystal current of his native river, and observed that, the smoke from his cottage-chimney had been curling round the trees for nearly an hour before he gladdened Rebecca with his paternal presence. Mr. Broburn thought the tale of 'the tall and tempting statue drawing passengers from the lawful highway,' both original and graphic, while he traced with pleasure the preacher's legitimate searchings over the surface of his county for sermon-illustration, profitable unto men. John on the granite stone: presently a few brilliant, because *immortal*, beings would assemble; and here was pure honesty, godly sincerity, and spiritual industry, searching at sunrise for comely vessels, fit for the pleasant conveyance of

The Glorification of Gifts.

the charming truth. The Christians were coming; and John believed in the importance, in the magnanimity, of their steps: he had faith in the splendour of the little procession; for, apart from the cotton-gown he saw Christianity in glory; and though five or ten shillings might buy the garb, corruptible; yet, incorruptible was their redemption, and golden, and brighter, and better, in its results. The simplicity of their mortality, indeed few would care for: their lips and lives were not such as the world thinks elegant; but *very* temporal is the tasteful polish of the schools: unfinished, after all, is the finest specimen of secular embellishments: but one blaze, one creative burst, of the next world's sunshine, and there will be given much more than colleges can ever grant: then, all that is beautiful in thought shall shew forth into visible being, and the True Light, rich with photograph, scatter lively conceptions from God to mental millions: then, where shall the small differences of educated mankind appear, but *lost*, in the amazing reflections of wisdom, love, and power, yielding sunny pictures for ever throughout the space of heaven.

Now converse narrowed from the broad expanse of public things to those which, personal and private, each man's spirit only knows: much like a shining river often onwards flows, first, down from a mountain-spring then stretching wide and fruitful to the flooded fields, with folding waves it rolls its fertile way, till in some well-selected channel, obedient to a chaste embrace, within the guiding arms that reach away to ocean, quiet and smooth, in private, how it steals along beneath the green and graceful shadows. So here beside the consecrated stream the pilgrims sat, and featured in the faithful crystal glass; and, *thus* sheltered! *rude* is the echo of a *stranger's* step, and *vulgar* the pen that dares to print the chasteful whispers of another's heart. Relieved!—the public towers of truth attract the Christian's eyes! and words we hear like these:—"Are Mr. Peckerswaine's people as fond of him as ever," asked John, "because they sobbed so you know when they gave him the piece of plate." "I think they are even *fonder* of him than ever," replied Mr. Broburn, "and so there is no pros-

Ministerial Imbecility.

pect of a change for the better. His manners are those of a linen-draper's shopman, whose smiles are too cheap to be sincere: womanish, dandyish-genteel, Mr. P. presents his people annually with ten thousand times too many unscriptural eulogiums, and they in return flatter him with a perpetual supply of praises. There is a peace and concord that dwells among them, but it is rather the peace of an inanimate and corruptible polish, than the result of that effectual purification which truly and lastingly embellishes the character it creates." "Ah! it's no use without a change of heart! There's no friendship that'll live over the other side o' Jordan but that which is love to God first, and then love to one another, because we're all born for the same kingdom," said John. "Yes! the civilities of life are admirable," added Mr. B., "for they are the delightful drapery of our common existence, but when they assume the dress of those graces which are only yielded as the certain result of real faith in Christ, then they are a deceitful and dangerous sham." "But what kind of doctrine does he preach; I should like to know, because it gives me an insight into heresies," said John. "In *doctrine* there is little that is defined in Mr. Peckerswaine's theology," replied Mr. B., "but whatever he may believe for his own use and benefit, the public hear little else but his admiration of those soft and benevolent manners which are still but the beauty of *unregenerate* mankind. And in this consists the ministerial-deficiency of the Peckerswaine-class: that ladies' governances are so nearly co-workers with them in the inculcation of this 'parlour,' I had almost said, 'ball-room religion,' that there is some difficulty in drawing any other line of distinction than that though the teachers differ in their sexes, yet they scarcely do in the character of their efforts or the spirit of the results: one educates for the world, and the other, not for the church in the world, but for the world in the church! so that his converts step very naturally from the secular to the spiritual nursery, giving no evidence of a divine call from the 'Ur' of their unconverted state to a land but newly shewn unto them. Of the wilderness, and the steps of faith therein and there-

The Vital Doctrine of Protestantism.

from, few can give any account, neither is it demanded of them, neither do they at all suspect their deficiency. And what is the consequence? Why instead of being surrounded by persons shewing forth the high-praises of God in the singular holiness and scriptural-devotedness of their lives, they display nothing but a fashionable form of morality, the fruit, it may be, of a little sentimental knowledge of the popular doctrines of Christianity, and the general religious ideas of the day." "Then what does he think of the justification of a sinner before God," asked John. "I regret to say," replied Mr. B., "that he makes out *that* to be perfect by the good deeds of Christ and the Christian, so that justification is not by the atoneful merit of Jesus, but by the co-operation of the qualities of others; now this certainly is contrary to the Scriptures, contrary to the spirit of that abundant donation given in liquidation of man's heavy debt to law and justice, whereby Christ was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him: this gives glory in the highest to God, and peace to the uttermost to the sinner! It is true that this doctrine is much objected to, but it cannot be by any *real* Protestant, for it is the only existence and meaning of Protestantism. Some decline the full-sacrifice of the Saviour, because they think it destructive to Christian energy and personal holiness, but it is just because the atonement is immeasurably vast in value, that a redeemed man is invested with such dignity, and robed with such honour, that far far beneath him is the sentiment, 'Let me do evil that good may come.' He sees, by faith, the crown upon his head; or, knowing that it is 'laid up,' he scorns the beggary of sin, and treads upon the serpent and his dustful meat. He holds, in hope, the victor's wand, and passing through the world, strikes blows at death, does goodly signs, and points to the land of the pure. His harp-strings he counts when the sun shines brightly, and his harmonious soul is ready for the command, '*Now unto Him.*' Shall such an one, thus clinging to the furniture of heaven, sport and play with corruption and its vessels?" "Oh! No!" said John. "Neither shall the believer in, the in-

The Original Life of 'the Establishment.'

heritor of, the love of God, deny himself and his creed by yielding inanimately to the service of sin. No! Having faith in his Redemption, knowing the munificence of Salvation, he is armed with mighty-cause to press toward the mark for the prize of his high calling in Christ Jesus."

"Well, I'm sorry that poor Mr. Peckerswaine doesn't understand the Gospel," observed John: he thinks it's like the Law—only a *little* better perhaps: making it easier for us to get to heaven than it was before. You know when I got to the door o' St. Paul's, the first time, I got an idea that Dissenters might be like that lot of people that assaulted the house o' Jason, where Paul was, and that's why they got kicking up a row against St. Paul's, because his doctrine was preached there." "Ah! the Apostles' doctrine is on the *paper* of the Church of England, but not in the *pulpit*: in the '*Common Prayer Book*' are articles of faith, which are now *uncommon*, and articles considered of too old a fashion for temple-service, so they are concealed, and their places filled with unsanctified patterns."

John knew much of the truthfulness of the 'Thirty-nine Articles,' and was fully persuaded of the general guilt in denying or gainsaying them; and when he had energetically expressed the worthy peculiarity of his doctrinal attachments, Mr. B. deemed it wise to justify both the existence and character of Dissent, and sketched at some length its most honourable peculiarities, after which our humble pilgrim went on his way, and found the door of the Christian curate.

The virtues that were public in the countryman's valley, and the Puseyism that was fast peeping out in the Priest of John's parish, induced Mr. Will to give John such knowledge of the Protestant foe as would make him a man of war, wise and mighty to wrestle with the unclean antagonist; and when the shame of Puseyitical nakedness was discovered to him, he assured Mr. Will that he would put a righteous ram's horn to his mouth, and make the valley echo with his Protestations. For he said that a good many were quite pleased with the pretty change in the church customs, and that though not one had been drawn from the happy cottage circle, yet some of the '*wise and*

Letter on Christian Courage.

prudent' were captive to the treacherous trap. The curate believed in John's giantism, and thought him able, if not to stay the going down of the sun, yet, to charge the shadows to flee away to their own place; while Mr. Will lamented the punyism of some men's Protestantism, and read John the following letter which he had written to a West of England babe in religious valour:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 9th instant, in which you tell me of your practice of passing your parish church, and walking two miles farther to hear an Evangelical Preacher. I should think 'the truth as it is in Jesus' must be well worth the fatigue of four additional miles; as when the purity of the spiritual Protestantism of the Rev. G—— is contrasted with the rampant Puseyism of the Rev. H——, the difference is not less than that of light and darkness, of truth and error; of praise and honour offered to the Divine attributes by one preacher, and insult and mockery by the other preacher. Between these two ministers it requires but a very small degree of light to choose which it is wisest to hearken to, and but a very small amount of fortitude to make a decision fatal to the pranks of the Puseyite so far as allowing him to practice upon your soul.

But you have many obstacles to encounter in order to walk triumphantly past your parish church, though but few of the parishioners are beginning to muster when you go by the doors. Yet the countenances of these few are some little terror for you, and you really esteem it an act of valour to behave towards Puseyism and its disciples as you are behaving. Well, I shall not deprecate the smallest amount of Christian courage you really have, but there is certainly a wide field for its growth. Wellington would not have thought much of the military valour of a man exhibiting a painted lath at his side, though on two or three desperate occasions he might flourish his Bartholomew-fair-sword within a few yards of the faces of two or three spiritless beasts of burden: such a man, by such a feat, would never be worthy of the most insignificant order of knighthood, though let me not, I say,

Appreciation of its Spirit.

deprecate your valour in marching round your parish churchyard even before the bell strikes out for service, though several with less spiritual sense than the animals of our benighted earth, look after you from the church-porch with exceeding surprise. But not merely is there a Sabbatical demand on your valour, but throughout the week you are at the cost of much social enjoyment, if not parish-sneer. Well, well, 'tis hard to suffer the glance or grin of irreligious juveniles, or priest-ridden old age; but I am not aware that clouds obscure the blue sky whenever poor idiots offer their broad grins to the heavens, or that the sun stops on its road, and holds back its rays, in answer to the frowns of fallen humanity. Go on, then, my dear H.: pass by your parish church, and all the triumph and the glory be yours.

But I will not despise the day of small things. I look for the display of greater boldness, for the manifestation of more Christian bravery. In these times, a very little tribute-money, almost a penny, will suffice to purchase the liberty to bear but the very lightest part of the Cross; but, after a few years, it may not be so: therefore, prepare *now* for the coming struggle: make sacrifices *now*, that not delaying to learn the A. B. C. of public suffering, in due time you may be ready to pass your examination before the hostile powers and principalities of this world, and to take your degrees among those who, having witnessed a good confession, are already 'Kings and Priests unto God.'

Fraternally, for ever, A. W——.

This letter was, to John, a text full of splendour, and prolific with suggestions on the signs of the times, and when its sentences had been long searched for cause of thought, the curate blessed the Elisha of the West, who went on his way to offer his last farewell to the sage of Blackfriars.

Mr. Sillit had never thought that John Wardle had unwisely surrendered himself to the whispers of his fancy, or that he had been pursuing a phantom, religiously ridiculous, in leaving the church in the valley for a visit to the Christians of the Metropolis. His ideas had sprung up from the Scriptures: his faith, hope, and

Vindication of Wardle's Journey.

charity had, it may be, created an imaginary metropolis, mighty in all that was immortal. If he did believe that London was as great in *Christianity* as it was in *commerce*, his faith arose from the apostolic commendation of several cities, and he had put London with the Rome, and the Ephesus, and the Thessalonica of truthful times : the metropolis, so grand in its *merchants*, might be glorious in its *ministers*, in the magnanimity of its *ministry*. Whether it was the result of small public experience that caused our hero thus to argue from the glory of the *terrestrial* to the glory of the *celestial*, and so credulously to invest his brethren of the east with the brightness of higher skies than he had seen, or ever in his valley shone, let the earth keep silence, and fear to assume the judicial chair, for it would better befit the ready censor to examine his own manners and see if he has never ran on an errand in answer to a less worthy impulse, and ending in more disappointment.

It was not *parliamentary* ambition that moved him from his retirement, and as John Wardle might not have laughed had he seen Tory or Whig racing for renown, bowing everywhere to worthy and independent electors, striving to chew the bread of *applause*, as fickle as popular, at the expense of much sweat of brow, struggling to make his election sure, egg-proof, and proof against everything but the poll, common decency demands that, in return, such an one should not laugh at him.

Nor did he covet to add a single sixpence to the cottage money-box, nor desire to find among the polished citizens a master inclined to untighten the bands of toil. No! Christianity found him following the plough, and he was content to follow on till called to a better estate. With secular things he was satisfied, and so he was with circumstances ecclesiastical. He was neither ambitious to lecture on Mars Hill, nor wanted higher ground than his cottage-floor : he was visible and audible there to as many as his Heavenly Father had called to his feet. And could he have purchased the open ears of chapel-deacons for one penny each, he had no thoughts traitorous enough to whisper therein his willingness to fly from

Genius and Spirit of his Mission.

his native fields. Nor visiting Bartholomew Lane, though some purse-proud purchaser had offered him the most tempting advowson, he would have scorned the rectory on such terms, though it were the bricks and mortar of all that was Elizabethan, within gardens perfect and profuse in all that was scented and lovely in horticulture! He would have escaped seduction easily by scanning the chronicles of the things that had come to pass in the valley, where incidents *minute* to some, but *momentous* to him, were to his memory as the joys of tenderest contracts, as the symphony of strings the finest and fairest. It was not therefore *pecuniary* ambition that possessed him.

Neither was it *popular* ambition of any kind that stirred him from his home. If he wanted to get wiser, it was in wisdom which, according to Solomon, he was to seek for as silver, and in energy outrival the busiest miner. If, blessed with a humble consciousness of the amount of his Christian attainment, he thought he knew but little of even the first heavens of grace and truth, and sought the society of those who had soared higher, why was he wrong in bending himself towards those whom he believed, having descended deeper than himself, and desired more earnestly, had ascended above the region of *his* range, and thus knew much quite lawful to utter in the Christian ears of another? If it *was* ambition, it was to see and know more of the brightness of perfect day ; and if the pathway thereto was *not* by way of the Metropolis, yet may not the larger light he sought have burst its beams on his own face, while (readers) kindred travellers on distant hills capped with gloomy clouds, beholding the pilgrim afar-off, and the blue and the brightness above him, have smiled for the sight of the radiant humanity ; and, smiling, the sunlight has spread, the darkness has gathered and gone, and multiplied is the music of the pilgrim's sky! No! It was not *popular* ambition that influenced him : he never knew the want of mystical initials, expressive of fame, educational or ecclesiastical : with pedigree and property he was content, though he had left the cottage for the cathedral in answer to a star, burning and bright, whose reflection he seemed to

Apology for Congregational Perplexities.

trace, from the paper to the people, from the print to the public, from the bible to the Bereans of the Christian Universe.

But Wardle is within the porch of the Bethesda of Blackfriars, so we must hasten to catch the sound of the moving of the waters of inspiration, to notice the opening of the gates of comfortable prophecy, while Wardle walks within the radiant arena, where his disappointed hopes will be delightfully healed, for his feet *must* stand within the temple of triumph!

It was evening, and the house of the militant believer was still lit with the rays of a needful candle, though the moon was giving a soft silver shade to the pinnacles of a Christian temple: the faint echo of the wheel-rumble of the carts and wag-gons of commerce signified the world's active business, and told through the chamber-silence the secular defiance of the decline of the day-star, and the popular determination to trade on, whether or not the moon might yield to the city her supplementary service.

John Wardle was ready for Mr. Sillit's apology for the congregational riddles met with in the metropolis:—

"The blots are mortal, but the beauties are immortal," said Mr. S.; "the vices are temporal, but the virtues are eternal. Yet a little while and the all-sufficient visit will be paid to the earth, promised in the words, '*I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.*' The courts militant wait for the Monarch's presence, when, after the effectual purging of His sanctuary floor, the place of His feet will be glorious for ever! It is no surprising thing, nor ought to be any objection to the grandeur of Christianity, that its foes have invested it with a thousand defilements; yet not it, for the heavenly thing remains incorruptible, untouched by the stains of a hundred generations. True indeed that the adulteration of forms and ceremonies have been added, and its simplicity sought to be concealed by the gaudy craft of many enemies, yet the eyes of the Lord are charmed by the swift succession of unostentatious displays of that which is gracious and good, genuine and great, in numerous thousands of Christian disciples. So He spares the earth; and though the sickles of the

The Popish Priest.

angel-reapers are sharp to-day, yet they wait till all the precious fruits are brought forth by the sun, when in answer to the Almighty command there will come the separation that shall divide the evil and the good; for at a glance the spiritual judges will discern the precious from the vile, cast out the counterfeit and embrace the chosen. Then, the shafts hurled by millions at the church of God, seen like scattered straws upon the battle-field of the world, may be sport for the conquerors, while their armour reflects the wisdom, love, and power, of Him who gave it. Then will the inefficiency of the deadly draughts that children in the faith did drink, be seen to have done them no hurt; thanks be to 'the Good Physician.' But the hands that have put the injurious cup to the lips of the chosen shall be pronounced 'wicked,' and where is the water to wash them in innocency? Such can never compass with songs, the altar of God, but, as the busy salesmen of Philistine-poisons, will well deserve their heads carried upon the point of the sword of truth, that angels, principalities, and powers, in heavenly places, may fear forever, and behold and see the bitter thing of *not* obeying the truth!

The *Priest* has clothed himself like a king, and practised proudly in his chambers of imagery: loudly has he extolled the ecclesiastical ring his fanaticism has woven, and himself in the centre, his syren-like conduct has brought captives to his feet; but, perishable is the pale of his pretensions, and his temple must tremble, disastrous as the fall of the house of Dagon; for terrible will be the thunderbolts that shall smite the roof of the unrighteous, and mighty the arms that will bury the pomp of Popery: a piece of bread must then be counted a vain thing for safety, and a cup of wine, spiritless to support. Mary will call none beneath her skirts, and not a courting sound of salvation will be heard from the Papal-saints. Unsaving as the dust of dissolution, unsavoury as the ashes of corruption, will be seen the forms, bright *now*, with colours terrestrial, but dim and deformed in the better light of the celestial. If herds of the affrighted, hurrying to the sheltering rocks, call out for the Popes of their days, the answer will be

The Puseyite: the Protestant in form.

no more than the chatter of a skeleton, the reply of the marrowless bones of a deceiver. As for the staff of deeds done to the glory of the temple, better will be a bulrush, for they mistrusted the power of the Cross, and did despite to its perfection.

The *Puseyite*, the heretic midway between the precious and the vile: the man who puts one foot on the narrow way, that he may reach, touch, and entice passengers to the broad way of obscene Romanism: this man, dressing as it were half in the lordly garments of plain Protestantism, and the other half in the petticoats of feminine profanity, the mother corrupt, of Babylonish notoriety, may *claim* the paltry pretender; and what can pluck him out of her hands? He gives to ceremonies what belongs alone to Christ, and praises his water-idol at the blasphemous expense of the sovereign glory of God, the Holy Ghost!

The *Protestant in form*, content with a Common Prayer Book and a cushioned seat, never arrested by the *vitality* of the truth, but yielding only an inanimate surrender to the Established Religion of his country, how can such an one survive the shock when earth's foundations shake?

But the *poor and needy* shall find water when the elements melt with fervent heat, for the Lord *will* hear *them*, and their tongues shall never fail for thirst, but sing in that day for the fulness of the vineyard of wine, red and refreshing: while the Shadrachs, safe in the Saviour, and the Meshachs, blessed in the Messiah, will survive the world's ashes, and pour out their drink-offerings, their reasonable and joyful service, acceptable unto Him who is the inspiration of their praises, their theme, and their triumph. But who are the poor and needy? Such as know their entire poverty without Immanuel's purity imputed. Needy by nature, they desire the 'unspeakable gift' of all good; which possessing, '*I would do good*' is the prevailing voice of their high-born Christianity, while '*evil is present with*

The Catholic Glory of Christianity.

me' is but their grief and lament. Bearing banners various as the colours of Joseph's coat, yet upon every true flag there may be read, '*Salvation is of the Lord.*' The peer and the peasant, the master and the servant, become alike subject to the attractive power of the Cross: the high and mighty are humbled, and join in the cry of the blind beggars of the way-side—"*Jesus, Thou Son of David, Have mercy on us;*" and presently, the child who died in Jesus, welcome to mercy's arms as the grey father of a hundred years old, will hear His animating voice in their distant graves, and join hands and hearts in the general assembly of the innocent. For the disorders of denominations are but the perplexities and pains of the present. Truth sprang out of the tomb of rock in the precincts of Calvary; and though the fair plant has long lain beneath the dust of the wilderness, yet, wide as the world will be the fruitful fields, when the wind blows from the auspicious treasuries and the buds of immortality burst to blossom where'er the knowledge of the Cross prevails. Once small as the mustard seed, then, great and glorious will have grown that tree of the kingdom whose root is the righteousness, whose pillar the centre, of created things, and while inhaling the fragrant of its universal spread, the elect congregation, redeemed from among men, will pluck the leaves and the evergreen of all good, when the verdant pattern, catholic in the golden light, saints, in the *multiplicity* of their gatherings, will discern the *unity* the divinity of the design, and '*We be brethren*' be said in the smiles of millions, and the chorus mount up as a column of incense to the Saviour's Schekinah.

Wardle bowed his head to the truth, then took rest, and communed with 'the Church in the Valley' in the shadow of the next night's moon, until daylight sparkled on the stream, and glistened the lattices of 'Wardle Cottage.'

FINIS.

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